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"She sings as sweetly as a nightingale."

TAMING OF THE SHREW, Act 2, Sc. 1.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, OXFORD STREET.

THE THEATRE.

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OF

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INDEX.

PAGE

Abbey, Miss M. 91
Abingdon, W. L. ... 107, 145, 313
Achurch, Miss Janet 36, 40, 41
Acrostic 236
Acting as a Fine Art... 128
Actors' Orphanage 105
Adams, Mrs. Leith 158
Addison, Miss Carlotta 307
Adye, Oscar 92
Alexander, G. 33, 34, 96
Alhambra, The 219
Alias, Mons. 53
Allan, Charles 41, 44, 203
Allbury, George 205
Allistree, Miss Mary... 40
"Amber Heart, The" 33
Anderson, Miss Mary 81
Angelo, Mons. 97
Anson, E. A.... 316
"Antiope" 53
"Antoinette Rigaud" 140
Archer, D. 40
"L'Arlesienne" 50
"Armada, The" 208
Arnold, C. 268, 320
Arnott, Miss Amy 36
Arthur, Joseph 145
D'Arville, Miss Camille 257
"As You Like It" ... 139, 156, 268, 276
"Atalanta" 274, 318
Atherton, Miss Alice ... 94, 105
At the Sign of the Golden Viol ... 74
Aubrey, G. 313
Aynesworth, Allan 264

"Baby, or a Slight Mistake"... 53
Bacon-Shakespeare Question ... 163
Bagge, H. 207
"Baiser, Le" 162
"Balloon," The 316
Bamfylde, Horace 132
Bancroft, Mr., on the Stage 35, 57, 64, 102
Bancroft, Mrs. 63, 64, 102
Bandmann, Daniel E. 151
"Banquet, The" 49
"Barbier de Seville" 21
Baring, Miss Stephanie 318
Baring, Miss Grace 318
Barnard, Miss Ina 145, 313

PAGE

Barrett, Oscar 47
Barrett, Wilson 108, 190
Barrington, Rutland 264
Barton, Miss Mary 264
Basing, Herberte 268, 320
Bayntun, Henry 151
Beauchamp, John 264
Beaudet, Miss Louise 151
Beaumont, Miss Eva... 200
Beaumont, A. 36, 208
Beauvane, J. C. 208
"Bed of Roses, A" 140
Beerbohm-Tree, H. 44, 107, 189, 203, 218
Beerbohm-Tree, Mrs. ... 44, 203
Beerbohm, Miss Constance 103
Beevor, Miss Maria 208
"Bells, The" 276
"Belphegor" 63
Bemister, Miss Ada 199
Benediction, The 65
"Ben-My-Chree" 108
Bennett, Miss Nellie... 318
Bennett, Miss V. 94
Bennett, Miss Johnstone ... 254, 256
Bernard-Beere, Mrs.... ... 106, 129
Bernard, Albert 151
Bernhardt, Mme. Sarah ... 97, 129, 154
Berdon, Pierre 97
"Betsy" 157
Betty, Henry 105
Beveridge, J. D. 99
Bindloss, C. J. 92
"Black-Eyed Susan" 135
"Blackmail" 272
"Blacksmith's Daughter, The" 222, 273
Blakeley, William 157
Blakiston, Clarence 266
Blanchard, E. L. 257
Bond, Miss Jessie 262
Bond, Frederick 17, 37
Bonetti, Signor Eduardo 110
Booth, J. B. 254
Boucicault, A. 157
Boyd, Mr. 262
Boyne, Leonard 208, 274
Bracy, Henry... 277
Brandon, Margaret 287
Brandram, Miss Rosina 262
Bridgman, Cunningham 257

PAGE
Bridgman, L. 311
Bright, Miss Florence 99
Brodie, Matthew 268, 320
"Broken Hearts" 52
Brook, Mrs. 36
Brooke, Mrs. E. H. ... 42, 49, 94, 260
Brooke, G. V. 64
Brookfield, Mr. 203
"Brothers, The" 50
Brough, Miss Margaret ... 91, 251
Brough, Lionel 96, 165
Brough, Sydney 253
Broughton, Miss Emma 309
Brownlow, Wallace 262
Bruce, Miss Edith 208
Bucklaw, Mr.... 313
Buckstone, Miss Lucy 147
Buckstone, J. C. ... 198, 254, 268
Bufton, Miss Eleanor 99
Burnand, F. C. 157
Burnett, J. P. 207
Burrows, J. 148, 245, 267
Burton, Master 151
Buttercup and Daisy Fund ... 157, 272
Byde, A. J. 260
Byrne, C. A. 36, 216

CAFFREY, Stephen 94, 260
Caldwell, Miss 251
Caldwell, Miss Marianne 253
Calhaem, S. 151, 208
Calhoun, Miss 36
Calmour, Alfred C. 33, 110
Calvert, Leonard 42
Cameron, Miss Beatrice 148, 254, 256, 267
Campbell, Lady Archibald 162
Campbell, J. M. 45
"Cape Mail" 137
"Captain Swift" 44, 107, 203
"Carina" 222, 257
Carleton, Royce 198
Carson, L. S.... 105
Cartereau, Mons. 97
Cartside, F. 108
Cartwright, Charles 99, 307
Caryll, Ivan 50
"Case for Eviction, A" ... 138, 140
"Castaways, The" 139
Catalogue of Theatrical and Private Wigs 163
Cates, Master... 161
Catheart, R. 253
"Caught Out" 99
Cautley, Laurence 43, 99
Cavendish, Miss Ada 35
Cecil, Arthur 251
Celeste, Mme. 64
Chambers, C. Haddon ...44, 107, 203
Charrington, Charles ... 40, 41, 43
Charteris, Miss Edith 268
Chassaigne, François 309
Cheesman, W. 94
Chevalier, A. 94, 105
Chiostri, Luigi 165
Chippendale, Mrs. 51
Clairon, Mdlle. 21
Clark, Perceval 40
Clarke, George 37

PAGE
Clarke, Miss 254
"Clara Vere de Vere" 42
Cleary, E. 205
Cleopatra 81
Clevedon, Miss Alice 106
Coffin, Miss E. 94
Coleman, John 147
Coleridge, Hon. Stephen 36
Colini, Ambrose 311
Collette, Charles 158, 257
Collier, Master W. 37
Collier, Miss Jessie 318
Collings, Frank 208
Collinson, H. L. 305
Colman, E. W. 199
Compton, Edward 105, 267
Conway, Mr. H. B.... 326
Conyers, Miss Addie... 199
Cooper, Charles 268
Cooper, F. K. 160
Cooper, Harwood 99
Coralie 136
"Court Favour" 63
Court Theatre 164
Courtneidge, Robert... - .. 207, 308
Coutts, Compton 207, 308
"Coward Conscience" 216
"Cox and Box" 277
Craig, Miss Ailsa 103
Craufurd, J. R. 268
Cree, A. H. 208
Creswick, William 52
Crofton, Cecil... 157
Crompton, W. H. 148, 254
Cross, Julian 43, 147, 205, 313
Crowe, Gwyllym 110
Cudmore, Miss Angela 203
Curtis, E. J. 288
Cunningham, Miss Minnie 318
Cutler, Miss Kate 200
"Cycling" 105

DACRE, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur ... 92
Dairolles, Miss Adrienne 264
D'Albertson, R. 108
Dale, Miss Muriel 151
Dallas, J. J. 311
Dallas, Mervyn 208
Daly, Miss Maria 153
Daly, Augustin 10, 37, 158
Dalziell, George 313
"Dame Aux Camelias, La" ... 154
Dangeville, Mdlle. 21
Darnley, J. H. 316
Darwin, Philip 313
"Daughter's Sacrifice, The" ... 107
Davey, Richard 256
"David Garrick" 157
Davis, Miss Jessie 200, 311
Dawes, Mrs. 94
Dawson, Forbes ... 260, 308, 316
Dawson, Edward 42, 206
"Dean's Daughter, The" 264
Dearing, Miss Rose 198
De Cane, Miss 254
De Lange, H. 43
Dene, Miss Dorothy... 162
Dene, Miss Jessica 257

PAGE
Denny, W. D. 262
Denvil, H. 208
"Deputy, The" 45
Deschamps, Mons. 97
"Diamond Cut Diamond" 169
Diderot 21
Dixon, S. 264
Dobell, F. 208
Dodsworth, Charles 264
"Don, The"... 106
"Don Juan, junr." 199
Doone, Neville 107
"Dorothy" 222
"Double Marriage, The" 92
Douglas, John 40
Douglas, Charles 99
"Dowager, The" 157
Dramatic Studio 108
Draycott, Wilfrid 153
"Dream Faces" 307
Drew, John 11, 16, 37
"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" 148, 151
Drummond, Miss Dolores ... 41, 99
Du Barry, Mdme. 49
Du Cane, Miss Lulu... 318
Dumeny, Mons. 97
Dumesnil, Mdlle. 21
Dusieux, Prosper 23
Duval, Charles 165
Dwyer, T. C.... 145
Dyer, Arthur E. 318

EAST, James 147, 152, 205
Eastlake, Miss 190
Echoes of the Pit 71
Edgmore, A. 320
Edward VI. School, King 5
Edmiston, Miss 105
Edouin, Willie 94, 219
Edwards, A. Gordon 94
Edwards, Mr. 198
Elers, George... 167
Elliott, Miss 205
Ellis, Marion 133, 236
Elliston, George 151
Elton, Miss Caroline... ... 153, 316
Elwood, Mr. 36
Elworthy, Miss C. 152
Emden, Walter 251
Emerson, Miss Adelaide ... 254, 267
Emery, Miss Winifred 208
Emery, Edward 157
Enson, Miss Fanny 205
Erskine, Miss Robertha 320
Everard, Walter 153
Everleigh, Miss Kate 199
Eversfield, Harry 94
Exhibition of Armada and Elizabethan Relics... 277
Eyre, Miss Sophie ... 147, 158, 205

"FAIR BIGAMIST, A" 220
"Falcon, The" 135
Farren, Miss Nellie 190
Farren, William, jun. ... 42, 268
Farren, W. 158
"Faust" 72, 106, 276
"Faust up to Date"... 309

PAGE
Fawcett, Charles S. 94, 105
Fayne, Miss Kate 268
Featherstone, Miss Vane 153
Felix, Miss 268
Fenn, G. M. 316
Fenwicke, Arthur 268, 320
Ferguson, Mr. 268
Fernandez, James 41
Ferrers, Miss Helen 207
Feuillet, Octave 254
Fideliter 133
Filippi, Miss 251
Findlay, Miss Josephine 257
Finney, Mr. 37
Fisher, Charles 17, 37
Fitz-Davis, E. R. 208
Fitzgerald, Percy ... 39, 149, 253, 256
Fleet, Duncan 264
Forbes, Norman 36
"For Her Sake" 94
Forsyth, Miss Helen 99
Fortescue, Miss 189
Fortin, Madame 97
Foss, G. R. 41
Fournier, Mons. 97
"Francillon"... 154
Frankau, Joseph 254, 267
Franklyn, Cecil W. 197, 298
French Stage in the 18th Century, The 18
"Frou-Frou" 157

GAIETY 10
Garden, E. W. 90, 313
Gardener, E. W. 208
Garnet, Frank 151
Garrick 13
Garthwaite. W. 207
Gartside, F. 108
Gauthier, Mons. 97
Gibson, John 92
Giddens, George 43, 157
Gilbert, Mrs. G. H. 37, 159
Gilbert, W. M. 12, 37
Gilbert, W. S. 96, 262
Gilmore, Frank 44
"Gladys; or, the Golden Key" ... 198
Glance at the Galleries, A. 302
Gledden, Miss Helen 254
Glenney, Charles 316
Glover, Miss Mary 318
Glyn, Miss Isabel 82
Goldney, Miss Gabrielle ... 308, 316
"Good Business" 277
Goodall, F. 83
"Goose with the Golden Eggs, The" 139
Gordon, Miss Beatrice 200
Gould, Nutcombe 266
Gowing, Mrs. Aylmer 80
Grace, Edmund 313
Grammar of the "Upper Ten" ... 237
Graeme, Miss Helene 40
Grahame, Miss Cissy 153
Grahame, Miss Clara 311
"Graphic" Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines, The 80
Grattan, H. 311
Graves, Clo. 205

PAGE
Graves, Miss Maud 205
Greville, Miss... 309
Grey, Lytton 200
Grey, Miss Sybil 96
Grossmith, George 214, 262
Grossmith, Weedon 34, 35
Grosvenor Gallery 274
Groves, Charles ... 153, 251, 316
Grundy, Sydney 99, 251, 264
Guise, W. 94, 257
Gunter, Archibald C. 267
Gurney, Edmund 205, 316

HALLEY, Harry ... 43, 99, 257, 308
Hamer, Miss Hetty 309
Hamilton, Henry 43, 208
Hammond, Mr. 320
Hanbury, Miss Lily 96
"Hands Across the Sea" ... 165, 313
"Handsome is that Handsome Does" 52
Hanover Gallery 275
"Harbour Lights, The" 71
Harbury, Mr.... ... ... 33, 34
Harcourt, Sidney 268
Harding-Cox, Mr. and Mrs. ... 161
Hare, Miss A. K. 121
Hare, Mr. 72, 102, 251
Hare and Kendal Management at the St. James's, The 134
Harkins, Mrs. 148
Harkins, Mr. 148, 254
Harraden, Miss Beatrice 74
Harris, Augustus 105, 208
Harris, Charles 309
Harrison, Clifford 70
Harrison, Frederick 41, 94
Harrison, Mr.... 43
Harding, Hugh 99
Harvey, Mr. 34
Harwood, Miss F. 34
Harwood, Robb 44, 203
Haviland, Mr. 34
Hawkins, Frederick 18, 281
Hawthorne, Miss Grace 214
Hawtrey, G. P. 318
Hawtrey, W. F. 153, 318
Haydon, Miss.. 308
Headless Ghost, The... 288
Helmore, Walter 308
Hendrey, E. 51
Henry, Richard 73
Herbert, William 35, 42
"Hermine" 253
Hermon, Miss Georgina 266
Hervey, Miss Rose 262
Hervey, Charles 174
Hewitt, Miss Agnes 207
"Highland Legacy, A" 320
Hill, Miss Caroline 105, 264
Hilton, Miss Hilda 52
"His Last Stake" 45
"Hobby Horse, The" 140
Holl, William 205
Holland, Joseph 37, 148
"Home" 137
Hood, Miss Alice 37
"Hood's Comic Annual" 278
Horeston, Francis 92

PAGE
Horner, Fred... 108
Horton, Master 151
Howard, Miss Annie 198
Howard, Cecil 35, 64, 102, 144, 153, 200, 269, 320
Howe, Mr. 34
Hudspeth, Miss Marie 45
Hughes, Miss Annie... ... 161, 251
Humphrey, Mr. 43
Huntley, Mrs. 36, 207
Huntley, Miss Grace... 94
Huntley, Miss Nellie 208

IN MEMORIAM 225
In the Music Room 127
"Ion" 45
Irish, Miss Minnie 45
Irving, Henry 34, 35, 102, 106, 129, 189, 215
Irving, Miss Birdie 50

JACKSON, Seymour 268
Jacobi, Mons. 53
James, Miss Kate 208
Jecks, Miss Clara 99
Jenny Lind 6
Jerome, K. Jerome 43
Jolict, Mons. 97
Jones, Miss Maria 309
Jordan, Miss Nellie 40
"Joseph's Sweetheart" ... 50, 273

KATHERINE 179
Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles ... 64
Kellcher, Louis 200
Kemble, H. 44, 203
Kendal, Mr. 72, 102, 190
Kendal, Mrs. 72, 80, 102, 135
Kenmore, Miss Octavia 107
Kent, Philip 296
Kinghorne, Mark 198, 199
"King René's Daughter" 109
Kingsley, Miss F. 207
Kingston, Miss Gertrude ... 41, 43
Kirwan, Mr. 53
"Kleptomania" 219
Knight, Alexander 91
Knight, Hamilton 41, 43

LABLACHE, Luigi 208
Lacroix, Mons. 97
Lacy, Harry 145
Lacy, Frank 266
"Ladies' Battle, The" 135
"Lady's Pictorial" 25
"Lady Clancarty" 140
"Lady of Lyons, The" ... 136, 320
Laffan, Bertha 9
Lamb, Charles 162
Lamballe, Miss 268
Lancaster, Miss Florence 318
Landeck, Benjamin 109
Lanner, Madame Katti ... 47, 163
Lart, John 222, 260
"La Tosca" 97
Law, Arthur 198
Lawrence, Miss 96
Lea, Miss Marion 99, 160
Le Bert, Miss 36

PAGE
Leclercq, Miss Carlotta .. 40, 147, 267
Leclercq, Charles 17, 37
Leclercq, Pierre 40
Leclercq, Miss Rose... ... 44, 189, 203
Lecocq, Charles 200
Lecouvreur, Mdlle. 21
Lee, Miss Jennie 207
Lee, Miss Katie 153
Leigh, Miss Stella 318, 320
Leigh, Mrs. H. 320
Leighton, Miss Alexes 82
Leighton, Blair 40
Lejeune, Mons. 97
"Lekain" 21
"Lela's Love Letter" 48
Lely Durward 257
Lemierre 23
Leonard, Herbert 151
Leonards, Miss Lisa ... 40, 147
Le Sage 21
"Lesbia" 256
Leslie, Miss Fanny 145
Leslie, Miss Enid ... 147, 152, 205
Leslie, Fred 73, 190
Lestocq, W. 153
Lethbridge, Miss Alice 257
Levene, Miss Lillie 200
Leveson, Miss Constance 42
Levey, Miss Florence 309
Lewis, James... ... 14, 16, 37, 39
Lewis, Eric 43, 99, 251, 253
Lewis, Rudolph 318
Leyshon, Miss Eleanor 266
Leyton, Miss Helen 91, 260
Life of Edmund Kean 18
Lilly, Master 151
Linden, Miss Laura 43
Linden Miss Marie 318
Lindley, Miss Henrietta 158
Lingard, Horace 200
Litton, J. 200
London Actors and London Theatres 188
Longridge. A. 103
Lonnen, E. J. 73, 309
Lonnen, Walter 309
Loraine, Henry 151, 208
"Louis XI." 276
Love, Miss Mabel 309
"Love Story, The" 40
"Love that Kills, The" 50
Lucie, Miss Charlotte 43
Lugg, W. 40, 41, 94
Lutz, Meyer 309
Lyndal, Percy... ... ... 307, 320
Lyons, Mrs. 36

MACAULAY, Alyce 176
Macbeth on the Stage 281
Mackintosh, Mr. 268, 320
Macklin, F. H. ... 44, 96, 104, 203
Macklin, Mrs. ... 33, 34, 96, 104
Maltby, Alfred 157
"Mamma" 251
Mansfield, Richard 48, 222, 254, 267, 273
Mapleson, Henry 105
Marden, Miss Mary 257
Marnock, Walker 200
"Mariage de Figaro, Le" 21

PAGE
"Marina" 147
Marion, Mr. 34
Marsden, Miss Winnie 200
Marsh, Alec 311
Marsh, Mrs. Ada 254
Marshall, Frank A. 17
Martin, Robert 73
"Masks and Faces".. 106
Mathews, Miss 33
Mathews, Charles 64, 157
Maurice, Edmond 205
Maxwell, Henry 152, 205
Maxwell, Harold 147
May, Miss Ada 200
Mayer, Miss Theresa 208
Mayeur, Eugene 313
McNulty, Miss Jenny 309
"Mayfair" 140
Mea, Mdme. Jane 97
Medcalf, Mr. 262
"Medea" 49
"Medusa" 137
Mellish, Fuller 40, 45, 203
Mellon, Miss May Woolgar ... 48
Melville, Miss Florence 311
Men and Women of the Day ... 110
Mensiaux, Marie de ... 34, 93, 187, 308
"Merope" 22
"Merryman and His Maid, The"... 262
"Merry Wives of Windsor, The" ... 218
Meyer, Miss Thèrese 96
"Midsummer Night's Dream, A" 46, 161
Mildmay, Miss Millicent 266
Miller, Miss Agnes 44
Miller, Prince 99
Miller, Wynn... 307
Millward, Miss 99
Millward, Miss Lillian 308
Milo de Meyer 185
Milton, Miss Maud 208
Milward, Miss Lilian 41
"Miranda" 83
Molière's Funeral 296
Monckton, Lady 44, 203
"Monk's Room, The' ... 222, 260
Montagu, Mr. 264
Moore, Miss 191
Moore, Miss Fanny 157
Moore, John 37
Moorland, Miss Charlotte 41
Morell, H. H. 308, 313
"Much Ado About Nothing" ... 63
Murielle, Miss Grace... 41
Murphy, Mr. 37
Murray, Alfred 309
Murray, Miss Alma 42, 260
Murray, Miss Blanche 257
"My Brother's Sister" 213
"My Sweetheart" 49
My Wedding-day 121

"NADGY" 108, 270, 311
Nainby, R. 94
Neilson, Miss Ada 151, 208
Neilson, Miss Julia 96, 103
Nelson, Alec.... ... ... 41, 94
Nethersole, Miss Olga ... 99, 264
Neville, Henry ... 108, 158, 207, 313

PAGE
Newall, M. 264
Nichols, Harry .. 145, 189, 208
Norreys, Miss Rose 96
Norris, Ernest E. 109
North London Nursing Association 48
Norton, Fleming 318
Noyades de Nantes, Les 117

ODE TO AN ACTOR 211
Of "Programs" 182
"Old Cronies" 135, 141
"Old Guard, The" 223, 270
Olivia 80
On Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" 10
"On Toast" 108
Ormond, Eugene 37
Ostlere, Miss Edith 92
"Other Little Lord Fondleboy, The" 51
Our Musical Box 26, 285
Our Omnibus Box 45, 102, 154, 211, 270, 322
Our Play-Box 33, 91, 145, 198, 251, 307

PACHMANN, M. de 167
Page, Ashley 92
Page, James S. R. 151
"Palace of Truth, The" 107
Palmer, Miss Minnie... 213
"Paper-Chase, The" ... 91, 165
"Parisian Romance, A" ... 223, 254
Parker, Harry 145, 309
Parkes, W. S. 208
Parry, John 254, 267
Pateman, Robert 44, 313
Paterson, Ernest 198
"Patron Saint, A" 266
Pemberton, T. Edgar 113
Penley, W. S. 153, 190
Penrose, Miss Edith... 157
"Pepita" 200
Pettitt, Henry... ... 99, 165, 309, 313
"Phédre" 45
Phelps, Mr. 64
"Philanthropy" 214
Philips, F. C.... 264
Phillips, Miss Kate 45, 91
Phillpotts, Eden 308
"Physic" 222
Piffard Hamilton 251
Pinero, A. W. 50
Piron, Mons. 97
"Pity is Akin to Love" 207
Play-writing, a Hand-book for would-be Dramatic Authors 278
Poet's Cradle, The 1
Poetry:
Acrostic 236
Cross and Crown 25
The Benediction 65
Les Noyades de Nantes ... 117
In the Music Room 127
Fideliter 133
A Sou'-wester 175
Wilding 184
Could but the World Stand Still 241
Vita 287
The Lucky Sixpence 298
"Policeman, The" 308

PAGE
"Polly's Venture" 152
"Pompadour, The"... 107
Pounds, Courtice 262
Portman Rooms, The 110
Price, Sydney... 151
Price, Miss Lilian 309
"Prince Karl" 267
Promenade Concerts ... 110, 166, 223

"QUEEN'S SHILLING, THE" 135, 139
"Quiet Rubber, A" 139
Quinault-Dufresne 21
Quinton, W. H. 253
"Quits" 223, 270

RAE-BROWN, Campbell 42
Rafael Calvo 305
Raiemond, George 316
Raleigh, Cecil 221
Reade, Charles 92
"Real Case of Hide and Seekyll, The" 214
Rebel, Mons. 97
"Red Lamp, The" 107
Redmond, Mr. 262
Reeves, Sims 166
Regina, Madame 97
"Regular Fix, A" 135
Rehan, Miss Ada 16, 37, 38, 159, 160
Revell, Mr. 37
Richards, Miss Cicely 145
Richards, Mr. 262
Righton, Edward 17, 162, 199
Rivers, H. 207
"Robert Macaire" 34, 276
Roberts, Arthur 217, 311
Robertson, Forbes ... 36, 268, 320
Robertson, T. W. 105
Robertson, Miss Fanny 157
Robina, Miss Fanny... 309
Robina, Miss Emily 309
Robins, Bruton 208
Robson, E. M. 42, 45
Roche, L. 311
Rodney, Frank 42
Roe, Bassett 107, 145, 320
Roma, Miss 41
Rorke, Miss Kate 191
Rorke, Miss Mary ... 145, 205, 313
Rosa, Carl 105
Rose, Miss Annie 268
Rose, Edward 260
Ross, Miss Minnie 309
Rousseau 24
Rowley, Mr. 92
Rumma, Fritz 200
"Run Wild"... 94
"Russ" 191
Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund ... 45
Russell, Howard 99
Russell, Miss Phœbe 37

SAKER, Mrs. 268
Saker, Miss Rose 157
Sardou, V. 97
Saryta, Madame 97
Sass, Edward... 264
Saved 229

PAGE
"Scarlet Letter, The" (Royalty) ... 36
"Scarlet Letter, The" (Olympic) ... 41
"Scrap of Paper, A" ... 138, 141
Scott, Clement:
Cross and Crown 25
In Memoriam 225
Could but the World Stand Still 241
Sealey, Mr. 36
Seccombe, Miss Lilian 151
"Secret, A" 103
Seldon, George 268, 320
"Serious Family, The" 72
Seylor, Madame 97
Seymour, Frank 200
Seymour, Charles 205
Shaftesbury Theatre 154, 274
Shakespeare 2, 275
Shakespeare's Heroines, The "Graphic" Gallery 80
"She" 205
"Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, A" ... 136
Shepherd, Edwin 260
Sheridan, Miss Emily 92
Sheridan, Miss Emma ... 254, 267
Sheridan, Miss 148
Shine, J. L. 45, 99
Shirley, Arthur 222
Shirley, W. R. 262
Sidney, William 205
Simpson, J. Palgrave 237
Sims, George 309
Skinner, Otis 16, 37, 39
Skinner, George 313
Smalley, Mr. 92
Smith, Mrs. C. J. 92
Smith, Lita 305
Smith-Tyler, Stanley 120
Snazelle, G. H. 257
Sol-Smith, Mrs. 254, 256
Solla, Henry de 145
Some Personal Reminiscences of E. A. Sothern 113
Somers, Dalton 99
Sothern, Mr. 64
Soutar, Robert 91
Sou'-Wester, A 175
Sparling, H. 94
Spiller, Miss Emily 199
Sprague, Miss 309
"Squire, The" ... 50, 137, 141, 143
Squire, T. 318
Stafford, Miss Emily 151
Standing, Herbert 157
Stanley, Miss Alma 200, 318
Steinway Hall 53
Sterry, Ashby 213
Stevens, Victor 208
Stevens, Yorke 190
"Still Alarm, The" 145
"Still Waters Run Deep" 135
Stirling, Arthur 268
St. James's Theatre 110
St. John, Miss Florence 309
St. Quentin, Miss L. 37
Stone, George 309
Strange Land, A. 192
Stratford-on-Avon 9, 270
Sugden, Charles 207
PAGE
Sullivan, Sir Arthur 262
Sullivan, Russell 148
Sullivan, John ... 148, 254, 256
"Sweethearts" 142
"Sweet Lavender" 274

TALMA 24, 242
"Taming of the Shrew, The" 10, 37, 158, 276
Tapley, Joseph 311
Taylor, J. G. 40
Taylor, Tom 247
Tempest, Miss Marie 51
Temple, Richard 262
Terriss, Miss Ellaline ... 157, 307
Terriss, W. .. 35, 71, 99, 135, 189, 308
Terry, Miss Ellen ... 33, 35, 73, 104, 106, 189
Terry, Edward 73, 190
Terry, Fred 147, 158
Terry, Miss Margaret ... 41, 158
Terry, Miss Marion 106, 215
Terry, Miss Minnie 158
Thefer, Mons.... 97
Thomas, Allen ... 151, 268, 320
Thomas, Brandon 307, 320
Thomas, Charles 91, 253, 256
Thomas, Freeman 110
Thomas, Fred 208
Thornbury, Cecil 91
Thorne, Miss Emily 43
Thorne, Eric 257
Thorne, Tom 129, 222
"Ticket-of-Leave Man, The" 64, 207
Tivoli Theatre 273
Toole, J. L. 35, 64, 106, 190
Travers, Mr. 92
Trend, Gilbert 264
Tresahar, John 41
Trevelyan, Miss Pauline 167
Tristram, Mr. 107
Turner, Eardley 151
Turner, Godfrey 43, 275
Turner, Miss Sallie 199, 311
"Twelfth Night" 3, 80
"Two Orphans, The" 271
"Two Roses, The" 73
Tyars, Frank 33, 34

ULMAR, Miss Geraldine 262
"Uncles and Aunts" 153
"Union Jack, The" 99, 274
Uridge, Walter 208

VANBRUGH, Miss Violet 162
Vandenhoff, Mr. 308
Vanoni, Mdlle. 311
Vaughan, Miss Susie ... 94, 316
Venne, Miss Lottie 157, 190
Vezin, Hermann 33, 34, 260
Viney, Miss 254
"Viper on the Hearth, The" ... 45
Vita 287
Vivian, Mr. 148, 254, 267
Vizetelly, Miss 313
Vokes, F. Mortimer 52
Vyse, Miss 147, 205

PAGE

WADMAN, Miss 200, 217
Walker, Miss L. 36
Wallack, Arthur 216
Waller, E. C. 207
Waller, Lewis 45, 198, 264
Wallis, Miss 154, 268, 320
Ward, E. D. 91, 147, 257
Warden, John A. 92
Waring, Herbert 147
Warton, Master R. 145
Warwick, Miss Giulia 311
Watson, A. 92
Watson, Malcolm 151, 236
Watson, W. Groves 198
Watson, Ivan 260
Webster, Benjamin 41, 94, 308
Webster, Miss 313
Wenman, Mr. 33
Wensley, F. 318
Wentworth, Grahame 320
Werdermann, Miss 96
Werdermann, Miss A. 96
West, Miss Florence... ... 45, 198
West, Basil 208
Whitaker, S. 308, 316
Whitehead, Mr. 313
White, Miss Maude 254, 256
Whitty, Miss May 308
"Wicked World, The" 96
Widiner, Mr. 39
Wigan, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred ... 64
Wilbraham, Mr. 262
Wilding (Capt. Swift) 184
Wilks, E. D. 37

PAGE

Willard, E. S. 190, 260
Williams, Arthur 151, 308
Williams, Mr. 92
Wilmot, Miss Flora 257
Wilson, Miss Lily 200
Wilton, J. G. 36
Wilton, Miss F. 311
Wilton, Miss Marie 63
Winstanley, W. 208
Winter, Ulick 208
Winter, William 10
"Winter's Tale, The" 73
"With Hand and Heart" ... 106, 109
Wolff, Miss Tilly 200
Wood Barrow Farm 43
Wood, John 37
Wood, Miss 307
Wood, Miss Florence ... 253, 316
Wood, Mrs. John ... 222, 251, 322
Wood, F. Motley 207
Woodford, Miss Nellie 311
Woolff, Mdme. Julia 257
Woolgathering 103
Woodworth, Miss Edith 157, 225, 272
Worship of Plutus or Roses... ... 106
Wyatt, F. 318
Wyatt, H. 313
Wyes, William 320
Wyndham, Charles 157, 191

"YEOMAN OF THE GUARD, The"... 262
Young, Miss Alice 309

ZERBINI, Miss Carlotta ... 318, 320

MR. CHARLES SANTLEY.

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY KINGSBURY AND NOTCUTT, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

THE THEATRE.

The Poet's Cradle.

THE eyes of the nations have long turned to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of William Shakespeare. Assuredly, a genius such as his is the possession of the whole world, not of one land alone. But yet, England and America, the two great people bound together by the leash of a common language, may well claim the deepest and most loving interest in his life and work. How deep, how wide-spread, how loving is this interest, was perhaps hardly realised until a sacrilegious hand was raised to try and pluck the laurel-wreath from that broad and noble brow, big with thought, and to take from the quiet town that sleeps within the arm of the Avon its glorious birthright. One we love seems to grow doubly precious when assailed by calumny, or threatened by mis-

fortune; and we who live in "Shakespeare Land" have been conscious lately of a deepened interest, a quickened tenderness towards those scenes for ever associated with the early and closing days of the greatest poet and dramatist the world has ever seen.

It has often been a point of dispute whether Stratford-on-Avon and its beautiful surroundings are seen to greater advantage in spring or in autumn. In this short sketch I mean to take its early summer aspect; to depict those delicious days of awakening, when the thrushes sing madly in New Place Gardens, when the rooks in the tall trees beside our beautiful church cannot contain their joy, and are never tired talking of it, and the chiff-chaff, swinging upside down upon the branches, makes all the sun-bright air glad with the sweet insistence of the only two notes he has. . . .

Let us then in our "mind's eye" pay a visit to this sleepy little town of Stratford-upon-Avon, in all the brightness of its summertide beauty. Sleepy it is, there can be no denying that; the very way in which the train crawls from one small station to another as you approach it prepares you for that. True, the town wakes into a sort of spasmodic life on market-day; a life of street-stalls, country-folk in holiday attire, and farmers, much begaitered, gathered in groups, discussing the price of corn; but as a rule it is what may be called a quiet and somewhat old-world place, and has a certain restfulness about it that is not without charm. At the ancient Guild Chapel, from whose massive porch the most delicious mediæval devils pull wide mouths at the passers-by, the curfew rings nightly all the winter through; and the same bell awakens the inhabitants at 6 a.m., ringing out first the number of the day of the month—a curious, and, for anything I can hear, an exceedingly rare custom. The inside of the chancel-roof of the old chapel is one vast beehive; and on a still summer's evening we may hear the low soft hum-hum of the busy little creatures; while at certain seasons of the year the outside pavement is strewn with dead and dying "drones," slain by their indignant and more industrious brethren. What stored-up sweetness that old roof may contain no man knoweth!

But we will now set about our visit to the spot that may well be termed "The Poet's Cradle," in less desultory fashion. The

first objects that attract your attention on nearing Stratford-on-Avon are what look like cowled monks of tall and majestic aspect, which are in reality the hooded chimneys of Messrs. Flower and Son's brewery, a place of business that gives employment to more than two hundred hands, and adds much to the financial prosperity of the town. It is the senior partner in this well-known firm, Mr. Charles Flower, of Avon Bank, to whom Stratford-on-Avon is indebted for so many munificent gifts—the Memorial Theatre, the Bancroft Gardens, now nearing completion, and last, but not least, an enlightened, generous, and unfailing encouragement of art, literature, and education, and a complete identifying of himself with the progress and interests of the town that gave the poet birth. High Street, the leading thoroughfare of Stratford-on-Avon (indeed, what provincial town could possibly be complete without a "High Street"?), strikes the visitor at once from its great breadth, and its air of cleanly brightness. Much of this pleasant aspect may be credited to a custom on the part of many of the leading inhabitants of adorning the façades and balconies of the houses with flowering plants, which bloom freely all the summer through in the placid and genial climate of this sheltered nook of the Midlands. It would seem indeed—so plentiful are these towering groups of blossoms—as though the little town, knowing herself to be a "town among towns," adorns herself accordingly, determined to look her best in the eyes of an observant world!

One of the most tastefully adorned houses in High Street is the hostelrie called "The Shakespeare," where the traveller is sure of courtesy and attention, and where, by a quaint and graceful fancy, each room is called after one of Shakespeare's plays. On a blustering day, with a bitter north-easter careering round corners, what can be more delightful than to find yourself snugly housed in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"? Or, if you had lost your luggage, and failed to find the letters you expected awaiting you, what more consoling than to find yourself in an oak-panelled chamber, yclept "All's well that ends well"?

Up to the Market-cross, and turn down to the left, and then you come to "The Birthplace." Mark the loving egotism of the Stratfordian, who speaks thus of *the* birthplace, as though there were no other birthplace worth speaking of upon the round world! And, after an interview with the Misses Chattaway, the

custodians of this birthplace, it does not say much for you if you are not seriously inclined to the same creed. Devotion begets devotion, belief, faith; and so entire is the faith and the devotion of these dear "ancient gentlewomen" that the most lukewarm lover of the bard of Avon who enters the humble portal of that low oak doorway, can nevermore emerge other than an ardent disciple of the same. I remember once reading in a paper on the nomenclature of Charles Dickens's characters, that a certain name fitted a certain character "like a skin." Well, the name of Chattaway fits these gentlewomen in the same fashion; for the even tenor of their pleasant chatter runs on like some murmuring stream, and you are quickly made to feel that constant repetition has not bred indifference. Across the garden, where all flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays are found, is a neat little cottage, where these gentle custodians dwell. Here you may look out through the latticed window on the rosemary, that is "for remembrance"; the pansy, "that's for thoughts"; the fennel and the columbine, and the "herb-grace o' Sundays," the daisy and the violets, that "withered all" when poor Ophelia's father died.

The treasures contained in the museum attached to the Birthplace would take a whole paper to themselves, did I try to describe them; suffice to say that the early and invaluable editions of the poet's works, with their wonderful quaint spelling, are to me more attractive than all the rest. The portrait of Shakespeare, long concealed, and at length presented to the Birthplace by an ancestor of Mr. Thomas Hunt (now town-clerk of Stratford), is also interesting. Indeed, every object in the museum has an intense interest, and during a residence of more than three years at Stratford-on-Avon, I have, at every repeated visit to this collection, found some new food for thought. Once more making for the Market-cross, the visitor may now pass down the whole length of High Street, noticing some quaint old buildings here and there, with wonderful oak beams and carvings, also many interesting mementos of Shakespeare-land in the shop-windows, notably in the one called The Five Gables, where a large collection of beautiful views, photographs, and coloured sketches are to be seen, among them delicate specimens of painting upon china by a clever local artist, Mr. Quartermain. The church, Ann Hathaway's cottage,

the old Guild Chapel, and other views are exceedingly pretty thus painted. At the end of High Street comes New Place Gardens, deeply interesting as containing the foundations and ground-plan, but, alas! nothing more, of the house where William Shakespeare died. A certain divine—may his name perish from off the face of the earth!—wearied by the number of persons who came to view the house, then occupied by himself, in a fit of frenzy had the sacred block razed to the ground. It is said that he ultimately departed under the shadow of the night, having completed his act of vandalism to his heart's content. In these days, when the cult of Shakespeare has reached an intensity unknown in that day, he might have thought himself lucky had he escaped with a whole skin.

The old well in these gardens is interesting as being the one in use in Shakespeare's time, and the water is peculiarly clear and pleasant to the taste. It is "clothed upon" with a perfect garment of ivy, and, indeed, looks a veritable Jack-in-the-Green. At the corner opposite New Place Gardens stands the ancient Guild Chapel, of which mention has already been made. There are many points of interest connected with it; one especially in the probability that Shakespeare often worshipped within its walls, happen with Ann Hathaway by his side; and that the line in "Twelfth Night," "Cross-gartered . . . like a pedant that keeps school in a church," refers to the fact of the schools hard by having been under repair, and the then headmaster having held his classes in the nave of the Guild Chapel. The walls of this ancient edifice are now, alas! covered with whitewash; but beneath this envious veil are many wonderful and interesting fresco-paintings, depicting among other things the "legend of the Holy Cross." It is proposed one day to try and recover these paintings, as well as to open out the roof of the chancel (the oldest part of the building), and so restore the lines of the chancel arch, now much defaced; but until the restoration of the parish church—the burial-place of Shakespeare—is complete, it would be useless to enter upon any new work of the kind.

Passing the Guild Chapel you come to King Edward VI.'s Schools, from whose old "Latin" room the desk of the boy-poet has been taken to form part of the Museum at the Birthplace—a scarcely justifiable municipal appropriation, one would think,

and a great loss to the old school which so many hundred people visit in the course of the year, and which might well have been spared the centre-point of its attractions. It is no uncommon event for an American visitor to ask for an ivy-leaf from these venerable walls, or even an old book to take across sea, and show to "young America" as a thing that came from "Shakespeare's school."

The illustration here given shows the room from which the desk was taken, and gives a good idea of the wonderful deep, open roof. Most massive are the oak beams that cross this roof, and in the Council Chamber—now used as the classical room—

THE OLD "LATIN" SCHOOLROOM, 1482, IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE'S DESK STOOD.

two rooms off, is a grand carved oak table, black with age, but of what date I have not been able to learn. In this same Council Chamber the roof has of late been opened out, and two very interesting mural paintings brought to light. These evidently represent the blending of the two roses of York and Lancaster, and must date back to 1486.

Entering the school from below, you pass through the old Guild Hall, a place of intense interest to the student and lover of Shakespeare, since here the ardent-minded boy must have seen his first dramatic performance—in other words, here was first kindled that divine fire that ever after burned with so steady and exquisite a radiance—a radiance which has shone through all the centuries, and will shine on and on, as long as human

hearts shall beat and human eyes shall read the perfect counterfeit of human passions—the cunningly told tale of life's drama in its every aspect—in the plays of William Shakespeare. I have not called this paper "The Poet's Cradle" without a firm conviction that in many senses Stratford-on-Avon deserves such a title. But you must *live* in its surroundings to realise how thoroughly the plays are saturated with its associations. I may even say that, to read the sylvan portions of the plays *here*, is to feel that you are reading them with the *appropriate scenery!* Not only then was the poet himself cradled in that lowly house in Henley Street, but his marvellous mind was cradled 'midst these scenes of tranquil beauty that surrounded his native place. His genius was cherished and fostered by all the sweet influences, —by the beauty of the stilly-flowing river—the solemn majesty of the church, whose graveyard-wall is washed by the softly sobbing water, and in whose tall trees those black-robed choristers, the rooks, chant evermore. How well can we imagine the dreamy-eyed child, wandering among the quiet homes of those who "rest in God," watching the river as it passed, and listening to the subdued sound of the music from within the sacred fane—the voices of praise and prayer that seemed to suit so well so fair an aspect of God's beauteous world! Such thoughts have often come to me as I have lingered in the churchyard by the river, where "Dear child" lies sleeping; often and often have I tried to imagine how, in that restful and sacred spot, the voices of Nature must have spoken to that gifted boy—spoken maybe in a language hardly "understanded" of himself, but still containing the germ of the greatness yet to come—a greatness such as few, if any, of earth's children have ever attained to! For, when the time of fruition came—when the pen was taken up in earnest—then those influences and memories that had cradled thought in early years had done their work: depicting the terrible scene of Juliet's entombment, the poet must have recalled things seen and unconsciously noted at the time, as he peered with fearsome eyes into the old charnel-house of Trinity Church, and as he told of the "fair Ophelia" sinking, flower-crowned and jubilant, beneath the placid river, visions of some beauteous "reach" of the Avon—some spot where the blue veronica kissed the water as it passed, bending down as it were to meet Ophelia's reckless

hand, and be set in her garland of death—will have risen before his "mind's eye," and been lovingly dwelt upon.

As he wrote the pretty jangle of the song so familiar to each and all of us, may not his thoughts have run thus: "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows . . . down by Borden Hill; and when the gold of the cowslip and the purple of the violet mingle with the green, and the sunlight glints across them all—what a fair bank is that to see . . ."?

Thus was his young mind rocked in a cradle of sweet thoughts and tender fancies; and this sweet store of thoughts in riper years came back to him, and so was given to us, and to those that shall come after us, moulded into things immortal. So, it seems to me, the Old Guild Hall—where the power, the pathos, the passion of dramatic art must have been first borne in upon him, when with bated breath and eager eyes he watched the Earl of Worcester's players go through their allotted task of "counterfeit presentment"—may well be called the birthplace and the cradle of his soul:—

Our Stratford holds full many a shrine,
  Which for thy sake we love,
Oh! bright-eyed boy of glance divine—
We love them all, for all are thine;
    But every shrine above—

Worthiest this battered hall, I wis,
  To be the pilgrim's goal:
The old home of thy father is
The birthplace of thy body—this
    The birthplace of thy soul!

Passing on from the Schools, and along a row of most ancient and venerable Alms Houses, we reach the turn of the road into what is called Old Town, and find ourselves face to face with Trinity Church in all its pure majestic beauty. Throughout all England there can be few fairer sylvan sights than the avenue of limes that leads from the churchyard gate to the porch of the sacred edifice. In spring time especially this avenue is seen in its most lovely aspect, arch upon arch of delicate green tracery rising from the pillar-like boles of the serried trees—a grand cathedral aisle of God's own framing. . . . Let us in fancy take our way along the pathway chequered with the fluttering leaf-shadows from the boughs that

meet overhead. The sunshine filters through this weft of leaves, shadow and sunshine making a tesselated pavement for our feet. There is our old friend the chiff-chaff, as usual head downwards amid the boughs, singing, or rather chanting madly in his wild delight that summer is coming again; to our left are the clamorous rooks in their high homes, and there too we catch the gleam of the sun-bright river, washing the walls of God's acre. Once in the porch all is very still. There is a repose and harmony about the colouring of the church that charms and solemnises us. The unsightly galleries are gone: the light streams down in subdued yet uninterrupted radiance from the rows of tall, narrow-arched windows on either side. We pass through the chancel arch, through which gleams the altar cross and flowers; and then between us and them, just beyond the rail that hedges round the Sanctuary, is a plain stone slab, with quaint lettering. . . .

We stand by Shakespeare's grave. . . .

* * * * * *

This seems to bring me naturally to the end of my wanderings. It seems as if anything further must partake of the nature of an anti-climax; for, to the true lover of the poet who was cradled and buried in Stratford-on-Avon, that first moment beside Shakespeare's grave is fraught with an emotion never to be forgotten.

Through "storied windows richly dight" the soft June sunshine casts its mellowed radiance on his last resting-place. In the still silence of that holy place, all the sounds of the outer world are hushed and solemnised to our ears; even the very tumult of our thoughts, touched by some spell of loving reverence, dies to a silence more eloquent than any words.

Bertha Laffan.

Stratford-on-Avon, June, 1888.

On Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew,"

AS PLAYED AT THE GAIETY THEATRE BY MR. AUGUSTUS DALY'S COMPANY.

"IT is a great pity that, in representing this play upon the stage, most managers should have done their best to degrade Shakespeare's work, and to exclude carefully from the comedy all the refinement with which he had so characteristically endowed it. Let us hope that some one will be found, ere long, with courage enough to follow the footsteps of Planché and Webster. The absence of scenery is not an essential point, and there is no reason why, with proper accessories, and, above all, a good cast, this neglected comedy of Shakespeare should not again be revived with success in something like the form which the author himself gave it." It was thus that, writing early in 1885, I concluded my Introduction to "The Taming of the Shrew" in the Henry Irving Shakespeare, and I confess I did not feel much confidence that the hope expressed in the last paragraph would be fulfilled in my lifetime; but when, at the beginning of this year, the second volume containing this play was preparing for publication, I had the pleasure of substituting for the last paragraph the one that now concludes the Introduction (Vol. II., p. 254). Mr. Daly's version was first produced January 18, 1887, at his own theatre in New York, and its one hundredth consecutive representation took place on April 13 of the same year, which was celebrated by the printing of a memorial edition, with an introduction by that most eloquent of all Transatlantic critics, Mr. William Winter. The success which has attended Mr. Daly's production of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Gaiety Theatre has been very gratifying to all concerned; more especially as, owing to this comedy only being known by the wretched mutilated version concocted by Garrick, it has never been looked upon with much respect, but

has rather been regarded as a useful farce with which to fill up the bill and, as the phrase goes, to play the people out. No doubt much of the success of this production is owing to the excellent acting of Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew in the two principal characters; but, after making full allowance for the fascination which Miss Rehan's wonderfully spirited rendering of Katharine exercises over her audience, and the scarcely less spirited way in which she is seconded by Petruchio, we must, in fairness to the company, confess that, with one or two exceptions, all show that they believe in the worth of the work they are doing, and that the wisdom of aiming at a complete *ensemble* in the cast of a play is, in this revival, again proved. I mention, advisedly, as an important point, the belief of the actor in the work of his author; for many instances have occurred, in the last ten or fifteen years, of plays which were considered strong and interesting plays by an earlier race of playgoers, failing on their revival, simply because the actors and actresses made it too manifest that they had not the slightest appreciation of the words they were speaking, or of the sentiment they were endeavouring to portray. This is not the case with Mr. Daly's company; they do not seem to be stopping at every point to ask themselves, in a languid way, whether all this sort of thing is not old-fashioned. No; they throw themselves heart and soul into their work, the consequence being that the play drags in very few places.

Having said thus much to show that I fully recognised the excellence of this production of "The Taming of the Shrew," on the whole, it may be as well to point out a few blemishes, most of which can be easily remedied. In the Induction I think that some of the by-play of the Page, when impersonating My Lord Sly's lady, is out of place. There was just a tendency, here and there, to the old pantomime business of kicking up his legs in an unwomanly fashion; whereas it appears to me to have been the author's intention that the fun should consist in the somewhat exaggerated version of a fine lady's airs which the Page gives; and the more dignity the sham wife assumes, the more striking is the incongruity of the situation, as far as Sly is concerned. Most of the critics have pointed out that Mr. Gilbert's Sly, though it may be very amusing, is not Sly the Tinker. Perhaps it is rather too vivacious, and has what we may call too

much of a "southern character" about it. Phelps, we know, used to exhaust his countenance of every gleam of intelligence when he played this part; but the stolidity which sat easily on Phelps might sit very uneasily on Mr. W. Gilbert. If once we can admit that his view of the character is not a misleading one, I must confess that his gipsy-like tinker was, to me, very amusing. I doubt whether, after all, the extreme stupidity of Sly is quite consistent with the words put into his mouth. He quotes Hieronimo (Ind. I., 9, 10) in the original: "Go by, Jeronimy; go to thy cold bed, and warm thee;" and he calls himself "Christophero Sly" (Ind. II., 5), which is scarcely the form he would have given to his Christian name, had he been the stolid boozy type of clown which some critics seem to think he should have been. Certainly Mr. Gilbert's Sly was rather lively for a person drunk with the "smallest ale;" but we must remember that the "smallest ale" of those days may have been a great deal less small than what we now call strong ale. The whole idea of the Induction, and of a play within a play is repugnant to the tastes of the present day; and, indeed, in Shakespeare's own time this device was almost smothered with ridicule by Beaumont and Fletcher in their "Knight of the Burning Pestle."

It is a very difficult question to decide whether the Induction should be retained when the comedy is represented with proper scenery and appointments, for directly the real play commences the audience cannot help feeling that My Lord Sly and his supposed lady, sitting on the stage in sight of the audience, are very much out of place; therefore Mr. Daly is quite right to get rid of them as soon as possible, for the actor, who represents Christopher Sly, has no choice between interrupting the course of the play proper by the introduction of comic business, and sitting still as a mere spectator; in which latter case the reason for his occupying the place which he does is not very apparent to the audience. When the comedy is represented as it is by Mr. Daly's company, I must confess that the omission of the Induction altogether would not be considered unpardonable; especially as it would enable certain passages now omitted, but which are necessary to enable an audience properly to understand the plot, to be restored to the text.

The first omission to be noticed is in Act 1, Scene 1, of the

original play,—the whole act is played in one scene in Mr. Daly's version,—where Lucentio explains to Biondello the reason for Tranio assuming his apparel. The following lines are omitted by Mr. Daly :—

> For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
> I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
> (I. 1, 236, 237.)

These two lines are very important ones, for they give an intelligible reason for master and servant changing clothes, which in Mr. Daly's version is wanting. In the next act the scene in which Gremio and Tranio (passing himself off as Lucentio) vie with one another in bidding for the hand of Bianca, might be shortened; and at the end of the act, the introduction of a portion of the last part of Act I. of "Katharine and Petruchio," from Garrick's deformation of the comedy, is certainly not to be commended. There are some bad lines in Shakespeare's play, but none so bad as some of these. It is doubtful whether the following, for instance, are meant for prose or verse :—

> KATH. Is't so? Then watch me well and see
> The scorned Katharine make her husband stoop unto her lure,
> And hold her head as high, and be as proud, as e'er a wife in Padua.

The lines in Garrick's version are blank verse; these are not any kind of verse. The rhymed couplet which concludes this act—

> Katharine shall tame this haggard; or if she fails,
> Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails—

is from the first act of Garrick's farce, and I think it would have been better left where Mr. Daly found it. In Act III. there is a piece of bad construction in the original, which is certainly not overcome in Mr. Daly's version. Petruchio enters late for the wedding, and goes off in a hurry to the church; Tranio and Lucentio are left on the scene, Baptista having gone out to follow Petruchio; then, after twenty-one lines of dialogue between Tranio and Lucentio in the original—cut down to fourteen in Mr. Daly's version—Gremio re-enters, and gives a description of all that has taken place in the church. Now here was an opportunity for the modern adapter to improve the construction of Shakespeare's comedy. If the scene had closed in after Baptista's exit, and a front scene representing the street near

the church had been introduced, the dialogue between Tranio and Lucentio could have taken place most naturally; and Gremio might have entered to them, and given his narrative of what took place in the church, without probability being violated to the extent which it is in the original play, and in Mr. Daly's version, by the audience being asked to believe that events, which occupied at least half an hour, took place in the space of about two minutes. The front scene might have ended with the sound of the music of the wedding party being heard; and the very effective scene which represents the interior of Baptista's house might again be discovered with the wedding guests entering as they do now. It seems to me that this would be a very great improvement, if Mr. Daly would deign to adopt it. In Act IV. the means by which the Pedant is induced to personate Vincentio, the father of Lucentio, are made sufficiently clear in the original. This scene Shakespeare took from Gascoigne's Supposes; as the scene is arranged in Mr. Daly's version, part of Act IV., Scene 2, of the original, in which Tranio induces the Pedant by a plausible story to seek his own safety by assuming the character of Vincentio, is tacked on to part of Scene 4 of the same act; but the audience cannot understand why the Pedant assumes the character of Vincentio, as all that portion of Act II., Scene 2, of the original play, essential to the explanation of this portion of the plot, is omitted. This strikes me as a grave defect, which might easily be remedied by the restoration of some portion of the original play. We now come to Scene 2 of Act IV. of Mr. Daly's version, which is a combination of Act IV., Scenes 1, 3, 5, of the original. Grumio (Mr. Lewis) arrives at Petruchio's country house, as in the original, and narrates with admirable spirit the misadventures which have occurred to his mistress on her journey; how she and her horse fell in a miry place, how she was "bemoiled," how she waded through the dirt, &c., &c. After listening to this, the audience is considerably staggered by the entry of Katharine in a spotless dress, the same as she wore at her wedding, without a single trace of mud upon it! Now I cannot believe that Miss Rehan is so little of an artist as to be unwilling to appear in what might be an unbecoming toilet, when the text of her author imperatively demands it. Surely she might wear, at least, a muddy cloak over her dress; for such a very gross inconsistency

is quite "apart from the purpose of playing." The first and, perhaps, the meanest province of acting is to deceive the eye; but unless this very necessary portion of the art be well carried out, there is no hope of fulfilling the nobler objects of acting, to charm the intellect and to move the heart. This is not a question of deficient realism; it does not matter in the least to the audience whether the *mud* is only a little brown paint or not; it is the question of there being no attempt on the part of the actor or actress to simulate that which the author carefully describes. It would not be a greater violation of dramatic propriety for Ophelia to sing one of her pathetic songs, as if she were a serio-comic artist courting the applause of an audience, than for Katharine to appear after Grumio's speech with not a trace on her dress of all the muddy trouble she has gone through. The greater the perfection aimed at and, in a great measure, achieved in such a performance as that of Mr. Daly's company of "The Taming of the Shrew," the more such an obvious artistic blunder jars upon one's feelings. In the whole of this scene a great deal of the force of the original is sacrificed by the fusion of the three scenes into one. Modern playwrights think they have achieved a triumph of construction, when they have managed to put into one scene what the dramatist of the past would have put into three; but the more one sees of such triumphs of ingenious construction, the more one doubts the superior merit of the modern author. We constantly see, nowadays, in what are, by courtesy, called comedies, most flagrant violations of probability made for the sake of avoiding a change of scene. As the mechanical improvements of our time have enabled the stage manager to effect an exchange of scene without the visible exhibition of stage carpenters, or the intrusion of footmen in plush breeches and silk stockings, it would be well if our dramatists would consider that unity of scene *may* be gained by the sacrifice of all dramatic probability. The entry of Vincentio, towards the end of Act IV., in Mr. Daly's version, through the doorway of Petruchio's house, for no reason whatever, is certainly a blot upon what is, in many respects, an admirable version of the comedy. Surely it would be less disrespect to the author to introduce here three or four explanatory lines, than to make him apparently guilty of so clumsy a contrivance. In the grand scene which ends the last act—the banqueting scene—the only

point to object to is the arrangement of the singers, which is rather too formal, and which, I think, might be improved.

Having pointed out some of the few blemishes in this excellent production, I come now to the pleasanter task of praising the admirable acting of the principal characters. Miss Rehan's acting has been described by some critics as "a revelation;" and it may be doubted whether the part has ever been played with so much artistic effect. Of course the material with which Miss Rehan has to deal is much better than that to be found in Garrick's poor adaptation; indeed, the only passage in which she seemed at all ill at ease was in the stucco-like addition tacked on to Act II., of which I have already spoken. From her first entry Miss Rehan threw herself, heart and soul, into the part. She looked, acted, and spoke like a woman whom it was worth while to tame; a splendid creature, whose shrewishness was the result of a haughty and contemptuous nature, filled with pride rather than with self-conceit, whose rage was a thundering storm, not one of those combinations of cold wind and drizzling rain which exasperate the traveller but do not awe him. It was plain that if a man could be found with the courage to break this woman's haughty spirit, her obedience would be as fervid and loyal as her tyranny was now furious and fearless. In fact Miss Rehan presented a splendid type of that kind of woman who, if she only finds her master, makes the noblest of all wives; but, if linked to a weak and paltry nature, sinks into a hateful termagant only less contemptible than the victim of her ill-humour. Mr. Drew struck, with equal decision and clearness, the keynote of the character in his first scene with Katharine. He made it clear, from the beginning, that Petruchio was a gentleman; and he entered upon the struggle with the "curst" daughter of Baptista with a good-humour which one felt *must* be invincible. There was no vindictiveness in the rough measures he used to tame her. He seemed to look upon the combat as a skilful single-stick player would regard a bout with a worthy opponent, prepared to give and to take some hard hits, but quietly confident that in the end he will be the victor. Mr. Lewis's Grumio showed that he had plenty of humour, and enough discretion to keep it within proper bounds. Mr. Otis Skinner, as Lucentio, was spirited, and spoke his lines intelligently and audibly. In

MISS ADA REHAN.

"And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice. . . ."

COLERIDGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY W AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET.

this latter respect some of his companions, whose conceptions of their parts were excellent, failed, whether from not being accustomed to the theatre in which they were speaking, or from having contracted in modern pieces the vicious habit of indistinctness. Mr. Charles Leclerq as Gremio did excellent service; Mr. Charles Fisher as Baptista looked and acted well, but was often inaudible; Mr. Frederick Bond played Tranio with spirit, but his dress, when personating his master, was ridiculously unlike that described by Vincentio (in Act V., Scene 1), when he recognises his son's servant in his fine clothes. Anything meaner than Tranio's attire could scarcely be conceived, though he was accused of wearing "a silken doublet, a velvet hose," &c., &c.

I do not see what other plays of Shakespeare would be likely to suit this clever company; but I believe that, if Mr. Daly choose to open up new ground, he might revive some of the comedies of other of the Elizabethan dramatists, which have long been banished from the stage, with great effect; but they would require to be edited, or rather adapted, very carefully.

Frank A. Marshall.

The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century.

MR. HAWKINS, the celebrated author of the Life of Edmund Kean; an astute critic, an accurate historian, and for a long time the editor as well as the founder of THE THEATRE magazine, has once more laid us under a deep obligation to him. He has continued his patient research into French dramatic history, and brought the complete record down to the 18th century. As was the case with his former work, so now, we find no dull, dry-as-dust record of fact, no solemn and solid compilation of old documents, but a very entertaining book, written in a light and lively style, relieved by anecdotes and marked throughout with much common-sense. For the last quarter of a century there has been a growing interest in all that appertains to the French stage and French dramatic literature. About the year 1860 it was rank heresy to allude in theatrical circles to such an institution as the Comédie Française, or the various productions at the theatres of Paris. Our dramatic authors stole the works of French dramatists, and our managers boycotted the French actors, save for a few short summer seasons managed by Mr. Mitchell at the St. James's Theatre. Gradually the prejudice broke down; visiting Paris to see a good play became a fashionable amusement, and it cannot be forgotten that within the short period we have mentioned London has been twice visited by the complete company of the Comédie Française, who before that time "never played out of Paris" or deserted their historic home in the Rue Richelieu. Mr. Hawkins would be materially adding to the many favours he has bestowed on the lover of good theatrical books if he would now continue his story and bring it down to date. A book on the French stage of the 19th century would be not the least interesting of this important series. We hope that our lively and instructive author can entertain the idea.

Mr. Hawkins starts with an account of the stage in Paris at the beginning of the period in question, when the drama had become the most important department of literature, when "classical" tragedy was at the height of its popularity, when comedy occupied itself exclusively with the illustration of character, and when the Théâtre Français was in the twenty-first year of its eventful existence. First nights at this great playhouse are described as of literary, artistic, and social interest:—

"Brilliant indeed was the appearance it presented on such occasions. Disposed in the form of a parallelogram, the *salle* was divided into five parts—*amphithéâtre*, *loges*, *loges hautes*, *loges du troisième rang*, and *parterre*—and an audience collectively representative of all classes, from fine ladies and gentlemen down to the poorest of citizens, filled every available nook and corner therein. Particularly interesting was the sight of the pit, which extended to the orchestra itself, and which, though unprovided with seats or a sufficient gradient, used to be occupied by a throng miscellaneous enough to include men of letters, doctors, lawyers, artists, abbés, professors, students, artisans, shopkeepers, and what not. Near the stage, in a sort of enclosure, was the *banc formidable*—that is, a long form for the accommodation of the dramatists, news-letter writers, and other friends of the players. The author of a new piece was usually to be seen in a grated box on the third tier, at no great distance from the proscenium. Many an anxious look must have been directed from that box to the surging mass on the floor. The verdict of the pit was practically irreversible, however much the rest of the house might dissent therefrom. And it was easier to miss than to win the suffrages of this dread body of judges. While predisposed to applaud with the utmost warmth, they had been educated by a close acquaintance with the masterpieces of the French drama to the point of being extremely critical, were given to hiss a blunder in construction or detail with tremendous energy, and would treat the gravest performance as farce if a *contretemps* on the stage or an audible jest among themselves had once aroused a peal of merriment. It is surprising that so intelligent an audience should have tolerated one custom of the theatre. When, after three warning thumps behind the scenes, the dark green curtain rose for the performances, a mass of spectators were to be seen seated within a rail at each side of the stage—a swarm of dandies attired in all the colours of the rainbow, stretching themselves out with a languid air, tapping their jewelled snuff-boxes, toying with their wigs or cravats, or sword-hilts, and illustrating the nice conduct of a clouded cane On the injury thus done to dramatic illusion it is needless to expatiate. In tragedy, of course, the evil was set in the highest relief, as the scenery, which had the merits of artistic treatment, represented the interior of an ancient palace with some regard for archæological accuracy. Less faithful to history were the costumes of the players; a Cleopatra would appear in the enormous hoops and powdered coiffure of the day, and the actors, adopting a sort of compromise in the matter, wore *calcei* over silk stockings, helmets over periwigs, and shoulder-belts over Roman tunics. Nor could the style of the acting be unreservedly commended. In all ways it was of the stage stagy, although Baron, following the precepts of Molière, had given his impersonations the charm of natural truth down to the time of

his premature withdrawal from the theatre. For this stiltedness, however, the playgoers had some compensation in distinctness of utterance, the avoidance of rant, and the force of self-contained repose, with a tone of refinement pervading all in a very marked degree. Between eight and nine o'clock the representation ended amidst cheers or jeers; and the green-room, which was a nightly resort of the wit and fashion of the town, became the scene of a pleasantly informal reception by the players of not a few of those who had been among the audience that night."

Regarded as a whole, the French drama of the eighteenth century, while inferior in energy of creative genius to that of the seventeenth, is not without many claims to discriminating admiration, and is of special interest as showing the earliest movements towards the "romantic" school. The most prominent of the tragic poets was the universal Voltaire, who from the commencement to the end of his long career showed a stronger leaning to play-writing than to any other form of literature. Mr. Hawkins, if inclined to over-estimate rather than underrate his power in this way, allows that he fell short of Corneille and Racine in inspiration, but holds that he improved upon their example in breadth of treatment, vividness of colouring, force of description, the expression of generous sentiments, and above all the production of theatrical effect; and these qualities are particularly manifest in "Brutus," "Zaïre," "Alzire," "Mahomet," and "Mérope." His acquaintance with the old English drama led him to hazard a few important innovations. Faithful to the forms of classical tragedy, he mingled a refined realism with its elevated idealism, insisted upon a larger degree of pomp in all his accessories, and, rising superior to the excessive devotion so long paid at the theatre to the doings and myths of the ancients, went literally from China to Peru for backgrounds. His followers, the Laharpes, the Lemierres, and the Chéniers, did not fail to better the instruction he conveyed. Modern history, from which he had been content to take only names, was ransacked for subjects of a dramatic nature. In the meantime the classical model had begun to lose its authority; an attack by Lamotte upon its cardinal principles was strengthened by a daily increasing knowledge of Shakspere, and we may fairly assume that the unities and rhymed alexandrines would have been abandoned long before the century closed if Voltaire, holding them to be absolutely essential, had not arrested the reaction by exercising his wit and mockery in depreciation of the English poet. An

attempt to popularise domestic tragedy proved unsuccessful, as the atmosphere of courts was deemed necessary to the dignity of Melpomene; but the advance made towards an extension of the dramatic system must have been patent to all. As for comedy, it was marked by a richness and brilliancy which Molière only could have surpassed. It boasted of such votaries as Regnard, Lesage, Destouches, Marivaux, Piron, Lachaussée, and Beaumarchais. For a time its aim was restricted to the amusing delineation of character, the most noteworthy essays in this way being the "Légataire Universel," "Turcaret," the "Métromanie," the "Glorieux," and the "Méchant." Before long, however, new varieties sprang up; Marivaux applied his peculiar skill to the portraiture of pure sentiment, Lachaussée allowed happy endings to be preceded by pathetic incidents, and Beaumarchais revived the old comedy of intrigue in the "Barbier de Séville" and the "Mariage de Figaro." The strange history of the latter piece is fully related by Mr. Hawkins. We also meet with another compromise between the serious and the gay, the rather ponderous *drame*, in which some of the social problems then agitating the national mind were virtually discussed.

Equally striking was the progress made in the sister art of the stage. Mr. Hawkins has had the grateful task of dwelling on the achievements of players who won the highest attainable rank in their profession. Baron, who is ordinarily remembered in connection with an earlier time, returned to the boards in his old age, but did much to uphold his traditional reputation as the modern Roscius. Mdlle. Lecouvreur threw a spell over the town by her beauty, her accomplishments, and a veritable genius for tragedy. Quinault-Dufresne rose to greatness in all scenes requiring pathos, tenderness, and energy of expression. Mdlle. Dangeville and Mdlle. Quinault were the most *piquantes soubrettes* and fine ladies. Mdlle. Dumesnil electrified her audience in parts of a more or less stern and commanding kind, even to the point of making people in the front row of the pit shrink back with something like terror as she swept down to the footlights. Mdlle. Clairon, the greatest of Phèdres, created an impression which Diderot held to have been above all the resources of oratory. Lekain laboured under heavy disadvantages—a stunted figure, a harsh voice, a flat and round face—

but overcame them by the force of imagination, sensibility, and eloquence of facial expression. Molé was a well-graced and incisive fine gentleman; in Préville the theatre found a comedian of unrivalled force and versatility, and Mdlle. Contat amply justified the tribute she received when Beaumarchais asked her to be Suzanne in the "Mariage de Figaro." The list concludes with Talma, who, if he fell short of Lekain in ardour and depth of feeling, must have vied with him in grandeur of conception and execution. It was reserved for this illustrious actor to crown a series of improvements which had been entered upon before he came into existence. Natural truth displaced the grandiose in deportment and declamation; accuracy of costume in plays more or less historical was diligently studied, and a new sense of the importance of scenery as an aid to illusion showed itself at the theatres.

Mr. Hawkins does not confine his attention to the literary and histrionic sides of his subject. On many matters of interest in connection with the Comédie Française—the subsidy, the receipts, the expenditure, the division of profits, the value of each share, the distribution of characters, the payment of dramatists, and so forth—he gives us more or less information, his authorities in some cases being the unpublished records of the theatre. From the outset the company was under the control of the Gentlemen of the Chamber, and the fetters riveted upon it were added to in 1703 by the appointment of a regular censorship. The custom of calling an author before the curtain originated in 1743, on the first night of "Mérope." Nothing could have been more injurious to theatrical illusion than the presence of spectators on the stage, but 1759 came before they were relegated to the front of the house. Lovers of short and striking stories should read the accounts given of the mysterious couplets, the adventures of Mdlle. de Livri, the outrage perpetrated upon Madame Favart by Marshal Saxe, and the fate of Banières, an eccentric soldier, who, at the height of a marked success on the stage, was dragged away to be shot as a deserter. Mr. Hawkins must be reproached with some grave sins in the way of omission. He has little to say of the Comédie Italienne, in which the Comédie Française eventually found a formidable rival, and is content merely to indicate the existence of the Opéra, which could boast of possessing a Sophie Arnould. On

the other hand, he attaches due importance to the drama of the Foires St. Laurent and St. Germain, where genuine comic opera first appeared. Of the sparkling society which constituted so marked a feature of the century, and in which Voltaire was so conspicuous a figure, we get several glimpses.

The Church of France never wavered in its old hostility to the stage. Players could neither marry, receive the communion, nor be interred with Christian rites. In one instance this persecution led to very mournful consequences. The incident is connected with a performance at Toulouse of Lemierre's "Veuve de Malabar."

"Prosper Dussieux, a youthful, enthusiastic, and educated member of the Bordeaux company, was to have played the young Brahmin. But on his way to Toulouse he became enamoured of a fair travelling companion, Mariamne Crussol, daughter of a woollen-draper there. For her sake he at once threw up his stigmatised profession, and, believing that nobody in the town would recognise in him a certain M. Dennery from Bordeaux, obtained employment from her father as a sort of clerk. His affection for her was returned; M. and Madame Crussol saw no objection to the match, and one morning the lovers presented themselves at the altar of the church of the Cordeliers to be married. Suddenly the service was interrupted by the entrance of an unsuccessful pretender to the lady's hand, who gave a written paper to the priest. It was with a darkening countenance that the latter scanned it. 'Your name is Dennery?' he sternly said to the bridegroom. 'My name is Dussieux,' was the reply. 'No Christian woman's happiness,' continued the priest, 'can be entrusted to your hands. Imprudent parents, would you give your daughter to an actor?' In an instant the words were being repeated in tones of horror by most of the onlookers —'an actor!' 'Yes,' said the priest vehemently, 'an actor! And this man has dared to approach the altar—this child of perdition, on whom I invoke a curse instead of the intended benediction! Mariamne Crussol, my anathema be on your head, too, if you do not renounce all thought of this impious union. Leave the church!' he added to the player, 'cease to profane this sacred place with your presence.' Dussieux, overwhelmed by the blow, fell to the ground insensible, and in this state was borne to a house well known as a resort of actors. Mariamne displayed more fortitude; in a sort of stupor, without betraying any emotion, she went away with her parents. Her calmness seems to have marked a terrible resolution. In the dead of night she crept to Dussieux's lodging, taking with her some poisoned wine and food. Next morning, when one of Prosper's comrades entered the room, the lovers were found dead in each other's arms, Mariamne still in the bridal dress which she had donned with so light a heart twenty-four hours before."

No portion of the book may be expected to excite deeper interest than that which deals with the history of the stage during the Revolution. The Comédie Française helped to bring about that terrible upheaval. Popular tragedies of the old repertory contained idealised pictures of republican antiquity,

and the censorship was so carelessly exercised that speeches intended to deepen antagonism to the throne and the altar were often left untouched in new pieces. Of more importance is a fact which Mr. Hawkins has been the first to point out. In the moods of the parterre at particular moments after 1760, he says, the gathering of the storm may be seen as in a mirror. At first sight this may be thought an exaggeration, but it ceases to appear so when we hear of a bright little piece being unsuccessful because it held up Rousseau to ridicule, of a great actress being hissed from the stage because she was the mistress of an aristocrat, and of extremely feeble tragedies being received with transports of delight because they were conceived in a spirit of bitter hostility to monarchy and religion. Three changes effected by the Revolution may be briefly noticed. Free trade in theatrical enterprise was unreservedly conceded, the players were restored to the rights so long denied to them by the Church, and the Comédie Française was placed under the direction of the municipality. It was not simply by the abrogation of its old monopoly that the Maison de Molière found itself weakened; fierce animosities were aroused among the company by political disagreements, and the supporters of the Revolution, headed by Talma, established themselves at the Palais Royal. The sociétaires of the Comédie Française, having courageously identified themselves with the reactionary party, even to the point of satirising Robespierre, were thrown into prison in the autumn of '93, and were within an ace of being sent to the guillotine. Once read, the account of the escape of these seemingly doomed men and women will not be forgotten. For some years the more famous players of Paris were to be found in scattered groups; but the vicissitudes they underwent made them gravitate more and more towards each other, with the result that in 1799 the Comédie Française again took a place among the institutions of the country.

P.

Cross and Crown.

[*Reprinted from the Lady's Pictorial.*]

WEEP not! Weep not! the Soldier is not dead,
After Life's Battle he serenely sleeps!
With wreaths of laurel crown the lovely head,
Grief's harvesting love's golden sickle reaps.
Mourn not! Mourn not! let trumpet notes and song
Awake the world, and lamentation drown!
The toil how brief; the resting, oh! how long!
He bore the Cross that he might win the Crown!

Sigh not! Sigh not! You daughters of the land
Of Love and Song! Lift up your voices, sing!
Rejoice, you women who have clasped his hand;
Be glad, you men who've looked upon a King!
Hail! Lord and Lover! Emperor of men!
Sleep's purple mantle o'er his breast is thrown.
Be this the theme for anthem, poet's pen—
He bore the Cross that he might wear the Crown!

Ring out! Ring out! the stormy battle cry,
You soldiers of the nation that he led.
The fame of "Unser Fritz" shall never die,
The soldier sleeps, the comrade is not dead!
Has he not led you on to victory,
Remade your fame, re-chanted your renown!
Lift on your shields his honour shoulder high,
He won his Cross, who nobly wore his Crown!

Rejoice! Rejoice! he conquered more than Death,
For he has wrestled with the demon Pain,
How like a Martyr has he held his breath,
Lest agony might bead his brow with stain.
"Be patient and endure," this creed of life
Buoyed up the bark with hope's storm-signal down;
Be comforted, dear heart, sweet widowed wife,
He bore his Cross, and he has won his Crown!

Behold! Behold! you women who can mould,
  Can make or mar man's destiny at will,
A Knight of Chivalry! a Heart of Gold!
  A noble mind to solace human ill.
What prize more lovely than a life like this?
  What sweeter smile to smooth away care's frown?
What nobler requiem?—a good man's kiss,
  Who bore a Cross of Pain, to win Sleep's Crown!

Arise! Arise! Nation of warriors!
  Where is the sting of Death? Her victory when?
Ours be the sympathy—the triumph yours,
  For you have borne a monarch unto men!
Men must be nobler for the retrospect,
  And women purer, facing a renown
That opened heaven to the world's elect,
  Who bore Life's Cross that he might win God's Crown!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

June 19, 1888.

Our Musical-Box.

English concert-room audiences are customarily so coldly impassive, partly by reason of the national *morgue*, partly for lack of the enthusiastic temperament, and partly because they are chiefly made up of ladies, who do not know how to applaud, that it has been positively refreshing to observe the genuine warmth and eagerness with which the St. James's Hall musical public has acknowledged, on five several occasions, the paramount merit of Señor Pablo Sarasate's extraordinary violin-playing. This truly great artist has triumphantly succeeded in overcoming our stubborn insular reticence, and in melting the thick ice of British reserve. Such clamour of approbation, insistence of re-demand, and fervour of thankfulness as those elicited by his recent performances have rarely been manifested by London dilettanti, or with such full justification in the quality of the talent thus demonstratively recognised. Sarasate is at once the most accomplished and the most sympathetic of living violinists, and his marvellous feats upon the king of instruments have been the most pleasurable as well as interesting incidents of the enormous musical programme through which

amateurs of the Divine Art have been invited to wade during the past month. It is not too much to say that whatever Sarasate played in the course of his five concerts, he played perfectly and inimitably. He was equally great in *musica di camera*, such as the Concerti of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Saint Saëns, Mackenzie and Bernard, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Raff's Suite, and Bruch's "Fantaisie Ecossaise," as he was in his own admirable arrangements of operatic *motivi*, Spanish songs, and gipsy tunes. At his fourth concert (June 2), his playing of "La Muñeira" was so superb that the audience not only insisted upon an encore, but subsequently refused to leave their seats until he had indulged their wish to hear him thrice successively. The Royalties present—a numerous party—sanctioned this exaction by keeping their places and continuously applauding for several consecutive minutes. In short, I have seldom witnessed a scene of such genuine and fervent excitement in the hall where decorum and pococurantism usually hold undisputed sway. With regard to the new works—new, at least, to me—rendered by Sarasate, Lalo's Symphony appeared to me the daintiest, Mackenzie's Concerto the most painstaking, Bernard's Concerto the most genial, and Bruch's Fantasia the cleverest. The third and fourth movements, indeed, of the last-named work contain some of the most ingenious treatments of Scottish strains that have been devised by any composer since Mendelssohn, and are, moreover, musically beautiful throughout. Sarasate's greatest executant achievement and absolute masterpiece of tone-colour were to be found, on the other hand, in his illustrations of Bizet's "Carmen," in which he fairly let himself go, and was for the time being "mas Español que un puchero de garbanzos."

Next in interest to the Sarasate concerts were the recitals of Madame Sophie Menter, which afforded that magnificent pianist ample opportunities for proving to the *élite* of London musical society that she had subjugated every technical difficulty hitherto contrived for the instrument of her choice, and that she is at least the equal of Rubinstein and von Bülow with respect to tenacity and accuracy of memory, as well as in physical endurance. Indeed, the younger Pauer himself is not more insensible to fatigue than Madame Menter, whose first programme included over a dozen of the most laborious works ever written for the pianoforte, winding up with Liszt's terrific fantasia on subjects from "Don Juan," which she played with faultless correctness at the close of a two hours' stupendous performance. I do not like this great artist's renderings of Beethoven, and deprecate her choice of so hideous a composition as Liszt's fugue upon the notes corresponding to the letters of Bach's name, wherewith to open her first recital; but nothing finer than her interpretations of Schumann, Scarlatti, and Chopin has been heard in Victorian days. London amateur pianists should be especially grateful to the ex-Professor of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire for making them acquainted with a delicious little mazurka by Balakineff, a composer almost unknown

in England, although gifted with a peculiarly happy faculty of giving expression to his graceful fancies. I was sorry to see that Frau Menter's playing, in its way every whit as remarkable as that of Sarasate, failed to fill St. James's Hall. In fact, she drew a scarcely more numerous audience than did von Bülow on the following Monday afternoon, when empty benches were the rule rather than the exception. One can understand, however, that a programme consisting of six pianoforte sonatas and two sets of variations, all by one and the same composer, should have exercised a prohibitive effect upon the vast majority of concert-goers; whilst it would seem probable that such a varied and comprehensive *menu* as Madame Menter's would have attracted all the pianist-dilettanti of the metropolis to Regent Street. In many music-lovers, moreover—myself amongst the number—Bülow's dry, pedantic playing provokes a grievous weariness of the flesh, to forego which is an act of abstention recommending itself to me as a sacred duty. The sarcastic doctor is one of the best orchestral conductors alive; but, as composer and executant alike, he ranks among the erudite *fruits secs* of the nineteenth century. Such performances as his, forlorn alike of inspiration, emotion, and individuality, can never become popular in this country, where mere servile fidelity to *tempi* and "marks" obtains little recognition, except in a limited circle of sticklers for interpretative accuracy, who regard an interpolated *appoggiatura* as a mortal offence, and an unauthorised *rallentando* as a deadly sin. To such as these Hans von Bülow's playing is a joy for ever; whereas it is insufferably tiresome to others who, in listening to a musical performance of any work familiar to their ears, look to its spirit rather than to its letter for their gratification.

Amongst the out-of-the-way entertainments given in London since I closed my last musical budget was the Ferrari D'Occhieppo recital, in the course of which two young Italian sisters played some remarkably difficult *morceaux*, by Liszt, Brüll, and Henselt, on two grand pianos in unison, and with surprising accuracy of *ensemble*. Both these clever girls also sang, and sang well, together and apart. Another interesting display of family talent was made by the Sisters Eissler, who discoursed sweet music on the violin, harp, and pianoforte respectively, at Lady Goldsmid's, to the manifest delight of a fashionable, yet appreciative, audience. Fräulein Marianne, the violinist, has greatly improved in tone and execution since last year; her rendering of Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen" was in every respect praiseworthy. Little Clara's harping, too, is well worth listening to, which I consider high praise for any performance on that twangling instrument. Oscar Niemann, the son of the great heroic tenor, who sang for the "Sisters Three," has a fine voice, a just ear, and a good workmanlike production. He is good-looking to boot, *ce qui ne nuit pas.*

At Miss Helen Townshend's concert, besides the *bénéficiaire*, Isidor de Lara sang delightfully, and his Virgin Choir covered itself with chaste glory.

Little Marguerite Naudin also "spoke" two songs most touchingly. I heard this gifted child again at De Lara's second recital (June 4), and was profoundly impressed by her imitative pathos. She is every whit as sympathetic as Pepi Hofmann, though quite in a different way. What voice she has is naturally veiled and tearful in quality, and there are tender little breaks in it that are ineffably touching. De Lara sang Tosti's adorable "Povera Mamma" in a manner that brought the "unfamiliar brine" to many a listener's eyes; amongst others, to those of three or four of England's greatest actresses, past-mistresses in "emotional deliverance." He had a tremendous encore, although the female element was predominant in his audience; and more than one fervent shout of "Evviva il compositore" was audible to the Cavaliere Paolo, who accompanied his friend inimitably.

The first of Christine Nilsson's two "farewell" concerts drew a mighty gathering to the Albert Hall, and the Countess, who looked and sang handsomely, was cordially received. The great "hit" of the entertainment, however, was made by the veteran Sims Reeves, whom age cannot dull nor custom stale. George Henschel declaimed Schumann's powerful "Zwei Grenadiere" with tremendous effectiveness; and Miss Kuhe's careful playing of a clever composition by Wingham earned much well-merited applause.

At 52, Prince's Gate (June 6), Mademoiselle Le Brun held her annual *matinée musicale* with the assistance of several accomplished artists, *entr'autres* Marie de Lido and Carlo Albanesi, whose singing and playing always afford me unqualified pleasure. It was a real treat to hear Goring Thomas's delicious "Summer Night," sung with the fine expression and perfect finish imparted to it by Miss Le Brun, who also charmed her auditors by her artistic rendering of Bemberg's "Chant Hindou," Bizet's "Seguidilla," and Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor." The concert was of good quality throughout, and pleasantly enlivened by one of Eric Lewis's side-splitting musical sketches.

Another *matinée musicale* of interest was given at the Portman Rooms (June 8) by Mademoiselle de Lido, who gathered round her an attractive group of well-known vocalists and instrumentalists, and herself sang admirably in four European languages, producing a marked sensation by her dramatic rendering of the grand cavatina from Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles." Her sister, the Countess Ali Sadowska, also contributed valuably to the afternoon's entertainment, in which Marianne Eissler, Carlotta Badia, Iver McKay, Hirwen Jones, Frederic King, and Marie de Grey took part.

At Mr. Laurence Kellie's second recital, several new songs by the concert-giver, belonging to a "cyklus" of his later melodies published by

Metzler and Co., were introduced to public attention. One and all of these novelties are tuneful and musicianly. I can confidently recommend them to drawing-room singers—more particularly "Think not of it," "Fettered by Fate," "Three Questions" (a truly lovely song), and "Ask me no more." They were irreproachably sung by Miss Carlotta Elliot, Miss Lucilla Saunders, and Mr. Kellie, their sympathetic young composer.

Madame de Pachmann's pianoforte recital filled Prince's Hall with an eminently musical audience, eager to listen to the first composition of any magnitude to which the talented young lady formerly known in musica. circles as "Maggie Okey" has put her name since she married the greatest of Chopin's cotemporary interpreters. Her Pianoforte and Violin Sonata, played by herself and Mr. Gompertz, proved to be a really important, thoughtful, and genial work, of which any living musician might be proud. It is pleasant to see the ranks of English latter-day composers reinforced by so vigorous and well-disciplined a recruit as Madame de Pachmann, who is, moreover, a pianist of the first flight.

Another interesting event, which took place (June 12) at Prince's Hall was the "morning" concert given in the afternoon by Madame Sophie Loewe and Miss Matilda Wurm. Every number in the programme was well executed, the *bénéficiaires*, both highly-accomplished artists, being most acceptably supported by Miss Lena Little and Mr. Kauffmann. The gem of the entertainment was a faultless performance of Brahms' fascinating "Love Song Waltzes" for four hands and four voices; nothing more delightful could be imagined or realised.

Four concerts of the Richter series were given to "crowded houses" in the course of last month, presenting few absolutely novel features; but including fine reproductions of Berlioz's "Faust," Mackenzie's "Twelfth Night" Overture, and Saint Saëns' "Rondo Capriccioso." In the last-named work a singularly clever young violinist, M. Henri Marteau, made his *début* before the *élite* of the London musical public, and achieved a conspicuous success. Dr. Richter again went through his *répertoire* of Wagner orchestral selections, the popularity of which is manifestly undiminished.

Mr. Charles Santley, *facile princeps* of British baritones, whose portrait appears in this number of THE THEATRE, was bron fifty-four years ago at Liverpool, and shortly after attaining his majority proceeded to Milan, where, under the tuition of Professor Nava, he learned to use to the greatest advantage the magnificent voice with which nature had gifted him. His musical studies were assiduously pursued in Italy during two years, at the close of which period he returned to England, and became a pupil of Señor Garcia. His first public appearance in London was made in oratorio, at St. Martin's Hall on November 16, 1857, when he sustained

the part of Adam in "The Creation." Two years later he made his *début* on the English operatic stage as Höel in "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" at Covent Garden Theatre, where he subsequently (1862) sang in Italian opera with great success. Since that time he has chiefly figured in public as an oratorio and concert-singer, absolutely unrivalled in both his artistic specialities. England has never produced a more effective and sympathetic vocalist than Charles Santley, whose enormous popularity on both sides of the Atlantic has not been won by *ad captandum* tricks or judicious advertising, like that of more than one renowned executant, but by the intelligence and sterling worth of his singing, the intrinsic beauty of his voice and the exquisite purity of his style. He is a true artist, perfectly free from the blemish of empiricism, and as catholic in taste as he is sagacious in interpretation. His accomplishments are various, painting being one of his favourite recreations, and his amiability of disposition, graceful vein of humour, and charm of manner have endeared him to all those admitted to the privilege of his intimacy. Mr. Santley, early in his musical career, married a granddaughter of the eminent actor Charles Kemble. His children have inherited his talents; the beautiful singing of his eldest daughter, who retired from the profession shortly before her marriage, is still fresh in the memory of the English public, in whose favour she was solidly established at the time of her withdrawal into private life. Mr. Santley's superb voice has lost none of its power or richness of quality, and has never been displayed with greater effect than during the present season. That it may remain unimpaired for many a year to come, and that he may long be preserved to illustrate an art which he has adorned throughout three successive decades, is the hearty wish of every music-lover in this country, and of his innumerable friends and admirers beyond the seas.

By far the cheeriest musical event of the past month was the revival of "The Mikado" at the Savoy Theatre, with new scenery, decorations, and costumes, as well as some important personal changes in the cast of the leading characters, Yum-Yum being impersonated by Geraldine Ulmar, *vice* Leonora Braham "in another place," and Nankipoo by Jack Robertson in the stead of Durward Lely, who originally created the character of the minstrel Heir-Apparent. The brilliant little opera — it may safely be prophesied—will endure in public favour longer than any other of the Gilbert-Sullivan works. Everything that good taste could suggest and lavish expenditure realise has been done by the Savoy management to secure a fresh lease of vigorous and profitable life to the amiable Japanese despot and his fantastic functionaries. The piece has been reset and redressed throughout; George Grossmith and Rutland Barrington have introduced some new "business" of an excruciatingly funny description into their respective parts; Hawes Craven's scenery is "quite too lovely;" and Lely's successor sings and acts with delightful tunefulness and vivacity. So do they all, in fact. The opera "went," on the first night of its repro-

duction, so gaily that the audience was fairly carried away by its irresistible *entrain*. Of all the Savoy revivals that of "The Mikado" promises, on its merits, to be the most lasting and remunerative.

I have received two charming songs by Mr. William Fullerton (B. Hollis and Co.), "The Love of Long Ago," for contralto, and "That Summer's Day," for mezzo-soprano or second tenor. In the former, the talented young composer of "Waldemar" has set Mr. Enthoven's words to a simple but telling melody, the plaintive refrain of which lingers sympathetically upon the ear. "That Summer's Day," the verses of which are by Mr. Clarence Walker, is a somewhat more ambitious composition than its companion song, making larger demands upon both singer and accompanist. I foresee that it will become a drawing-room favourite, and will go to the provinces on concert-tour. Mr. Fullerton's graceful muse has long been silent; her many admirers will be glad to see that she has not forgotten how to tune her lyre to most agreeable purpose.

Talking of youthful and gifted composers, Max Vogrich has been in London, with his charming wife (Alice Rees), and has introduced several of his newer compositions—one and all "as clever as they make 'em"—to our musical public at Steinway Hall. Herr Vogrich played his "transcriptions" of Wagner's "Feuerzauber" and Schubert's "Erlkoenig" with a power and significance that Sophie Menter herself might have envied; and Frau Vogrich sang three of her husband's beautiful songs quite delightfully. "Happy, happy, happy pair," that can give a *matinée* between them, with thirty "numbers" in their programme, and neither worry nor weary their audience! The Vogrichs did this thing on the 14th ult., and their feat deserves acknowledgment.

The brothers De Reszke and M. Lassalle have proved towers of strength for the support of the Covent Garden operatic enterprise, which has more than once exhibited symptoms of languishing for the want of competent *prime donne*, and, but for this triad of splendid singers and actors, would have ceased to be attractive to the musical public quite three weeks ago. It is difficult to understand why Mr. Harris, having at his disposal the best Selika of the day—Madame Minnie Hauk, who was in London throughout the greater part of last month, and under engagement to him—should have pursued an experimental course with regard to the impersonation of the unfortunate African Queen, with results, in the case at least of one of her representatives, almost too painful to refer to. The ill-advised lady who undertook the part of Selika on the evening of the 13th ult. looked like Topsy, and gave vent to utterances that were particularly startling. Nothing at once so peculiar and so disagreeable as her declamation has, within my experience, ever before been heard within the precincts of an opera-house. Screeching and chattering are to be expected in certain

departments of another place, but are wildly inappropriate to an exposition of the lyric drama. The *mise-en-scene* and costumes of the "Africaine," as produced at Covent Garden, were as anachronistic as the "make-up" of the different "native" characters. Nelusko's complexion was that of a somewhat florid Arab; Selika looked as if she had been thrust up a sooty chimney, and carelessly smeared with a damp flannel on emerging from the flue; some of her subjects were black-a-vised, others nut-brown, others copper-coloured and others dazzlingly fair. The fashion of their garments was as various as were their facial hues. Some wore Indian dresses; some were attired as Italian peasant-girls; there were men Norman-like in their chain-armour, and others who would have passed for tenth-century Anglo-Saxons in a "Masque of Good King Aifred's Days." Indian architecture pervaded the fourth act in a bewildering way; the scene was laid in Something-abad instead of in Borioboola Gha. Startling surprises filled the stage; the most remarkable of them all, however, was the *prima-donna*.

CLAVICHORD.

Our Play-Box.

"THE AMBER HEART."

An Original Poetical Fancy, in three acts, by ALFRED C. CALMOUR.
First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, at a special matinée, June 7, 1887. Reproduced at the same theatre May 23, 1888.

Silvio	Mr. ALEXANDER.	Mirabelle	Mrs. MACKLIN.
Geoffrey	Mr. FRANK TYARS.	Cesta	Miss COLERIDGE.
Ranulf	Mr. WENMAN.	Katroua	Miss MATHEWS.
Sir Simon Gamber	Mr. HARBURY.	Ellaline	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Coranto	Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.		

When Ellaline first stepped upon the Lyceum stage I gave a detailed account of that memorable *matinée*, in the August number of THE THEATRE; I told how Ellen Terry and Ellaline, blended in one admirable creation, took the audience by storm and sent a thrill of sympathy through every heart. The success of that day has found its repetition in the success of the first night. Familiarity with Mr. Calmour's blank verse makes one appreciate more thoroughly its pretty imagery and the real power of some of his language. Scenery, costumes, and artistic grouping again rejoice the eye with perfect and refined pictures; and Ellaline is still the living poem who charmed us all. First, the very embodiment of sweet content, bright as a sunbeam, untouched by Silvio's love, yet neither cold nor heartless. When her guardian, Coranto, unwisely tells her that the Amber Heart is the amulet against her feeling love, and, thoughtless child, she throws it in the lake, the glow of tenderness waking her into womanhood, as she confesses her love to Silvio, is truly touching in its earnestness and purity.

In the second act, Miss Terry rises to the greatest heights. "Love comes and goes, and man is not its master but its slave," says the poet Silvio; inspiration for his verse was all he sought in the woman who has given him all her soul; he has wearied of her, and courts her cousin. This insufferable vanity meets with no reproach from Ellaline, who, in the nobleness of her lovable nature, lays the blame upon herself. How pathetic her first efforts to win him back, her wail of agony when forsaken and disdained; it is a cry of pain wrung by unendurable torture, and as her tears fall fast, and her sobs find echo in every heart, the actress vanishes, Ellaline lives, and we tremble as she rushes out to seek rest in the lake.

The last act is inexpressibly sad. She does not die; Coranto finds the Amber Heart and replaces it around her neck. Henceforth her suffering will be to her but a passed dream. But she will never love again, even the memory of it will not be hers; as a fair flower, which after a storm has retained its beauty but lost its perfume. Miss Terry, with her true artistic genius, has not missed this shade of expression, for her return to sweet content is deeply tinged with sadness.

Mr. Alexander is excellent in the first act, showing an earnestness that was wanting in Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, but he does not equal him in the weary but courteous indifference of the second act; in the last he is very good.

The Coranto of Mr. Herman Vezin is a fine impersonation, full of dignity, his elocutionary powers being great as ever; but I missed the tender and fatherly kindliness given to the part by Mr. E. S. Willard.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

On the same evening was revived

"ROBERT MACAIRE,"

In two acts. From "L'Auberge des Adrêts."

Robert Macaire ..	Mr. HENRY IRVING.	Sergeant Loupy ..	Mr. TYARS.
Jacques Strop.. ..	Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.	Pierre	Mr. HARVEY.
Dumont	Mr. HOWE.	Louis	Mr. MARION.
Germeuil	Mr HARBURY.	Marie	Mrs. MACKLIN.
Charles	Mr. HAVILAND.	Clementine	Miss F. HARWOOD.

Mr. Irving's first appearance in the title *rôle* was as far back as 1867, at

the St. James's, under Miss Herbert's management. On June 14, 1883, in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music, he played Macaire to the Jacques Strop of his friend Mr. J. L. Toole; Miss Ada Cavendish was the Marie; Miss Ellen Terry, Clementine; Mr. S. B. Bancroft, Sergeant Loupy; and Mr. William Terriss, Charles. In his present representation of the hardened criminal, Mr. Irving gives us a picture of the man who, evidently wishing to drown thought, gives himself up to the false excitement that drink produces, and under its influence is guilty of the wildest extravagances. Living in the moment only, he hobnobs with every one, cuffs and makes a butt of his timid companion, holding him up to the ridicule and laughter of those around him, and only towards the close does he show us that he possesses some feelings of humanity, and at the same time is still the determined and ready-witted preyer on mankind. It was here that Mr. Irving was at his greatest: the human longing to touch his son's hand was exquisitely shown; the passing gleam of pity for the woman he had so wronged, and then the sudden attempt to escape, and his tragic end, were finely rendered. I cannot but think, however, that the excessive low comedy that was indulged in jarred somewhat on the feelings of the audience, coming so closely on the delicacy of "The Amber Heart." W. Weedon Grossmith was an eminently pitiful, sneaking, and cowardly little pilferer, as Jacques Strop, a Noah Claypole to the Bill Sykes of his more resolute companion. After the fall of the curtain, in a few kindly words, Mr. Irving referred to his performance, and to there being a good career before Mr. W. Grossmith. Mrs. F. H. Macklin pathetically illustrated the sorrows of Marie, and the names of the rest of the cast will sufficiently guarantee that the other parts were adequately filled.

CECIL HOWARD.

"THE SCARLET LETTER."

A romantic drama in five acts, founded on Nathaniel Hawthorne's famous work, by the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE and Mr. NORMAN FORBES.

Produced for the first time at the Royalty Theatre, Monday evening, June 4, 1888, and under the direction of the authors.

Governor Bellingham	Mr. ELWOOD.	Mistress Hibbins ..	Mrs. HUNTLEY.
Rev. John Wilson ..	Mr. A. BEAUMONT.	Dame Brackett.. ..	Mrs. BROOK.
Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale	Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.	Mistress Farewell ..	Miss LE BERT.
Roger Chillingworth	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.	Dame Alcott	Miss L. WALKER.
Master Brackett ..	Mr. SEALEY.	Mistress Pice	Mrs. LYONS.
Master Godwin	Mr. J. G. WILTON.	Pearl	Miss AMY ARNOTT.
Town Beadle	Mr. BYRNE.	Hester Prynne	Miss CALHOUN.

There is an art in acting, inappreciable by our journeyman player, which is akin to what is called "impressionism" in painting: viz., the difficult one of conveying the tone or key of the situation, allowing the speeches and incidents to tell of themselves. Now, in this adaptation at the Royalty, the sad and highly poetical tone of Hawthorne's masterpiece has been caught and preserved. The whole is pitched in a romantic strain, while two of the impersonators corresponded with their characters, both in bearing and in the recitation—I mean Miss Calhoun and Mr. Forbes Robertson. On the stage everything surely should be pitched in a somewhat higher key than the prose of life; we should be looking at something grander and nobler than what we are accustomed to see every day; the earthly and fleshpot school drags us down, and only lands us in the "suffering pothouse" or costermonger level, lately in such high fashion.

Miss Calhoun is truly sympathetic, and, in parts, has a sort of inspiration, though she is rather too *petite* for the greatly oppressed heroine, where we seem to require a certain massiveness of figure; for your heroine should be what is popularly termed "an awkward customer," who, when called upon, can give as much as she takes, and do battle for her helpless offspring on occasion. Calling on her "repressed forces," she is expected at times to appeal from the oppressor to the galleries by the vigour of her lungs. Miss Calhoun has that rare gift of "distinction," and imparts a thoroughly romantic tone to her characters. It was curious to contrast her in this respect with Miss Achurch, who seemed to have set herself to discharge her part in as prosaic and matter-of-fact a fashion as could be contrived. The same feeling of colour distinguished Mr. Forbes Robertson, who imparted a tenderness to the unhappy but "weak-kneed" clergyman. Nothing could have been better than his delivery of the appeal for Hester, in which he marked two currents of feeling—an apparent pleading for the accused, with a veiled address to her, and ambiguous denunciation of himself. Nothing is more remarkable than the steady improvement in this sound actor, to whom his long performance in the "Winter's Tale" has been of immense value. The inevitable precocious child, with which audiences are destined to be afflicted until the craze has worn itself out, made its appearance here in full force, and furnished Miss Calhoun with opportunities for maternal pathos. Mr. Norman Forbes, a younger brother of Mr. Forbes Robertson, played the ill-treated husband with a certain relative force—relative because unex-

pected; and though the part was somewhat overdone, it was on the whole a meritorious performance. He has, however, no "reserve" of fiendish power, as he no doubt fancies he possesses, and should modulate his attempts in this line. He played excellently in his scene with Miss Calhoun.

The mounting and general arrangement were ambitious, with the result of crowding too much into so contracted an area. No known market-place, with stocks, gallery for the divines, &c., could have been compressed into so limited a space. When the laws of stage illusion are better understood, it will be found that a few figures and a selection of scenic objects will be more effective than a mere huddle of things. A vignette, with two or three figures, will express a situation as effectively as a large and crowded plate.

The adaptation has been somewhat coldly received, and no doubt the unwarranted happy termination was a serious blemish. Yet as it stands it is Hawthorne's masterpiece—a most original striking situation—which I venture to say, after being read once, never passes from the mind. Dramatic it certainly is in whatever shape presented. It is a pity, however, that this version should have been vulgarised by the hackneyed stage conventionalities—such as the jocular commentaries of the crowd at the opening. Crowds are assumed to while away the moments of expectancy by "quaint" repartees, and, above all, by loud bursts of laughter, when a "quip" tells. This is out of nature, as crowds do not thus engage in general conversation. Perhaps the time may arrive when these and other hackneyed conventionalities of the playwright shall be abolished as being quite worn out. Such is the ridiculous dialogue between two servants when the curtain rises, or the "common form" of dialogue between the smart pair of lovers and the "harmless necessary" faithful serving-man, so often personified by the trusty Mr. George Barrett. Since the above was written, Hawthorne's tragic ending has been substituted.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

A New Version of Shakespeare's merriest Comedy (prepared for the occasion by AUGUSTUS DALY).

Produced at the Gaiety Theatre, May 29, 1888.

Characters in the "Induction."

A Lord	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.	A Page	Master W. COLLIER.
Christopher Sly	Mr. WILLIAM GILBERT.	Huntsmen	Messrs. REVELL, MURPHY, and FINNEY.
A Huntsman	Mr. EUGENE ORMOND.		
The Hostess	Miss LIZZIE ST. QUENTIN.	Players	Messrs. BOND and WOOD.

Persons in the Comedy.

Baptista	Mr. CHARLES FISHER.	Grumio	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.
Vincentio	Mr. JOHN MOORE.	Biondello	Mr. E. P. WILKS.
Lucentio	Mr. OTIS SKINNER.	Tranio	Mr. FREDERICK BOND.
Petruchio	Mr. JOHN DREW.	Katharine	Miss ADA REHAN.
Gremio	Mr. CHARLES LECLERQ.	Bianca	Miss PHŒBE RUSSELL.
Hortensio	Mr. JOSEPH HOLLAND.	A Widow	Miss ALICE HOOD.
A Pedant	Mr. JOHN WOOD.	Curtis	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.

Not the least of the many merits of this excellent company is their breadth of style, so necessary for a "large" interpretation of the older and classical

comedies. It would take long to define or analyse this largeness of style; but it may be broadly said that its secret lies in conveying much more than the mere significance of the words. This might be illustrated by a happy touch of Miss Rehan's, where she is compelled to say that the sun is the moon, and when she repeats the words, "it is the mo-o-n!" it is with a sort of passionate vexation, which shows that they were wrung from her. This performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" is a very interesting, intelligent, and entertaining one. It has been objected indeed by critics that the underplot is tedious and even stupid; but it seems to have a certain artistic effect. It fills in and enriches the background, much as shadowy, unimportant figures do in an old piece of tapestry; it enriches with detail, and is natural, as showing other incidents of life going on round about the main incident. I confess that the scenes—with the two masters—are fantastical, entertaining, and excite interest. What we must admire in the whole is the intelligent animation imparted to every character; the true note of comedy is struck without exaggeration; everybody is gay, or half-serious. "Elia" always insisted comedy should be thus interpreted, and without that precise earnestness which moderns affect. It must be said, however, that Petruchio—played by the admirable Drew with much spirit—scarcely reached the imposing dimensions of the character. He was not tall enough, nor strong enough, nor stout enough; and in the important scene of intimidation at his own house, his efforts seemed to relax instead of mounting in a crescendo. For this defect he was certainly not accountable. As Mr. Whistler said lately of himself, "he was the right man in the wrong place." I fancy Petruchio should be a tall, stalwart, loud-voiced, good-humoured, violent being; even his whip should have a louder, fiercer crack.

Miss Rehan was almost perfect in her character; we say "almost," because at times she also relaxed, carrying too far the doctrine of "repressed forces." In the earlier scenes her full, splendid presence and costume suggested an Italian dame from one of Moroni's or Pordenone's canvases. Admirable, as a refinement of acting, was the air of contending struggle that she continually suggested. You saw what a contest was

raging within, which relieved itself with that most natural cry—or squeal was it?—of fury when some fresh outrage had to be submitted to. She was at her best in her earlier scenes, and her speechless contempt, astonishment, and rage, all mingled, at the announcement of the lover, was truly admirable. In what a capital tone of comedy was the warning to her father to be "quiet," as she flounced off! In the latter scenes we should have liked more fire, and a fiercer outburst now and then. As I have said, the other characters were almost all good—the quiet, good-humoured father, Bianca and her lovers, &c. Mr. Otis Skinner grows upon us. Strange to say, Mr. Lewis was ineffective, for once—"and away" let us hope. His style does not suit so robust a part. All the stage business was admirably arranged—save in one scene, that with the cooks and milliners, which was weak, the cooks falling down over each other, and simulating fright in a fashion that suggested Christmas at Drury Lane. Even the music here was pantomimic, and aided the delusion. Where all was good and even admirable, this seems incomprehensible. The general fright and confusion of an establishment, thus caused by its master, could be presented in a more natural way.

Mr JOHN DREW

The scenery, the general Italian tone of the whole, was charming, because simply conveyed, and without that overloading with detail which seems to be *de rigueur*. We are convinced that local effect is far better conveyed by this reserved treatment. The tones were chosen with infinite taste, and each figure was picturesque. The Paul Veronese scene was truly original and poetical, and gave an idyllic tone to the close. The music, too, by that good *chef*, M. Widmer, was piquant and appropriate, with a Shakespearian quaintness. On the whole, we should say that any one of refined taste must be recreated by the "Taming of the Shrew," as represented by Mr. Daly's company and under the inspiration of its well-cultured manager.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

"THE LOVE STORY."

Original play in four acts, by PIERRE LECLERCQ.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, May 23, 1888.

Captain Marchcastle	Mr. CHAS. CHARRINGTON.	Mrs. Falshawe ..	Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
Paul Falshawe ..	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	Madeline Borth ..	Miss JANET ACHURCH.
Samuel Bramerton .	Mr. PERCEVAL CLARK.	Mrs. Jones	Miss NELLIE JORDAN.
William Trett.. ..	Mr. J. G. TAYLOR.	Mary	Miss LISA LEONARDS.
Sergeant Jones ..	Mr. W. LUGG.	Anne	Miss MARY ALLISTREE.
Groves	Mr. D. ARCHER.	Kate	Miss HELENE GRÆME.
Peters	Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.		

No doubt the author's connection with a famous dramatic family gave him an insight into those points which can be made effective in dramatic composition, but independently of this "The Love Story" is a clever work, containing a good plot, excellent dialogue, and powerful situations, and it is human in its motives and characters. Madeline Borth is supposed to be a penniless girl, living almost on the charity of kind-hearted Mrs. Falshawe; the girl really loves the latter's son Paul, but on account of his meagre prospects he, though passionately attached to her, has always treated her with studied coldness. The success of "The Love Story," a novel he has written, opens up a prospect of fame and wealth to him, and so he proposes, and is at once accepted. But through the machinations of Marchcastle, a heartless swindler, who wishes to secure Madeline for himself, she is induced to believe that Paul was cognisant of her having unexpectedly come into a fortune, and that he has only been seeking her from worldly motives. So in a moment of pique she accepts Marchcastle, but on the very day of her marriage she repents. By chance she and her husband and Paul are staying in the same house; the police are in pursuit of Marchcastle for his defalcations, and he, finding no means of escape, shoots himself. Madeline accidentally discharges a pistol, and believes herself to be his involuntary murderer, and Paul, to save her, takes upon himself the onus of Marchcastle's death. The discovery that it was a suicide is very cleverly worked out, and the curtain falls on the reunion of Paul and Madeline. I have only given an outline of the plot, as "The Love Story" will, in all probability, be seen in London, Mrs. Langtry having already secured it for America. With the exception that Mr. Charrington and Miss Achurch elaborated a little too much, they were excellent in their several parts. Her scene, in particular, where she scornfully upbraids Paul with his baseness, was one of the best things this young actress has ever done. Mr. Fuller Mellish was manly, earnest, and tender. His love scene with Madeline was charmingly rendered. Miss Carlotta Leclercq was womanly and kind as Mrs. Falshawe, Mr. J. G. Taylor made quite a hit as the lawyer's clerk, Trett, and Mr. Perceval Clark was a truthful representative of the old family lawyer, Bramerton. I shall look anxiously for Mr. Leclercq's next production, as I am told he has another play finished that *he* considers better than his first attempt.

"THE SCARLET LETTER."

New play by ALEC NELSON, with an Original Prologue by CHARLES CHARRINGTON.
(Founded on Nathaniel Hawthorne's Story.)
First produced at the Olympic on Tuesday afternoon, June 5, 1888.

Characters in Prologue.

Arthur Dimmesdale	Mr. CHARLES CHARRINGTON.
Roger Prynne ..	Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ.
Rev. Ebenezer Irons..	Mr. CHARLES ALLAN.
Andrew Trench	Mr. WILLIAM LUGG.
Phœbe	Miss LILIAN MILWARD.
Hester Prynne..	Miss JANET ACHURCH.

Characters in Play.

Arthur Dimmesdale	Mr. CHARLES CHARRINGTON.
Roger Chillingworth	Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ.
Melchisedeck ..	Mr. JOHN TRESAHAR.
Rev. John Wilson	Mr. G. R. FOSS.
Governor Bellingham	Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON.
Capt. Loraine ..	Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER.
Bracket	Mr. HAMILTON KNIGHT.
Mistress Hibbins	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND.
Mary Barton ..	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
Eliza Ramskill ..	Miss CHARLOTTE MORLAND.
Salome Christian	Miss MARGARET TERRY.
Rachel Bracket..	Miss ROMA.
Pearl	Miss GRACE MURIELLE.
Hester	Miss JANET ACHURCH.

In the version given here Mr. Charrington bore in mind that the present generation were not so well up in Hawthorne's powerful story, and therefore wrote for it a prologue, which shows the early love that grew up between Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale. The scene is in England, and we find the mere girl married to a man considerably her senior, who, without being actually unkind, is cold, undemonstrative, and wrapped up in his studies and scientific pursuits. Dimmesdale, the young clergyman, is supposed to be handsome, kindly, and attentive; he feels he cannot struggle against his passion, and therefore accepts a call to go forth as a pastor to Salem in Massachusetts, and soon after old Roger Prynne, returning from a long journey, announces that he and his young wife are also going to America. Once there we are led to suppose that Prynne has almost deserted his wife, spending years among the aborigines, and, when he reappears to learn the shame that has fallen on his wife, it is as an Indian Sachem. Then follows her condemnation to wear the brand of shame, the hold that Roger Prynne obtains over Dimmesdale, haunting him as his shadow, never for a moment letting him forget his sin, and at length, when the young clergyman is insensible, discovering that on his breast he also has the "scarlet letter." The ending is in accordance with Hawthorne's book. After preaching the election sermon, Dimmesdale is at the very pinnacle of esteem in all good men's eyes, revered and loved by all around him. Hester Prynne has also lived down her shame by continuous deeds of charity and goodness, and it has been considered whether she may not now be allowed to remove the scorching badge she has worn. Then in the Market-place does Dimmesdale call her and their child to him, and mounting with them on the scaffold confesses his past iniquity. The divulgence of his long-pent-up secret, the sufferings he has borne, tortured as he has been by remorse, prove too much for an already weakened heart, and he dies tearing open his dress and revealing the "scarlet letter" burnt in upon his breast. Save for the introduction of Mistress Hibbins, whose maunderings in the forest and elsewhere become wearisome, I prefer the Olympic version; there is more to study in the character of Roger Prynne, and the relentless hate of the man was splendidly deli-

neated by Mr. Fernandez. Miss Janet Achurch's performance as Hester Prynne was unequal; she was excellent in the prologue, but in the play itself frequently lost command over her voice and was too restless; still, taken altogether, her rendering was powerful. The Arthur Dimmesdale of Mr. Charles Charrington exhibited some fine points, but was a little too melancholy. Miss Gertrude Kingston acted well as Mary Barton, and Mr. William Lugg, Mr. John Tresahar, Mr. Hamilton Knight, and Miss Roma deserve favourable mention. Miss Grace Murielle was wonderfully clever as the elfish dancing child Pearl.

"CLARA VERE DE VERE."

Original Play, in four acts, by CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Friday afternoon, June 8, 1888.

Cecil, Lord Hylworth	Mr. WILLIAM HERBERT.	Mrs. Bertie Herbertson	Miss ALEXES LEIGHTON.
Hubert Laurence ..	Mr. FRANK RODNEY.	Dame Laurence ..	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
Lord Capelcourt ..	Mr. STEWART DAWSON.	Alice	Miss CONSTANCE LEVESON.
Hon. Tom Bullion..	Mr. E. M. ROBSON.	Lady Clara Vere de Vere	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Adam Laurence ..	Mr. WM. FARREN, jun.		
Rowland	Mr. LEONARD CALVERT.		

The author states that he has Lord Tennyson's permission to dramatise his poem, "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Mr. Rae-Brown has simply taken the rather presumptuous love of Hubert Laurence for Lady Clara, which, being treated with scorn, the young man straightway commits suicide. His foster-brother, Lord Hylworth, determines to avenge his death, and so, passing himself off as his own land steward, wins the affection of the proud lady, and when she, in somewhat unmaidenly fashion, offers him her hand, he tells her that his refusal of it is a meet punishment for her former pride. Later, as the Lady Clara appears to be hastening to an early grave, he relents, and owns that he has loved her very passionately himself. There is some amusing comedy in the first matrimonial quarrel that takes place between the Hon. Tom Bullion and the fascinating widow, Mrs. Bertie Herbertson, whom he has won. These characters were excellently played. Miss Alma Murray did all she could with Lady Clara, which certainly was not a part worthy of her, and Mr. William Herbert struggled manfully

Lady Clara de Vere and Lord Hylworth (Mr. William Herbert) in Act III.

against the unsympathetic character of Lord Hylworth. Mr. Frank Rodney could not make Hubert Laurence interesting with the material provided him, but rendered him as little depressing as he could. I hear that "Clara Vere de Vere" has been accepted to go on tour, and I therefore give the original cast.

"WOOD BARROW FARM."

New and original three-act play, by JEROME K. JEROME.

First produced at the Comedy Theatre, Monday afternoon, June 18, 1888.

Allen Rollitt	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Mr. Piffin	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.
Luke Cranbourne ..	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Ichabod..	Mr. HALLEY.
Mike Stratton	Mr. HAMILTON.	Peters	Mr. HUMPHERY.
Colonel Jack Dexter..	Mr. CHARRINGTON.	Clara Dexter	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
Mr. Purtwee	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.		
The Hon. Tom Gussett	Mr. HARRISON.	Deborah Deacon ..	Miss LAURA LINDEN.
Baron Von Schnorr ..	Mr. DE LANGE.	Mrs. Rollitt	Miss EMILY THORNE.
Richard Hanningford	Mr. F. HAMILTON KNIGHT	Rachael..	Miss CHARLOTTE LUCIE.

Matinée-goers would have little to complain of were they always treated to such agreeable fare as was provided by Mr. Jerome in his latest production. He had already done good work, but "Wood Barrow Farm" is a distinct advance on any previous effort, and is so good that offers for it have already been made to the author in several quarters. Well-drawn characters, excellent dialogue, and a well-maintained interest (except in one portion of the second act), are here set forth. The hero, Allen Rollitt, is a young fellow who should be contented in the love of a sweet girl, Deborah Deacon, but he is fascinated by an adventuress, Clara Dexter, and, weary of his Devonshire home, longs to make a name and wealth that he may win her. The opportunity soon arrives, for he comes unexpectedly into a large fortune. He goes to London, begins the career of a man about town, and is accepted by Clara, who, with her father and Luke Cranbourne, hope to fleece him to their hearts' content. Their schemes are all foiled, however, for Richard Hanningford, the real heir to the property, who was supposed to be dead, appears on the scene, and it is then discovered that his life has been attempted by Luke Cranbourne, who proves to be the husband of Clara Dexter. Rollitt gives up his wealth on the condition that Cranbourne shall go free, for the young fellow cannot bear to bring misery on the woman that he has loved, perhaps with a foolish passion, and tired of the hollowness and shams of a London existence, he goes back to breezy Devon to be received with open arms by his old mother and the girl who has been true to him through all. Mr. Giddens played Allen Rollitt with quiet humour and a pathetic truth that were admirable. Miss Gertrude Kingston, for the short time that she has been on the stage, exhibited a range of emotional power and comedy that proved her to be on the high road to excellence. Mr. Laurence Cautley and Miss Emily Thorne were very good in their parts, and Mr. F. Hamilton Knight brought down the curtain in the first act with a most effective sudden death, and afterwards as the true Richard Hanningford played with an intensity that was most commendable. His make-up in both cases was exceptionally good. Miss Laura Linden was an artless and lovable girl as

Deborah, but failed in the Devonshire accent, as did several others. Miss Emily Thorne was a warm-hearted motherly creature as Mrs. Rollitt.

"CAPTAIN SWIFT."

New and original four-act play, by C. HADDON CHAMBERS.

First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, June 20, 1888.

Mr. Wilding	Mr. H. BEERBOHM-TREE.	Bates	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.
Mr. Seabrook	Mr. H. KEMBLE.	Mrs. Seabrook.. ..	LADY MONCKTON.
Harry Seabrook ..	Mr. FRANK GILMORE.	Lady Staunton ..	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Mr. Gardiner . ..	Mr. F. H. MACKLIN.	Mabel Seabrook ..	Miss AGNES MILLER.
Marshall	Mr. R. PATEMAN.	Stella Darbisher ..	Mrs. TREE.
Michael Ryan.. ..	Mr. CHARLES ALLAN.		

When in July last Mr. Chambers produced his "Devil Caresfoot" his work was well spoken of, but few I think imagined that he would so soon write a play as replete with originality of thought, poetry of conception, and absorbing interest as "Captain Swift." True that there are faults; it is on consideration difficult to understand the overweening love of a mother for a son whom she may be said scarcely to have seen, and when she has other children to engage her affection; nor can the bushranger's gentlemanly manner and attractiveness be quite reconciled with his uncared-for past life. But people who go to be amused do not always dwell upon such details as these, and so long as the interest is well maintained they are satisfied. I have not space at my command to go fully into the plot. I will only say that in a clever way the author shows us Wilding, *alias* Captain Swift, a bushranger and bank thief from Queensland, installed in the house of Mr. Seabrook, a kind-hearted but not too discriminative man. There Wilding, by his wily tongue, half-melancholy, half corsair manner, wins the affection of Stella Darbisher, whom young Harry Seabrook wishes to marry. Here also, in the person of Marshall, the butler (powerfully depicted by Mr. Pateman), we find Wilding's foster-brother, who, hating him intensely, is eventually the means of his being tracked down by the detective Ryan, and that in Mrs. Seabrook we have the bushranger's mother, she having previously to her marriage "loved not wisely but too well." Gardiner, a noble-hearted Queensland squatter, tries his best to save the wretched man, who has many good points in him, but Wilding, finding capture inevitable, and to save his mother and those who have shown him kindness the disgrace of his punishment, commits suicide, and dies almost in his mother's arms. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree and Lady Monckton divided the honours of the afternoon; both their performances were excellent. Mr. Macklin, too, supported them most effectively. Some of the scenes that told best were due to his valuable aid. Mr. Kemble gave a finished rendering of a purblind, hospitable old gentleman. Miss Rose Leclercq was the realisation of a worldly, cautious, and shrewd ladylike woman, and Mrs. Tree played with charming discrimination and piquancy the romantic Stella Darbisher. Miss Agnes Miller, a new comer, was fresh and girlish as Mabel Seabrook, and Mr. Frank Gilmore frank and manly as her hot-tempered but honest-hearted brother Harry. We are shortly to see "Captain Swift" in the evening bill. I hope it will be with the same cast, which could not possibly be improved.

CECIL HOWARD.

Our Omnibus-Box.

On the 16th of April Mrs. Edmund Russell appeared in the title *rôle* of "Phédre," of which an English version had been written for the occasion by Dr. A. W. Momerie; and on the 20th of the same month Mr. Edmund Russell played Ion in Talfourd's tragedy of that name. I merely mention these two appearances at the Princess's as a matter of record; of the capabilities of the two exponents the less said the better.

"His Last Stake" was only produced for one night. It is a highly improbable sketch of a young gambler, who risks and loses everything until he is induced by his opponent to stake his wife, coupled with the condition that, should he lose, he shall advise her to accept the winner as her future husband, and that the unfortunate gambler shall blow out his brains within twelve hours! The wife, in a fit of somnambulancy, enters the room where they have been playing, and commences throwing the dice, from which the husband discovers that they are loaded! Miss Florence West and Mr. Lewis Waller were excellent as the husband and wife.

At the Criterion, on Tuesday afternoon, May 15, two new plays from the pen of Mr. J. M. Campbell were produced. "The Viper on the Hearth," a one-act drama, tells of the endeavours of Hesketh Price to separate Ethel Lydyard from her lover George Heriot, with whom both the girls are in love, Ethel's father favouring the addresses of the more wealthy John Baxendale for her hand. As is only right, Hesketh's evil machinations are defeated and Baxendale proves himself a noble fellow, resigning his pretensions so soon as he learns the true state of Ethel's heart. In this Miss Marie Hudspeth, Miss Annie Irish, and Mr. Fuller Mellish acted particularly well. "The Deputy," farcical comedy, makes us laugh at the woes of a good-natured John Hercules Jones, himself a married man, who, to screen his brother-in-law, John Truelove, falls under the imputation of having committed bigamy and being the father of four bouncing children. There was the material for a considerable amount of fun in the idea, but the author had not availed himself fully of his opportunity. The burden of the play fell on Mr. E. M. Robson and Miss Kate Phillips, who acquitted themselves admirably, and had some valuable assistance from Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. F. Thorne, and Miss Fanny Coleman.

Though at the time I write this the weather is not all that could be desired for *al fresco* entertainments, we may, I think, hope for warm and sunnier weather, and then I can recommend every one to run down to the Crystal Palace and see Mr. Oscar Barrett's open-air ballet of the fairy scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." There shall be seen Oberon and Titania, with their attendant court of fays, mischievous yet winning Puck, with Peasblossom, Moth, Cobweb and Mustard

Seed, in dresses of exquisite tints and beauty; whilst rabbits and little green frogs hop and skip, and dragon-flies dart here and there, and glow-worms sparkle amidst a lovely entourage of shrubs and thorny brakes and waterfalls. First we have the dispute of Oberon and Titania over the possession of the "Indian boy," who finds a clever representative in tiny Miss Pardue, then the enchantment of the Queen, the dances that take place before the Court, the parade of the dragon-fly guard, the gambols of the nereids and wood nymphs, a ballet of rose-girdled fairies, and the final reconciliation of the King and Queen in an exquisite tableau. And not only all this, but "the most lamentable comedy" of "Pyramus and Thisby" is enacted, and the love of Titania for Bottom, with his sleek smooth head and ass's ears. I must particularly mention the sprightliness and merry elfishness shown by Miss Annie Evans as Puck, and the grace of Louisa Loveday as Titania. Mr. F. Ayrton's pantomime is very clever as

Bottom. Mr. Oscar Barrett has with much tact illustrated the fairy scenes of Shakespeare's comedy. Madame Katti Lanner has arranged the graceful dances, which are skilfully executed by her pupils. The Crystal Palace management have spared no pains or expense to make the whole attractive, and, thanks to Mr. Barrett's superintendence and well-selected music, have produced one of the most charming entertainments of the season.

I am glad to find that my old friend Godfrey Turner is sufficiently recovered to send me the following, which I feel sure will be read with interest as coming from his pen :—In a small square enclosure like a village pound, on the south-eastern spur of Primrose Hill, stands a fair young tree, querculine in its configuration, the juncture of its trunk and limbs showing that straight outward thrust from the body which, as Dr. Holmes suggests, has caused the oak to be chosen as the poetic symbol of strength —inasmuch as that way of holding forth the arms is precisely the most difficult to be long maintained—and querculine also as regards the foliage. Still those leaves are to the eye skilled in forestry not the leaves of the English oak. They are slender and drooping, much unlike those of the tree held sacred by our British predecessors, and indigenous beyond all question to our soil. Only within the last month have I learned the genesis of the tree they call "Shakespeare's Oak." It is Turkish. On St. George's Day, April 23, in the year 1864, Samuel Phelps, that honoured actor whose name is not unworthy of association with the name of the poet whose plays he so faithfully illustrated, signalized the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth by planting this tree. I was present at the pleasing ceremony, on a sunny day in "the springtime of the year," and heard the manly words spoken by Phelps, in the old familiar voice that had interpreted for the delight and edification of my boyhood so many passages of noble rhetoric. Paraphrasing a well-remembered speech, he augured the perpetuation of Shakespeare's name through many generations by whom that spot would be held sacred, when the boughs then full of fresh young sap should be mossed with age, and the high top bald with dry antiquity. How it came to pass that a foreign and, above all, a Turkish instead of an English oak was preferred I cannot tell. To be sure this birthday of William Shakespeare was likewise the festival of the warrior Saint George of Cilicia or of Cappadocia, whom Edward the Third made patron

of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. George was by birth a Turk. That is, the Asiatic province in which he was born was governed as a Turkish Pashalik. This is the only reason I can imagine for the choice of an Ottoman oak on this occasion. Otherwise one might have supposed it rather more germane to the matter then in hand if a fair sapling from one of the woods remaining to mark the district once occupied by Shakespeare's forest of Arden had been placed at the disposition of Mr. Phelps. Indigenous as I have said to Great Britain is the oak of Druidical groves, the forest oak lopped and felled by successive Danes and Saxons. But other oaks alien to the soil have taken to it kindly. The evergreen oak was brought hither from the south of Europe towards the end of the sixteenth century, and rather more than a hundred years later the scarlet oak crossed the Western Ocean from North America. It was followed in course of time—forty or fifty years, let us say—by the chestnut-leaved oak; and somewhat before the middle of last century we got the Turkish oak, a specimen of which we may now see at the foot of Primrose Hill. George of Cappadocia or Cilicia, it matters not which, was a contractor for the supply of army provisions, and is said to have dealt largely in pork. Little, however, is really known about him. Nor does it appear that very much more is known of Shakespeare, scarcely ten in a hundred of whose countrymen are agreed upon the spelling of his name. He too, like his patron saint, the patron saint of all England, has been somehow associated with BACON.

Miss May Woolgar Mellon's dramatic performance, organised in aid of the North London Nursing Association, came off very successfully on May 31; St. George's Hall being filled by an appreciative audience. "Lela's Love Letter," an original comedietta in one act, by John E. Soden and C. Alfred Ganthony, given for the first time, is a pretty idea, awkwardly handled by inexperienced authors. A girl faithful to her lover, who went out to seek his fortune in Australia, and who after a first letter, just as he was leaving England, has not written to her for four years. An old grandmother, her only relative, who being ruined is terribly anxious about the future of her darling. She tries to persuade Lela that her old lover, Tom, has forgotten her, is probably married by this time, for in his single letter he spoke of an American heiress having taken passage in the same steamer. Lela will not mistrust Tom; yet, for the sake of providing a home for her dear grandmother, she is on the verge of accepting a suitor favoured by the old lady. Tom returns before it is too late, and, not being recognised, is at first mistaken for a purchaser for the house, and, hearing how matters stand, he becomes so in earnest. An act of heroism, while superintending the repairing of a railway line, has been the starting point of his fortune, and he is now a rich man. Some remarks of the old lady, and the fact that she has replaced his photograph in the frame opposite Lela's by that of the other man, make him believe

that his love has been false to him. But when signing his name to the agreement for buying the house he is identified; Lela reproaches him with his long silence. He had written, but the letters have not reached their destination until this very juncture, when they are suddenly found. And when he in his turn asks why that man's portrait has taken the place of his, Lela draws it from her bosom, saying, "Yours has a better place, I have it next my heart!" thus prettily ending the piece. The authors having a good subject, the scenes are unfortunately not well brought about. The old lady confiding all her family affairs to a perfect stranger is not natural. The incident of the letters being suddenly found in a slit in the hall floor, there being no letter-box, is dragged in most lamely, &c. Indeed, what might have been a good play, and may still be written up to be one, is not so in its present state. The acting which calls for special notice is that of Mrs. E. H. Brooke, who made a charmingly sweet old lady.

"My Sweetheart" followed. Mr. Sidney Paget did well as Tony, as far as acting went, but his voice is far too weak to be effective. Miss Ida Meller showed considerable dramatic power as the adventuress. The Tina of Miss May Woolgar Mellon is very good; pretty and bright, mischievous or tender, her acting was spirited, her dancing graceful and finished; the young lady is to be congratulated. The other performers taking part in the evening's performance were Miss Beatrice Eton, Miss Edwina Brooke, Mr. Alfred Gray, Mr. Alfred Ganthony, Mr. Gerald Burgess, Mr. John L. Morgan, Mr. John Guppy, and little Ivy Glassby, a dear little mite.

It is difficult to understand why a perfectly untrained amateur should select such a part as Medea in which to make her first appearance before the public. Madame Du Barry, who had the hardihood to make her *début* in this character at the Olympic, on May 29, is a foreign lady, with a French name and a German accent. She is handsome, carries herself well, and some of her movements, especially those of her arms, are very graceful. In the softer and more pathetic portions of her part she was, for a novice, rather good, but of the fierce and barbaric side of Medea's character she had no grasp. Still she has distinct aptitude for the stage, and after a year's hard work of preparation, and a couple of years in the provinces, would make a valuable addition to the small number of actresses capable of playing emotional parts. Mr. Macklin was an excellent Jason. Mr. Frank Rodney did all that could be done with the part of Orpheus, and Mrs. Macklin made a correct but cold Creusa.

On May 26 was produced, at the Kilburn Town Hall, a new and original farcical comedy, by F. Freeth, B.A., entitled "The Banquet." There is nothing original in the idea of a wife's unreasonable distress and jealousy at her husband not preferring her company at home to the going

out to a banquet; but the motive of a farce is of little moment if the treatment be good. Unfortunately Mr. Freeth's notions of construction are nil; with a collaborator possessing stage experience no doubt he might turn out some excellent work, for some of the scenes are very good indeed, smart in dialogue, and truly amusing; but they give one the idea of having been written separately and then huddled together anyhow. There are many inconsistencies—for instance, the burning of a case of papers that leads up to nothing; the great anxiety of one of the characters to provide an unwelcome visitor with a room at an hotel, and when the guest suggests going of his own accord, doing everything in the world to prevent him, &c. However, by revising the construction, and condensing the three acts into two, there is the making of an amusing play in "The Banquet." The performance was under the direction of Mr. F. S. Hoblyn. The cast was a very good one, and deserves to be recorded for the capital acting: Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Mr. J. C. Buckstone, Mr. J. B. Phillips, Mr. Walter Everard, Mr. Bassett Roe, Mr. F. Ellis, Mr. Charles Brooke, Miss Ethel Hope, Miss Adela Measor, Miss Charlotte Lucie.

On Monday, June 18, "Joseph's Sweetheart" reached its 100th performance at the Vaudeville, and proves so attractive as to be likely to run for another hundred nights. It is preceded by Mr. Byatt's charming piece, "The Brothers," which should on no account be missed. When Miss Kate Rorke severs her long connection with the Vaudeville company, she will have no unworthy successor in Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Maude). Miss Kate Rorke joins Mr. Hare's company for the opening of his new theatre, "The Garrick."

There was another excellent performance of "L'Arlesienne," or "The Love that Kills," on Wednesday, June 20, at the Prince of Wales's. The play has undergone some alteration. L'Arlesienne, Miss Birdie Irving, is now seen dancing the farandole; the character of Mother Renaud has been cut out, and in the final scene Federi throws himself from the platform as in Daudet's work. The cast was for the most part the same, except that M. Marius was the Mitifio, and was a great accession, and pretty Miss Laura Granvill made a pleasing Pauline. Needless to say that Bizet's exquisite music was perfectly rendered by Mr. Ivan Caryll's well-trained and most capable orchestra. "Dorothy" is as great an attraction as ever.

Mr. Pinero's clever play "The Squire" was revived at the St. James's on the 16th, and proved a great success. Of the assumption of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare of their several parts there is no occasion to speak, further than that the latter's representation of the "Mad Parson" was beyond all praise. Mr. Mackintosh cleverly conveyed the cunning

and peculiarities of old Gunnion, but exaggerated them a trifle. Mr. Herbert Waring was impulsive and earnest as Gilbert Hythe, and contrasted well with the cool man-of-the-world rather *blasé* manner of Lieutenant Thorndike. One of the most striking bits of character was that of Mr. E. Hendrie as Robjohns, junior; it was a capital picture of the loutish rustic. Mr. Charles Burleigh failed as signally in representing the gipsy lad, Izod Haggerston, as Miss Rose Murray succeeded in portraying the strange mixture of good and evil in the Romany race. Miss Blanche Horlock was very pleasing as Felicity Gunnion, but I thought a little too polished for the daughter of such a father as old Gunnion. This will in all probability be the last of the revivals here.

There have been several other productions during the past month to which I wished to call attention, but am compelled to hold them over. On the occasion of Mr. Arthur Roberts' benefit at the Avenue, a skit by Mr. Frederick Bowyer, called "The Other Little Lord Fondleboy," was principally noticeable for the very droll performance of Mr. Edward Righton, who cleverly burlesqued Miss Annie Hughes. "The Old Guard" is as attractive as ever at this theatre.

Miss Marie Tempest, the charming cantatrice, whose portrait appears in this number, was educated at a convent in Belgium, and commenced her musical education there, continued it in Paris, and subsequently at the Royal Academy of Music, where she took the bronze, silver, and gold medals, and considers herself deeply indebted to the tuition of Signor Manuel Garcia. As a singer at the Philharmonic and Saturday Afternoon Concerts, the subject of our notice was known as Miss Etherington. Miss Tempest first appeared on the lyric stage as Famietta in "Boccaccio" at the Comedy, and next in "The Fay of Fire" at the Opéra Comique with pronounced success. Since February, 1887, she has played the principal part in "Dorothy," and is under a long engagement to Mr. H. J. Leslie. Miss Marie Tempest will be the *prima-donna* at the Lyric Theatre now being erected for her present manager in the Shaftesbury Avenue, and which is to be opened in October.

Since the last issue of The Theatre death has been sadly busy in the dramatic world. On May 26 Mrs. Chippendale calmly passed away after a very short illness. It was in 1855 that the deceased actress first made her appearance on the stage, and was for some time known as Miss Seaman. In 1863 as Miss Snowdon she made her London *début* as Mrs. Malaprop at the Haymarket, was married to Mr. Chippendale in 1866, and remained a member of the late J. B. Buckstone's company till 1874. In 1875 she joined the Court Theatre, and in 1878 was engaged by Mr. Henry Irving. Mrs. Chippendale then toured in Australia, again joined the Lyceum Company, went with it to America, and returned to succeed Mrs. Stirling as Martha in "Faust." As a comedy actress, in some parts

Mrs. Chippendale was almost unrivalled, and will long be remembered with respect and esteem and admiration for her talents. Another old and favourite actor, well known to a past generation of playgoers, left us on Sunday morning, June 17. Born 1813, Mr. William Creswick had exceeded the allotted threescore years and ten, out of which lengthened space for more than fifty years he had been known to London audiences, having first appeared at the old Queen's Theatre in 1835, and taken leave of the public, at Drury Lane, in October, 1885. He will be best remembered for his association with Mr. S. Phelps at Sadler's Wells, and with Mr. Shepherd at the Surrey Theatre, with whom he was partner in the management. He was also a great favourite at Drury Lane and the Standard in Shakespearian characters, and during his long life established a sound reputation in the United States, Canada, and our Australian colonies. Mr. Frederick Mortimer Vokes died on June 3, 1888. Member of a clever family, he made his appearance when only eight years of age at the Surrey, but will be best remembered for his wonderful dancing and agility in such pieces as "Fun in a Fog," "Belles of the Kitchen," &c. He was born in January, 1846, and was consequently little over forty-two years of age when he died. Miss Hilda Hilton, who was for a short time manageress of the Royalty and Opéra Comique Theatres, has also lately died at Florence, in the thirty-fifth year of her age.

We have as usual had a great many *matinées* during the past month. Some of the pieces are already noticed. The others I must dismiss with a few lines. "Broken Hearts," W. S. Gilbert's exquisite fairy play, was chiefly noticeable when given at the Savoy on June 4 for the steady advance that Miss Julia Neilson is making in her profession. Though not all that could be desired as the Lady Hilda, her reading of the character was more than acceptable. Mr. Lewis Waller was a picturesque Prince Florian, and Mr. Richard Temple was much applauded for his rendering of that most difficult of parts, Mousta, the deformed dwarf.

On June 6, "Handsome is that Handsome Does," a four-act comedy by C. J. Ribton Turner, was tried at the Vaudeville. This would make an excellent theme for a comic opera. It turns on the fortunes of Count Heidegger, who, though perhaps the ugliest man that ever breathed, by his chivalry, wit, and engaging manners contrived to win the heart of one of the beauties of the court, and triumph over a young and handsome rival. Mr. Henry Neville was exactly suited for the character of Count Heidegger, which he invested with that romance and *élan* that were necessary to make such an ill-favoured featured being attractive. Miss Kate Vaughan was a charming Lady Goldfinch, Miss Sophie Larkin most amusing as the prim but amorous Lady Araminta Fitz-Howard, and Mr. Frederick Thorne clever as the obtuse Narcissus Greengaby.

The Alhambra management has surpassed any former production in "Antiope," the new ballet now running at this celebrated house. Nothing more magnificent has certainly ever been seen here, and Signor Casati, the inventor and arranger, has given us more of a comprehensible story than is usual in this form of entertainment. Queen Orizia, incensed at her sister Antiope being preferred to her by her lover, Prince Tesco, declares war against him, and this gives the opportunity for a review of her Amazonian guards, an array of martial beauty, her defeat and capture, the reconciliation of the sisters, and the dances and festivities that take place on the marriage of Antiope with Tesco. There is the charm of novelty as well as of grace in the various figures of the superb ballets, which are executed with the utmost skill and precision by Signorina Bessone and Mdlles. Cossio, Marie, and Cormani, and the *corps de ballet*, now perhaps one of the best in the world. The dresses and costumes are beautiful beyond description, and reflect the highest credit on Mons. and Mdme. Alias, who have carried out the designs of Wilhelm. Mr. Ryan has painted some exquisite scenery, and Mons. Jacobi's music is a *chef d'œuvre* in composition.

"Baby, or a Slight Mistake," a farcical comedy by Walton Hooke, was principally noticeable for the naïveté and archness which Miss Bertha Dawes displayed in the name *rôle*, in which character she has to take upon herself the consequences of some former imprudences and flirtations of a sister who has assumed her pet name. There were one or two rather funny scenes, but taken as a whole Mr. Hooke's play only shows promise of better work in the future, this being I believe his first attempt.

As we shall in a few days see "The Paper Chase" again at Toole's Theatre, a notice of it will be deferred till its reproduction. It need only be said that it proved very amusing at the Strand on June 9, and that Mr. Lionel Brough, who will resume the character of Mr. Busby, kept the house in a roar.

Mr. Kirwan gave the last of his recitals this season at the Steinway Hall on Friday evening, June 22. The programme, as usual, was well selected, and Mrs. Cunnah's musical accompaniments effective. Of the more dramatic pieces given, Mr. Kirwan was heard to greatest advantage in Lord Macaulay's "Virginia" and Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire. Cromwell," a dramatic fragment, by Mr. Alfred C. Calmour, was not done justice to by the reciter, who was not quite perfect in the lines. These showed considerable power, and represent the taunting by the Protector on the divine right of kings, and the defence by Charles I. of his royal prerogatives. Mr. Kirwan shines most in humorous pieces. His recitation in French of "*Un Monsieur qui n'aime rien*" was really admirable, and there was a fund of drollery in "Hiawatha Photographing" and "Aunt

Elizabeth's Adventure," given by special desire. The various numbers were listened to with marked attention and pleasure by a very fashionable audience, and there is no doubt that Mr. Kirwan is steadily establishing himself as a public favourite.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from May 24 to June 20, 1888 :—

(Revivals are marked thus*)

May 24. "Midnight," or "The Wood Carver of Bruges," original romantic play in four acts and nine tableaux, written by James W. Furrell, and adapted by the author and Eugene C. Stafford. Matinée. Princess's.

„ 25. "The Big Blue Bowl," Japanese fantasy in one flutter, by Frank Castles. St. George's Hall.

„ 26. "A Compromising Case," comedietta, adapted by Mrs. T. E. Smale from the French. Haymarket.

„ 26. The Banquet," original farcical comedy in three acts, by F. Freeth. Town Hall, Kilburn.

„ 28.* "Brothers," one-act play, by Henry Byatt. Vaudeville.

„ 28. "A Woman's Vengeance," new drama in five acts, by Frank Harvey. Standard.

„ 29.* "Medea," Legouvé's tragedy in three acts. Matinée. Olympic.

„ 29.* "The Taming of the Shrew," arrangement by Augustus Daly of Shakespeare's comedy. Gaiety.

„ 31. "In the Old Time," new play in four acts, by Walter Frith. Matinée. St. James's.

„ 31. "Lela's Love Letters," original comedietta by John E. Soden and Alfred Ganthony. St. George's Hall.

June 2.* "Masks and Faces," comedy, by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor. Opéra Comique.

„ 4.* "Broken Hearts." W. S. Gilbert's fairy play. Matinée. Savoy.

„ 4. "The Scarlet Letter," romantic drama in five acts, by Stephen Coleridge and Norman Forbes, founded on Nathaniel Hawthorne's famous work. Royalty.

„ 4.* "The Fugitive," four-act drama, by Tom Craven. Surrey.

„ 5. "The Scarlet Letter," play by Alec Nelson, with an original prologue by Charles Charrington, founded on Nathaniel Hawthorne's story. Matinée. Olympic.

„ 5.* "Blackberries," one-act comedy-drama, by Mark Melford. Strand.

„ 6. "Handsome is that Handsome Does," new comedy in four acts, by C. J. Ribton-Turner. Matinée. Vaudeville.

„ 7. "Baby, or a Slight Mistake," original farcical comedy in three acts, by Walton Hook. Matinée. Vaudeville.

June 7.* "The Mikado," comic opera, by Gilbert and Sullivan. Savoy.
,, 8. "Clara Vere de Vere," original four-act play, by Campbell Rae-Brown. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
,, 9. "The Paper Chase," three-act comedy, by Charles Thomas. Matinée. Strand.
,, 11. "True Colours," one-act comedy, by J. P. Hurst. Globe.
,, 12. "Kleptomania," original farce in three acts, by Mark Melford. Matinée. Strand.
,, 16.* "The Squire," original play in three acts, by A. W. Pinero. St. James's.
,, 18. "Wood Barrow Farm," new and original three-act play, by Jerome K. Jerome. Matinée. Comedy.
,, 18. "The Other Little Lord Fondleboy," travestie, by Mr. Frederick Bowyer. Matinée. Avenue.
,, 19.* "Another Matinée," comedietta, by F. Castris. Matinée. Vaudeville.
,, 20. "Captain Swift," new and original four-act play, by C. Haddon Chambers. Matinée. Haymarket.
,, 20. "Laura" or "Love's Enchantment," new three-act comedy (author's name not disclosed). Matinée. Novelty.
,, 20. "The Wrong Envelope," new comedietta, by Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell. Matinée. Novelty.
,, 20.* "L'Arlesienne," or "The Love that Kills," poetical fancy by Jocelyn Brandon. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.

In the Provinces, from May 11 to June 18, 1888.

May 21. "A Merry Sell," operetta, by W. Sallenger. R.A. Theatre, Woolwich.
,, 28. "The Lion and the Mouse," original drama, by Will Clement. T.R., Woolwich.
,, 29. "The Kidnapper," farcical comedy in three acts, by H. Graham. Greenwich Lecture Hall.
June 1. "For the Sake of a Name," by F. Pilmore and John Holland, founded on the novel "From Gloom to Sunshine." Swiss Gardens, Shoreham.
,, 7. "Three Keys," new four-act drama by H. C. Hiller. St. James's Theatre, Manchester.
,, 18. "Light o' Day," comedy drama by Brian McCullough. Gaiety, Burnley.
,, 18. "In the King's Name," romantic drama, by Foster Courtenay. T.R., Eastbourne.
,, 18. "La Serenata," comic opera, libretto by Luke McHale, music by James Butchelder and Oliver Gaggs. Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

PARIS.

(From May 15 to June 13, 1888.)

May 22. "Rolla," ballet in two acts and five tableaux, by M. Manzotti, with musical accompaniments by M. Angeli. Eden.

„ 24. "La Clientèle," lever de rideau in one act, by M. de Launay. Palais Royal.

„ 30. "Le Dragon de la Reine," comic opera in three acts by MM. F. Beauvallet and P. Descourcelle, music by M. Leopold Wenzel. Gaîté.

„ 30.* "Les Cinq Francs d'un Bourgeois de Paris," vaudeville in five acts, by MM. Dunan-Mousseux and Jules Pélissié. Cluny.

June 1. "La Mission de Jeanne d'Arc," drama in five acts, in verse, by the late Jullien Dallières. Ambigu.

„ 2. "Skobeloff," Russian military pantomine in three tableaux, music by M. G. Wittmann. Hippodrome.

„ 4.* "L'Ombre," opera in three acts, by Flotow. Opéra Comique.

„ 8. "La Forge de Saint-Claire," drama in five acts and six tableaux, by M. Louis Figuier. Ambigu.

„ 13. 'Coquin de Printemps," farce in three acts and five tableaux, by MM. Jaime and Duval. Folies Dramatiques.

THE THEATRE.

Mr. Bancroft on the Stage.

A RE-PERUSAL of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's admirable work, which has now run through five editions, cannot but confirm the impression formed of its value as a reliable addendum to dramatic history, and as to their having been the pioneers in the march of progress on the stage. Though great improvements had commenced in the mounting of pieces, in the accuracy of scenery and costume, and the more perfect realisation of stage plays, their tenancy of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre was marked especially by the attention bestowed on the selection of the most fitting representatives for the smaller parts. Until the time of their lesseeship many a minor character in a play was entrusted, on a sort of happy-go-lucky system at most theatres, to any member of a company, without due consideration for his or her fitness for its efficient rendering. In their case the management sought out, and did not rest satisfied until they had found, the actor or actress that would best fulfil the requirements of the part, and with what success may be gathered from the almost universally favourable criticisms passed on the *tout ensemble* of the various casts. And the correctness of their judgment, as to the capabilities of those they engaged, has been proved by the position on the stage which so many of those members of their former companies have reached at the present day. It is but necessary to mention the names of Charles Wyndham, Alfred Bishop, Charles Collette, Arthur Cecil, David James, C. F. Coghlan, W. Blakeley, H. B. Conway, Charles Sugden, John Clayton, John Hare, W. Terriss, Kyrle Bellew, Ellen Terry, Mrs. John Wood,

C. Brookfield, H. Kemble, Forbes Robertson, Amy Roselle, Carlotta Addison, Mrs. Kendal, and (though not brought out till later) Mrs. Langtry; and I cannot but think that this good judgment has been acquired by the hard work and severe apprenticeship to their profession which both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft had gone through before they took up the reins of management. Let us consider for a moment the amount of labour entailed on Mr. Bancroft during his "apprenticeship of four years and as many months," in which short space of time he played *three hundred and forty-six parts*. These parts ranged the whole field of dramatic literature—Shakespeare, melodrama, comedy, tragedy, and farce. Mr. Bancroft has kindly allowed me to copy a list of them from a little book he mentions having kept in his youth of "parts played and theatres acted in." As readers of THE THEATRE cannot but be interested in the record, it is given *in extenso*, and a few remarks on some of the representations are added which will lend special value to the notice of them.

1, Lieut. Manly, *St. Mary's Eve*. 2, Mr. Langford, *Still Waters Run Deep*. 3, Decius, *Virginius*. 4, Yarn, *Black Eyed Susan*. 5, First Knight, *Bertram*. 6, Beauchamp, *Corsican Brothers*. 7, Peasant, *Maid of Croissey*. 8, Inghi, *Pauline*. 9, Selim, *Mountainecrs*. 10, Amyntas, *Ingomar*. 11, Sergeant, *Rob Roy*. 12, Marquis of Priego, *Ruy Blas*. 13, Julio, *Othello*. 14, Pedro, *Katherine and Petruchio*. 15, Second Actor, *Hamlet*. 16, Captain Gervais, *Lady of Lyons*. 17, Samson, *Romeo and Juliet*. 18, Tyrrell, *Richard III*. 19. Capt. Dartois, *Green Bushes*. 20, Linton, *Flowers of the Forest*. 21, Capt. of Archers, *Richelieu*. 22, Williams, *Hunchback*. 23, Corporal, *Colleen Bawn*. 24, Adolphus FitzMortimer, *Turkish Bath*. 25, Charles Herbert, *Blue Jackets*. 26, Humphreys, *Love Chase*. 28, Gripart, *Rag Picker of Paris*. 29, Anselme, *Faust and Marguerite*. 30, Viscount D'Arpignol, *Belphegor*. 31, Sergeant Jones, *Raby Rattler*. 32, Capt. Mowbray, *Lear of Private Life*. 33, Balthazar, and 34, Friar, *Much Ado about Nothing*. 35, Lopez, *Faint Heart never won Fair Lady*. 36, Hortensio, *Katherine and Petruchio*. 37, Marcellus; 38, Rosencrantz, and 39, Osric, *Hamlet*. 40, Count Wintersen, *Stranger*. 41, Lykon, *Ingomar*. 42, Norman, *Bride of Lammermoor*. 43, Orleans, *Richelieu*. 44, Martelli, *Corsican Brothers*. 45, Blue Peter, and 46, Quid,

Black-Eyed Susan. 47, Bleeding Sergeant, and 48, Rosse, *Macbeth.* 49, Henry Higgins, *Boots at the Swan.* 50, Master Wilford, *Hunchback.* 51, Hamish, *Orphan of Glencoe.* 52, Charley, *Good for Nothing.* 53, Richard Penderell, *Dream at Sea.* 54, Charles, *Robert Macaire.* 55, Leon de Beauchamp, *Pauline.* 56, Valvade, *Pizarro.* 57, Norfolk, *Richard III.* 58, Lord Lovell, *New Way to Pay Old Debts.* 59, Lucius, *Virginius.* 60, Lieut. Brown, *Slasher and Crasher.* 61, Rodolph, *William Tell.* 62, Mr. Markham, *Still Waters Run Deep.* 63, Sir Frederick Vernon, *Rob Roy.* 64, De Lacy, *Rory O'More.* 65, Damocles, *Damon and Pythias.* 66, Allan of Duncarty, *Gilderoy.* 67, Mackenzie, *Irish Lion.* 68, Lorenzo, *The Wife.* 69, Harry, *Limerick Boy.* 70, Kyrle Daly, *Eily O'Connor.* 71, Sparbolt, *Ben Bolt.* 72, Capt. Walton, *Anchor of Hope.* 73, Montgiron, *Corsican Brothers.* 74, Col. Reichel, *Charles XII.* 75, Lorenzo, *Merchant of Venice.* 76, Athelstan, and 77, Damien, *Ivanhoe.* 78, Nudge, *Artful Dodge.* 79, De Montlouis, *Pauline.* 80, Paulo, *Brigands of the Abruzzi.* 81, Captain of the Guard, *Don Cæsar de Bazan.* 82, Courier, and 83, Hugo, *The Wife.* 84, Harry, *The Wife's Secret.* 85, De Lude, *Louis XI.* 86, Leybourne, *Flowers of the Forest.* 87, Prince of Morocco, *Merchant of Venice.* 88, Lord Abergavenny, *Henry VIII.* 89, Phocion, *Winter's Tale.* 90, Diomedes, *Antony and Cleopatra.* 91, Careless, *School for Scandal.* 92, Silvio, *Duchess of Malfi.* 93, Barbelot, *Wreck Ashore.* 94, Duke de Richelieu, *Cloud and Sunshine.* 95, Roller, *The Robbers.* 96, Antonio, *Othello.* 97, Ichander, *El Hyder.* 98, Magloire, *Spy of the Republic.* 99, Henri, *Cabin Boy.* 100, Welldo, *New Way to Pay Old Debts.* 101, Cool, *London Assurance.* 102, Serjt. Eitherside, *Man of the World.* 103, Belmour, *Jane Shore.* 104, Charles Clinton, *Time Tries All.* 105, Frederick Plum, *All that Glitters.* 106, Hon. Grange Hounslow, *The Bottle.* 107, Christian, *Not a Bad Judge.* 108, Alexander Narciskoff, *Lioness of the North.* 109, Albert Derancé, *Hut of the Red Mountain.* 110, Capt. Gasconade, *Mysterious Stranger.* 111, Didier, *Courier of Lyons.* 112, Allworth, *New Way to Pay Old Debts.* 113, Frederick, *Wonder.* 114, Charles Mowbray, *Four Mowbrays.* 115, Charles II., *Don Cæsar de Bazan.* 116, Montano, *Othello.* 117, Cleon, *Comedy of Errors.* 118, Frederick Griffin, *Every Cloud has a Silver Lining.* 119, Count St. Frinlan, *Rag Picker of Paris.* 120, Jack Milford, *Road*

to Ruin. 121, Benedict, *Family Jars.* 122, Adolphe Beauvais, *House on the Bridge.* 123, Capt. Hugh Lavroch, *Flowers of the Forest.* 124, Count de Blangy, *Belphegor.* 125, Louis XIII., *Richelieu.* 126, Colander, *Masks and Faces.* 127, Count Medora, *Little Devil.* 128, Rodolph, *Werner.* 129, Morluc, *Love's Sacrifice.* 130, Gaylove, *Hunchback.* 131, Charles, *Irish Tutor.* 132, Le Beau, *As You Like It.* 133, Edward, *Charles II.* 134, Paris, *Romeo and Juliet.* 135, Alcibiades, and 136, Lord Merton, *Marble Heart.* 137, Hyland Creagh, *Colleen Bawn.* 138, Capt. Vauntington, *Spectre Bridegroom.* 139, Thibodeaux, *Octoroon.* 140, Mr. Barker, *Phenomenon in a Smock Frock.* 141, Gaspar, *Lady of Lyons (Burlesque).* 142, Harry Fielding, *Sarah's Young Man.* 143, Frank Featherley, *Wilful Murder.* 144, Bambogetti, *Thumping Legacy.* 145, Fastman, *Vandyke Brown.* 146, Fitz Frolic, *Dancing Barber.* 147, Capt. Murphy Maguire, *Serious Family.* 148, Tom Rattlebury, *J. O.* 149, Sandford, *Sweethearts and Wives.* 150, Glimmer, *Whitebait at Greenwich.* 151, Sir Arthur Lassell, *All that Glitters.* 152, Hon. Collander Yawn, *Time Tries All.* 153, Abel Quick, *Regular Fix.* 154, Victor Dubois, *Ici on parle Français.* 155, Count Glorieux, *Stage Struck.* 156, Capt. Blenheim, *Rough Diamond.* 157, Christopher Capstick, *Clockmaker's Hat.* 158, Charles Willmott, *Hearts are Trumps.* 159, Capt. Lejoyeux, *Honesty the Best Policy.* 160, Lord Dundreary, *Colleen Bawn Settled.* 161, Col. Kilkenny, *Court Favour.* 162, Capt. Hawksley, *Still Waters Run Deep.* 163, Capt. Amersford, *Loan of a Lover.* 164, Malcolm, *Macbeth.* 165, Lewis the Dauphin, *King John.* 166, Fenton, *Merry Wives of Windsor.* 167, Roderigo, *Othello.* 168, Ambivar, *Ingomar.* 169, Major Didier, *French Spy.* 170, Count Vanille, *Mysterious Stranger.* 171, Content Heathcote, *Wept of the Wishton Wish.* 172, Frank Fairlove, *Three Fast Men.* 173, Calverton Hal, *State Secrets.* 174, Darville, *Spitalfields Weaver.* 175, Count de Varville, *Camille.* 176, Hon. Tom Saville, *Used Up.* 177, Capt. Littlepop, *Little Toddlekins.* 178, Frederick Noble, *Game of Speculation.* 179, Frederick Addersley, *Bachelor of Arts.* 180, John Jones, *John Jones.* 181, Frank Hardy, *Paul Pry.* 182, Mr. Danby Symes, *Bristol Diamonds.* 183, Capt. Prettyman, *Out of Sight, out of Mind.* 184, Richard Ripton, *A Nice Farm.* 185, Charles Stanton, *Curious Case.* 186, Bates, *Gamester.* 187, Col. Pazzi, *Prince for an Hour.* 188, Comines, *Louis XI.*

189, Lenox, *Macbeth.* 190, Biondello, *Katherine and Petruchio.* 191, Ludovico, *Othello.* 192, Borachio, *Much Ado about Nothing.* 193, Flitterman, *Somebody Else.* 194, Lord Chamberlain, *Henry VIII.* 195, Frank Fathom, *Kiss in the Dark.* 196, Tressel, *Richard III.* 197, Peter Blushington, *Lover by Proxy.* 198, Lord Trinket, *Jealous Wife.* 199, Fergus Graham, *Hard Struggle.* 200, Francis, *Maid of Croissey.* 201, Charles Surplus, *Regular Fix.* 202, Hon. L. Fluttermore, *Little Treasure.* 203, Viscount Millefleurs, *Wonderful Woman.* 204, Antoine Duval, *Midnight Watch.* 205, Henri de Flavigneul, *Ladies' Battle.* 206, Edward Easel, *Uncle John.* 207, Armand, *Old Château.* 208, Col. Albert, *Our Mary Anne.* 209, Prince Frederick, *Sentinel.* 210, Duke of Albemarle, *Court Favour.* 211, Walter Barnard, *Wreck Ashore.* 212, Henry, *Speed the Plough.* 213, Sir Charles Crossland, *Poor Gentleman.* 214, St. Albe, *I'll be your Second.* 215, Chevalier de Bellrive, *Pride of the Market.* 216, Charles Stanley, *Cure for the Heartache.* 217, Mons. Tourbillon, *Parents and Guardians.* 218, Bob Falcon, *Very Embarrassing.* 219, Caius Claudius, *Virginius.* 220, Horatio, *Hamlet.* 221, Captain Howard, *Diamond cut Diamond.* 222, Francis, *Stranger.* 223, Eugene de Lorme, *Love's Sacrifice.* 224, Mr. Gregory, *Two Gregorys.* 225, Walter, *Swiss Swains.* 226, Sir Richard Vernon, *Henry IV., Part I.* 227, Volusius, *Coriolanus.* 228, Frank Thornbury, *That Affair at Finchley.* 229, George Talboys, *Lady Audley's Secret.* 230, Captain Nugent, *Rifle Brigade.* 231, Lord Rakeland, *Wedding Day.* 232, Captain Thornton, *Rob Roy.* 233, Counsel for the Defence, *Trial of Effie Dean.* 234, Duc de Vendôme, *Nothing Venture, Nothing Have.* 235, Ernest Militant, *Who Speaks First?* 236, Lord Arthur Bramble, *School for Coquettes.* 237, Frank Brown, *Mr. and Mrs. White.* 238, Alphonso de Pentonville, *On and Off.* 239, Rochester, *Charles II.* 240, Gimbo, *Illustrious Stranger.* 241, Fernando Villabella, *Maid and Magpie* (*Burlesque*). 242, John Mildmay, *Still Waters Run Deep.* 243, Lord Dundreary, *Sam's* Arrival. 244, Citizen Robert, *Sailor of France.* 245, Mr. Wyndham, *Handsome Husband.* 246, Sir Richard Wroughton, *Jacobite.* 247, Count D'Anville, *Dominique the Deserter.* 248, Captain Killingley, *Catching an Heiress.* 248, Gabriel Blake, *Legal Impediments.* 250, Simon Gushington, *Marriage at Any Price.* 251, Charles Torrens, *Serious Family.* 252, Sydney

Granville, *Dark Cloud.* 253, Bob Loosefish, *Terrible Secret.* 254, Ronslaus, *Love in Humble Life.* 255, Lord Alfred Lyndsay, *Dowager.* 256, Felix Toddle, *My Wife's Second Floor.* 257, Marquis de Volange, *Pride of the Market.* 258, Beppo, *Fra Diavolo* (*Burlesque*). 259, Charles Paragon, *Perfection.* 260, Mr. Younghusband, *Married Life.* 261, Captain Howard, *Peep o'Day.* 262, Algernon, *Maid with Milking Pail.* 263, Captain Courtington, *Little Sentinel.* 264, Frank Finnecke, *That Blessed Baby.* 265, Earl of Dudley, *A Fair Exchange.* 266, Colonel Bernelle, *French Spy.* 267, Connor O'Kennedy, *Green Bushes.* 268, Albert, *Child of the Wreck.* 269, Arthur Leslie, *Like and Unlike.* 270, Alfred, *Flowers of the Forest.* 271, Laertes, *Hamlet.* 272, Mercutio, *Romeo and Juliet.* 273, Gratiano, *Merchant of Venice.* 274, Cassio, *Othello.* 275, Wellborn, *New Way to Pay Old Debts.* 276, Claudio, *Much Ado about Nothing.* 277, Lieutenant Vernon, *Our American Cousin.* 278, Clarence Evelyn, *Home for a Holiday.* 279, Charles Arundel, *My Aunt's Advice.* 280, Oscar de Beaupré, *Retribution.* 281, De Welskin, Rory O'More. 282, Charles Rivers, *His Last Legs.* 283, Duke de Chabonnes, *Knight of Arva.* 284, Icilius, *Virginius.* 285, De Mauprat, *Richelieu.* 286, Captain Dixon, *Irish Lion.* 287, Leonardo Gonzago, *The Wife.* 288, Dupuis, *Secret.* 289, Bernard Reynolds, *Miriam's Crime.* 290, Colonel Freelove, *Day after the Wedding.* 201, Henri de Neuville, *Plot and Passion.* 292, Lieutenant Kingston, *Naval Engagements.* 293, Harry Lawless, *Lover by Proxy.* 294, Bob Brierley, *Ticket-of-Leave Man.* 295, Glavis, *Lady of Lyons.* 296, Dick Dowlas, *Heir-at-Law.* 297, Captain Ormond, *Tom Noddy's Secret.* 298, John Dobbs, *John Dobbs.* 299, Altamont Fitzwhite, *Forty and Fifty.* 300, Corporal Musket, *My Husband's Ghost.* 301, Paul Goldsworthy, *Paul's Return.* 302, Hon. Bertie Fitzurse, *First Night.* 303, Charles d'Arville, *Isle of St. Tropez.* 304, Abbé le Bon, *Hasty Conclusion.* 305, Jules Bertrand, *Finesse.* 306, Flamwell Fitz Fudge, *Artful Dodge.* 307, Sir William Evergreen, *Rough Diamond.* 308, Charles Franklin, *Sweethearts and Wives.* 309, Archibald Good, *Milky White.* 310, Cornet Kavanagh, *Boarding School.* 311, Lionel Lynx, *Married Life.* 312, Antipholus of Syracuse, *Comedy of Errors.* 313, Sam Martin, *Old Joe and Young Joe.* 314, Falcon Hope, *Orange Blossoms.* 315, Harry Collier, *Good for Nothing.* 316, William Bury, *My Preserver.* 317, Stanislaus

Flodder, *Where's your Wife?* 318, Ghost, *Hamlet.* 319, Lt. Lo, *Love's Sacrifice.* 320, Modus, *Hunchback.* 321, Walsingham Potts, *Trying It On.* 322, Ironbrace, *Used Up.* 323, De Boots, *Dundreary Married.* 324, Jean, *Jeannette's Wedding.* 325, Richard Coyle, *Our American Cousin.* 326, Theodore Browne, *My Own Victim.* 327, Courriol, *Courier of Lyons.* 328, Adolphus Swansdown, *Woodcock's Little Game.* 329, Alphonse, *Delicate Ground.* 330, Launcelot Harvey, *Woman in Mauve.* 331, Edgar Beauchamp, *Dowager.* 332, Duke de Chartres, *Follies of a Night.* 333, Tom Purple, *Housekeeper.* 334, Marquis de Ligny, *Our Wife.* 335, Charles II., *King's Rival.* 336, Reginald Bean, *May and December.* 337, Baron Swigitoff Beery, *Jenny Lind.* 338, Sir Charles Lavender, *Ladies' Club.* 339, Torrington, *Balance of Comfort.* 340, Wildoates Heartycheer, *Bonnie Fishwife.* 341, Ready, *You can't Marry your Grandmother.* 342, Sir Lionel Norman, *Extremes.* 343, Whitewash, *Retained for the Defence.* 344, Captain Dudley Smooth, *Money.* 345, Edward Henderson, *Bengal Tiger.* 346, Bernard, *Secret Service.*

I learn from Mr. Bancroft's note book, on his early career as a country actor, that the first thirty-six characters in the above list were acted at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham; and it was when playing Viscount D'Arpignol in *Belphegor* that he felt sure he had made a small hit. Marcellus, Rosencranz, and Osric were all acted by him on the same evening at the Theatre Royal, Cork, in addition to repeating the part of the second actor in *Hamlet.* On the same evening J. H. Fitzpatrick, who afterwards married "Patti" Josephs, appeared as the Ghost, Laertes, and as the first actor. Mr. Bancroft was only twenty years of age when he took the part of the Ancient Friar in *Much Ado about Nothing;* and the character is a memorable one to him, in that he acted with poor Walter Montgomery, who was by his side ready to prompt him if necessary. The characters included in the numbers running from 37 to 75 were all studied and played in six weeks, besides some old parts being repeated during that time, and from 76 to 139, or sixty-four parts, were played by him for the first time in one season in Birmingham. The character of the Duke of Albemarle in *Court Favour* should be marked with a white stone, for it was the one in which he first had the satisfaction of playing in the same piece with Mrs. Bancroft, then Miss Marie Wilton. To show the amount of work of which Mr. Ban-

croft was capable, I have only to point out that he studied at short notice and played in one week at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, Laertes in *Hamlet*, Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, Gratiano in the *Merchant of Venice*, Cassio in *Othello*, Wellborn in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and Claudio in *Much Ado about Nothing;* and a few weeks later, with G. V. Brooke at the same theatre, Icilius in *Virginius*, De Mauprat in *Richelieu*, Leonardo Gonzago in *The Wife*, as well as repeating Wellborn and Cassio. Mr. Bancroft mentions in his book that a strange and unexpectedly great success attended his impersonation of Brierly in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, perhaps one of the very last characters for which the public would have given him credit of being capable. The large range of parts which Mr. Bancroft had filled and in many cases repeated could not but be of lasting advantage to a man of his ability and quick perception, more particularly as in the rendering of them he was associated with such leading actors and actresses as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Phelps, G. V. Brooke, Charles Mathews, Madame Celeste, Sothern, Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, and many others. Of the original parts he created, and of others in which he even improved on his predecessors, whilst at the Prince of Wales's and Haymarket Theatres, there is no occasion for me to speak, as they are better referred to in Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's own work; but I think I have shown that at the time Mr. Bancroft entered the dramatic profession, those who, like him, had their heart in their work, and were desirous of rising, accomplished an amount of study and went through an amount of fatigue that would simply appal many of the young actors of the present days of long runs.

C. H.

The Benediction.

(Adapted from "La Bénédiction," by François Coppée.)

IN the year eighteen hundred and nine we took
Saragossa. I was a sergeant then.
As soon as the town was ours, the men
Were ordered to enter each street and nook,
And search every house; so in we went.
Close-barred and shuttered at windows and doors,
(At once we saw that mischief was meant!)
The houses had a treacherous look,
As if they held part in some deadly plot.
No lie. For, from all the upper floors,
A very hail of bullet and shot
Rained, with a fiery rain of death;
And we whispered bitterly, under our breath,
"This is the work of the priests!" And thus,—
Although we'd been fighting since break of day,
And the dust had well-nigh blinded us,
And our clothes were discoloured with smoke and clay,
And our lips were burnt with the bitter taste
Of the cartridges,—when, at the end of the street
We saw some priests escaping in haste,
We began to fire with a pleasant sense
Of a fit revenge and recompense,
That made the murderous business sweet;
Shooting them down as you'd shoot down rats,
Those long black cassocks, and great black hats.

My company struck up a narrow lane,
A sort of alley. I went ahead:
And as I went, with cautious tread,
(It was hard in the smoke and dust to see plain)
I watched the roofs to left and to right:

And suddenly, in the strip of the sky,
I saw the dull red pulsing light,
Like the breath of a forge, from the streets hard by,
Where the flames had won the victory :
Whilst rising swift and sinister,
Came the sharp, shrill shrieks of the massacre,
Till all the air was hoarse with the roar
That is poured from the hundred throats of war.

The road was thickly strewn with the dead :
We trod on them : there was no time to pick
Our way,—the bodies lay so thick.
Well, slowly up the lane we crept ;
A sharp look-out all round was kept
As, stopping at every house, our men
Burst open the door, and, stooping low,
As if they were storming a wild beast's den,
Entered ; and, in a minute or so,
Came out again with bayonets red.
It was horrible work, it must be said.
And then they'd trace upon the wall
A sort of grim sign-manual,—
A cross—with their crimsoned hands, to show
That the house was ours. For it's well to know
In these narrow streets that you leave no foe
At your back. Still up the lane we went.
Not a bit of a tune to help us on.
Not a drum-tap even. Silent as mutes !
The officers thoughtful, black brows bent ;
Veterans anxious, keeping in touch
At the elbow : and every mother's son ,
Sickening—no wonder !—at heart as much
As if we were boys and raw recruits.

Suddenly, at the end of the lane,
We heard loud shouts in French—"*A l'aide !*"
Nothing for it but a rush to gain
Our friends in danger ! At once we made
A desperate charge, with answering cheers,
And were through the alley. And there we found
The men who had called, and the reason why.

For there was a line of grenadiers
Who, every moment, were losing ground,
Beaten back ignominiously,
From some steps that rose in triple tiers
To a convent. Twenty monks at least,—
Black demons with their shaven crowns!—
Were gathered on the topmost stair.
White woollen crosses were on their gowns:
And, with their blood-stained arms all bare,
Their sleeves thrown back, they clustered there,
Flinging large stones and heavy sticks;
Whilst in their midst, a half-mad priest
Beat back the soldiers everywhere
With blows from a great gold crucifix.

Bah! it was tragic. What a scene!
We levelled, and fired by platoon.
'Twas done quite coldly—like a machine.
We were weary and sick, and we seemed a troop
Of butchers. An executioner
Would scarce do such work without demur.
As we fired we saw the horrible group
Of heroes—for such in truth they were,—
Go down in a writhing heap.

As soon
As the thick smoke cleared, sure enough the mass
Of bodies lay there: and from beneath
The corpses, long lines of blood crept slow
Along and over the steps. And lo!
Behind this ghastly foreground of death,
The great Church opened out, immense,
And dark, and cool; with shadows dense
Lit dimly with the rich stained glass.
On the high altar candles burned:
Their points of gold starred all the gloom.
The incense rose in heavy fume;
And in the chancel, far away,
Shrined, as it were, in dusk profound,
A priest, with long hair, silver grey,
Solemnly towards the altar turned,

And undisturbed as though no sound
Had reached him from the outside fray,
And wars on earth did not exist,
And death itself were not hard by,
Was finishing quite tranquilly,
The office of the Eucharist.

Look here! A bitter blasphemy
Had grown to be a part of me.
I was a very heathen—well,
Give it the right name—infidel.
In my time I had—there, let it be!
What need to tell you?—only this:
No sort of violence came amiss
To me, the battered man of blood.
I had no fear of gods or men.
The very wrinkle that marked my lip,
And wrought an evil line there when
I smiled, proclaimed my fellowship
With men who laugh at what is good.
But this old man who calmly stood
So tall and white and undismayed
Made me—I scarce know how—afraid.

"Fire!" cried an officer. No doubt
The priest (I'm sure that it was so!) heard;
But quietly he stood, without
A quiver. Not a man had stirred.
Sudden, the old man turned about
And faced us, with the Sacrament.

It was the point, you'll understand,
When the priest, finishing the Mass,
Turns to the kneeling church, and has
To bless with an uplifted hand
The faithful and the penitent.
His vestments, with his arms outspread,
Looked like great wings: a beam of light
Happening to fall upon his head,
The silver whiteness of his hair
Gleamed like a halo. Standing there

He held the monstrance high in air,
And with it, three times, made the sign
Of the cross. His hands were as steady as mine.
I scanned him well. He shook no more
Than if he was standing before a crowd
Of devotees kneeling on the floor.
Then, speaking solemnly and slow,
With that strange chant which, as you know,
Priests always use, he cried aloud,
"Benedicat vos, omnipotens Deus."

"Fire!" Again came the word of command.
But still we watched him, and could not stir:
When a soldier in our midst—the cur!—
Took aim and fired. The old man paled:
But never once his courage failed.
His eyes gleamed brighter, and his hand,
With blessing more beneficent,
Lifted on high the Sacrament;
As once again he spake and said—
"Pater et Filius";
What anger stirred us I know not.
What murderous mist, of hatred bred,
Blinded us, who can say? A shot
Crashed forth again. Shame? You are right!
Shame: but still the thing was done.
The monk a moment bowed his head;
Whilst we stood breathless, everyone.
Then, lifting up a death-pale face,
Propping himself as best he might
Against the altar-slab, he tried
Feebly again in air to trace
The symbol of the Crucified:
And, in a low voice—every word
In that deep hush was plainly heard—
With slowly closing eyes he said,
"Et spiritus sanctus!"
And—at the altar steps—fell dead.

The monstrance, tumbling to the ground,
Rebounded three times on the stone,

And clattered down the steps. No sound
Was heard. We stood there still—
Awed into silence: ay, if you will,
Horror-struck. Even we, hardened men,
So used to death—yes! I will own
We sickened,—shuddered,—shrank back from
This murder and this martyrdom.

A hoarse laugh broke the silence then:
And a drummer-boy sang out "Amen!"

Terrible is the memory!
Ev'n as I speak it comes to me.

The blazing sunshine, hot and bright:—
The open plaza, dusty-white:—
The distant roll of the chamade:—
The old grey convent:—the façade
Of Moorish work:—the brown monks, dead,
Piled on the steps that upward led
Into the great church, cool and dark,—
Where all the chancel's dusk is starred
With many a glittering taper-spark:—
The wreathing incense in the gloom,
Blending with battle's sulphurous fume:—
And where the darkness, centering most,
Makes the high altar brightly shine,
And glitter like a jewelled shrine,
The old priest, with the lifted Host,
Blessing us with the Holy Sign,
And in the Triple Name Divine.

I think, perhaps, since life began
The only blessing I can boast
Is the benediction of that man:
And that, some people might declare,
Was less of blessing than of ban;
But not so meant the priest, I'll swear.
Well: we did our duty,—he did his—
Priests know what soldiers' duty is—
They, too, are soldiers. *Vive la guerre!*

Territet, April, 1888. CLIFFORD HARRISON.

Echoes of the Pit.

"Quid de quoque viro et cui dicas saepe videto."—Horace.

"Ere of a man you tell a thing, think well
To whom you tell it, also what you tell."—Sir T. Martin.

STRANGE to say, this is not a tract; even such stirring pamphlets as "The Trumpet-warning to Jericho," or "The Converted Cannibal," would probably find few readers among the subscribers to this magazine. The modern public prefers more imagination and less moral.

The stories which follow have all been overheard in the theatres of London; have all been told as absolutely true; all carry their falseness patent.

The first that occurs to me was overheard in the Adelphi pit during the run of "The Harbour Lights." Seated in front of me was a lady of a certain age, who, however, had not outlived her enthusiasm. She was alone, but after the first act, hearing her neighbours speak of Mr. Terriss, she interposed, "Yes, is he not splendid? so good-looking, but such a sad life, my dears, such a sad life!" Her listeners at once saw that there was more behind, and eagerly asked why and how it was such a sad life. "Ah! it's a long story, but I'll just tell you the main facts of it. Some years ago, when he was quite young, he was in Paris, gazing at the Venus of Milo, perhaps the most beautiful statue in the world. A young girl came up and also stood and gazed. Terriss turned, and then he started and looked earnestly at her, for she was the most beautiful he had ever seen. Well, it was the old, old story; he managed to get an introduction, and before a fortnight had passed they were engaged. Soon he had to go back to London to fulfil his engagement; she stayed behind to study art under one of the great French masters. Six months elapsed, and Terriss received a note from her, breaking off the engagement, but

giving no sufficient reason. He hurried off to Paris, but could find no trace of her or her guardian. He never saw her again, for within a year she died, sending him a letter explaining all. She was the daughter of some great criminal, I don't know whom. She had never known this until the day she wrote to him, breaking off the match, saying she loved him too well to bring him dishonour. *Terriss has never married, he will never speak to a woman if he can help it, and he never acts upon the day she died.*"

The curtain now rose on the second act, and the good lady had no more romances ready made, or, if she had, did not vouchsafe them to us.

During the last performances of "The Ladies' Battle," at the old Court Theatre in 1879, I was informed that Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal were going to undertake the management of the St. James's. "You see Mr. Hare thinks it time that he should do something for the young people." "Indeed!" "Yes, did not you know that Mrs. Kendal was Hare's daughter?"

Here is an emendation that may interest Goethe commentators. Seated in the Lyceum pit one night during the run of "Faust," I had behind me four people who gloried in melodrama, and fed their imaginations on penny novelettes. The hero in disguise never deceived them; the resurrection of a man supposed to be dead never surprised them. They seemed puzzled by the story of "Faust"; something was wanting. At last the mystery was solved. The Brocken scene was in progress, the witch was vainly trying to climb the mountain, exclaiming,

> "I cannot go on and I cannot stop,
> And I think I'll never reach the top"—

when suddenly I heard a delighted voice exclaim, "Oh! I know now," and the four heads went together. I listened, for I, too, was eager for information. "You see! you wait till the end!" "What?" "He'll turn up at the end, so as she shan't marry the devil: that's *Martha's husband.*"

It may be remembered that when "The Serious Family" has ended, Mr. Toole comes before the curtain and says that, owing to the great success of the play, it will be repeated free of charge the next evening; a collection, however, being made at the doors to defray expenses. My neighbour, an old man, who

had seen many cities and many men, turned to me, meditatively, "Toole must be a very rich man to be able to do that." He was not a Scotchman.

Probably Messrs. Richard Henry and Robert Martin will be glad to know that, like the Eccles, they do not exist. Standing on the steps of the Gaiety pit, I was told that Robert Martin was Mr. Lonnen, and that Richard Henry was Mr. Fred Leslie. I ventured to suggest that "Richard Henry" was two gentlemen at once, and that Mr. Martin did exist in a separate body from Mr. Lonnen; but I was told in a tone of contemptuous amusement that I could not know much of matters theatrical to make such rash assertions.

How many times, I wonder, has the question been asked, "What relation is Mr. Edward Terry to Miss Ellen Terry?" The public, ever eager to know something of the private life of popular players, will no doubt be delighted to hear, on the authority of an old playgoer—he had seen Macready—that they are brother and sister. When they started in life they found their powers develop in opposite directions. Therefore they disclaimed relationship, in order that the growing fame of either might not interfere with the progress of the other.

Last winter, while "The Two Roses" were being nightly wooed and won, I chanced to enter a railway carriage where were some people who had just come from the pit of the Criterion. "Ah!" said Paterfamilias, "it is a delightful play —so natural.. I always liked Robertson." His daughter objected that, according to the programme, the play was by Mr. Albery. Her father laughed, and said, "Never believe a programme, my dear. This was the first play Mr. Robertson ever wrote, so, being a young man, he was exceedingly nervous. He announced the play as 'by Mr. James Albery,' in order that none of his friends might know anything about it if it failed Soon all London knew the truth, but actors are a superstitious race, and it is considered as unlucky to change the name of an author as of a play, so it is always advertised 'by Mr. Albery.'"

So far the romances of the pit; but the pit, alternately abused and praised, has not the monopoly of absurd mistakes.

After "The Winter's Tale" had been running about a week, I was in the stalls, my neighbours upon one side being two well-dressed ladies, refined but not cultured. After the first

act one said to the other, "You know I think this is an exceedingly dull play. Anyone can see that Polixenes does not care at all for Hermione." The other answered, in a doubtful tone, "I have not read the play for so long I am afraid I forget the story." The first continued, "Why, you will see it is Paulina, the lady in waiting, for whom the king really cares. She is the mother of Florizel." Later she graciously admitted that she had been mistaken. She must have been thinking of some other play.

In the balcony of the Haymarket the biggest blunder of all was made, such a dreadful inaccuracy that if I had not heard it myself I should not have believed it. It was asserted that Madame de Pompadour was succeeded as *maîtresse en titre* by Madame de Maintenon, who was the aunt, or perhaps cousin, of Marie Antoinette!

Mrs. Candour, worthy lady, tells us that tale-bearers are as bad as tale-makers, but yet she delights in making scandals; in the same way the teller of the above stories, conscious of the meanness of repeating what he was never meant to hear, glories in his wickedness, if he can amuse the readers of THE THEATRE.

O. S.

At the Sign of the Golden Viol.

By Beatrice Harraden.

AN old world-figure in an old-world workshop; snow-white hair, and thoughtful brow and a sad, anxious countenance. And well might old Thomas Barnes be sad, for those whom he loved had been taken from him, and that for which he had striven through many patient years had been denied to him; the goddess of Fame had passed him over. All his enthusiasm and energy he had devoted to the art he loved; outside in the great world men fought over politics and love and money, each one struggling to get the better of the other; but year after year, at the sign of the Golden Viol in St. Paul's Churchyard, he had worked lovingly at that silent wood, with skilful hands shaping from it graceful violins, destined hereafter to be eloquent with sweet music.

"My work is good," he had said, "fame will come;" but the hair was white upon his head, the light was dim in his eyes, his hand was beginning to feel weary, his heart was beginning to lose its hope, for fame had not come.

He sat to-day amongst his fiddles and tools, not lonely, because they were his companions whom he loved, every one of them, from that big lumbering old double-bass yonder to the beautiful violin he was holding in his hands, looking with justifiable pride at this last specimen of his skill, now smiling as he examined it, now pressing it gently to his heart as one might caress a child, the joy and hope of one's life.

"Not a fault to be found with you," the old man whispered, as he turned it over lovingly; "your form is perfect in its grace, your colour is as warm and rich as one of those old Italian instruments which are justly honoured for their faultless beauty; your voice is clear, mellow and sympathetic; and oh, dear child, I should love, before I die, to hear the melody within you awakened into sweet strains by some master hand! But this will never be, for fortune has not smiled on me, and you and I, ere long, will be lost in forgetfulness, although you are worthy to live a glorious life, sharing with some great player the honours of his art, and I am worthy to be remembered as one whose deft hand wrought you with loving labour, sparing no thought, no toil, to make you perfect.

"Child, I have loved you most of all because you have been my comfort in sorrow and sadness. I have made other beautiful instruments, but I know not, care not where they are. They were born when I was young and full of hope for success and fame, but you are the child of my lonely old age and the joy of my failing heart. I have yet this pride and pleasure as my portion: I can look upon you and smile, and say, 'This is the work of my hands.' Faithful friend, I have confided to you my troubles, my unfulfilled hopes and ambitions, and I know that your gentle soul is sorry for an old man's woes. But more than this, child, I believe I have infused my own soul into you, and just as a writer leaves traces of his own nature in the great work of his life, or as a painter lets us read something of his inner self in the picture which crowns his labours, so shall you sing the very thoughts of my heart. I shall do no more work now. You are the great, the closing chapter of my life."

He put it gently in its case, which he lifted on to the bench where he had worked many patient years; his tools lay about all unheeded; here and there hung unfinished instruments which would never again feel the touch of his hand, for he had vowed that he would work no more, and he was not a man to break his word. There yonder sprawled some choice bits of wood, which he had collected together with pride and care, thinking to use them some day. But they were destined to make no music, unless 'twere the crackling of the log beneath the fierce red heat of a winter's fire. On the window sill lay two or three fiddle scrolls, disconsolate in being thus neglected; and fiddle fragments in sad confusion all around the bench seemed almost to appeal to old Thomas Barnes to weld them into something whole and grand.

Once he had a word for each of his strange companions:

"Don't frown, old double bass," he used to say cheerily to a sullen person in the corner; "I'll see to you some day when the mood is on me."

"There, there, poor old scroll! stop those tears, I'll fit a neck and body on to you next week, if you'll only be patient."

"What, my fine violoncello! scowling at me because I've forgotten to put in your pegs. Here, I'll do it now and make one grumbler the less in my workshop."

"Bless my heart! little amber fiddle, I must find a new finger-board for you, and then you'll be a trim tidy little creature."

"Ah, you pale white bilious fiddles yonder! To-morrow I shall begin to varnish you and bring out all the beautiful marks and veins in your wood. Cheer up, my beauties, you'll soon look finer than any of your brethren here."

Thus he used to speak to them as though they heard and understood their old master's every word; and he was happiest when he worked amongst them, feeling that they were all he had in the world to love, now that his brave strong son and gentle daughter had been borne away from him by the Dark Angel of Death.

But to-day he took no heed of them. He sank back wearily in his chair, and unfastened the leather apron, which fell at his feet. He glanced around his disordered workshop, and then his eyes lingered fondly on the picture which hung above his bench—the picture of a famous violin player whose name was

known and honoured in many lands—and then he stretched out his hand and touched the case in which his favourite instrument lay, beautiful in form and tone and colour, and thus feeling assured that it was safe beside him, he closed his eyes and whispered:

"I have nothing to live for now; my life is done. When a man loses hope, he may as well go die."

And outside in the great world every one was astir, struggling, hoping, striving; but old Thomas Barnes rested in his workshop, his white head leaning wearily against the wall, and his hands hanging listlessly by his side.

And the morning wore into the afternoon, and the afternoon gave way to the early evening, and still he rested there, heedless even of the storm raging so ruthlessly without, heedless of the gentle calm which followed on the tempest and found the sign of the Golden Viol hanging firm and fast over old Thomas Barnes's door, while here and there in the road lay fragments of tile and plastering, together with the very signboard of his near neighbour, which the fierce gusts of wind had torn down. Was this perchance an omen that his name was destined, even as his sign, to withstand the ravages of Time?

Suddenly he was roused from his dreams by the touch of a hand upon his arm, and the sound of a kindly voice calling him by his name, and, starting up, he saw a stranger bending over him. And then he cried aloud with joy, for even in that dim light he recognised the features of the famous player whose picture hung yonder over the bench. With wondering beating heart he did him reverence, scarcely knowing whether this were not a dream, for it seemed almost too great a happiness to be real,—that the grandest of all living players should deign, even at the last, to visit him, an unknown, unsuccessful viol maker.

"Master," he cried, "surely, surely I am dreaming! What could you want here?"

"I want you, my friend," answered the stranger, smiling kindly in his own gracious manner. "I have heard of your violins quite by chance; show me one now, the very best you have. The makers here are but carpenters, but they tell me you are an artist, and so I come to you, my friend, to see you and greet you."

Trembling and speechless, Thomas Barnes placed his favourite

instrument into the great player's hands, and selected a bow, and then stood by as Signor Voltardi carefully overhauled the violin and smiled his complete approval.

"Now for its voice," he said, looking at Thomas Barnes's face, which was flushed with anxious excitement; "no, no, do not stand for me—rest where you were, and I will play to you. Ah, this is the time for music—this dim eventide; if your violin is good it will sound most beautiful now. We shall hear."

Ah, what thoughts came rushing into that eager listener's mind when the noble violin, the work of his own hands, responded eloquently to the great master's touch.

"Dear child," he murmured, "I knew you would prove worthy of my love, if you were put to the test. My only fear was lest you might die untried, unheard. You have crowned my old age with joy, beloved child of my soul."

And the musician stood before him and played some grand old Italian air, and the violin throbbed with those sad, tender strains which bring tears to our eyes because of their old world sadness and pathos.

And the player cried:—"The instrument is grand, it is lovely; it has a fine, full, melodious voice. Santa Maria, I am delighted!"

And Thomas Barnes smiled with pride to hear such royal praise.

And then the Italian played light and delicate fairy music, to which one might almost see the pixies tripping, laughing their silvery laughter as they danced by moonlight in the enchanted glade. Then these joyous strains seemed to die away in the distance, and the leaves of the trees broke forth into a murmuring melody of their own, sad and plaintive as the evening breeze; and then a love song, full of tender passion and poetry, fell gratefully upon the spellbound listener's ears, making such sweet music, that maybe those poor unfinished instruments vibrated with sorrow to think that they had not the power to give expression to the emotions of their hearts. Then out of the love song grew an elegy, a trembling and passionate plaint for something dead and gone, something beyond an earthly grasp; and now as grey darkness crept over the old workshop the violin sang an old sweet prayer, "Ave Maria," breathing each word as clearly and sweetly as any human voice, so that the old man

folded his hands together in unconscious prayer, and as though echoing the violin's words, whispered softly, "Ave Maria—Ave Maria."

And now broad grand strains of praise filled the air, filled his very soul, and he rose in wonder and awe, for it seemed to him that the small frail instrument which his loving hands had wrought had become a noble cathedral organ, swelling with a full, glorious chorale.

He stood there spellbound: his soul was all aglow with reverence for the music; his mind was all afire with pride for the work of his hands; his heart was full of gratitude to the musician who had known how to awaken the violin's slumbering spirit. Dawn had come; he had lived to see it break through the darkness and diffuse its roseate light around. Then as the music ceased, he stretched out his hands and cried, passionately: "Signor, let the violin be yours for ever, since you can make it sing like this; as for me, I have lived my life, for now I know that I have not toiled in vain; you will plead my cause with the world, and my work will not perish in obscurity."

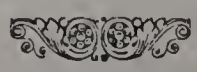
His limbs trembled beneath him, a great weakness seized him, and he sank back into his chair.

"Nay, nay," he murmured, as the musician knelt beside him, "do not fear for me, I am not ill nor weary, but only weak from joy. Hold the violin before me, that I may see it once more; play to me again, signor, so that the last sound I hear may be my child's beautiful voice."

Hush, hush! a soft sweet slumber song was lulling him to rest. Who could withstand that gentle, dreamy measure? His head fell back, his eyes closed, a smile lit up his countenance.

"I can still hear the music," he whispered; "oh, how gracious, how beautiful!"

And then, his work done, his labour crowned even at the end, and the voice he loved singing to him a last farewell, old Thomas Barnes passed on his way to the Unknown Land.



The Graphic Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines.

OLIVIA—CLEOPATRA—MIRANDA.

By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing.

On a second visit to the Graphic Gallery, I agreed with Mrs. Kendal, for our next discussion, on a group of three heroines as unlike as we could select them, there being a special charm to us in these strong contrasts of character. We take Olivia first.

This fair creation may be classed as a star of secondary magnitude in the galaxy of Shakespeare's women. In the action of "Twelfth Night" she is overshadowed by Viola, a character of far more solid reliance, a life of deeper interest and more dramatic change. Shakespeare drew every variety of women, and in Olivia shows one not great but gentle, a sweet and loving nature, born to be some man's delight in her own peculiar realm of home. This is the impression faithfully conveyed to us by the face unveiled in Mr. Blair Leighton's imaginary portrait: we see her as she reveals herself to the object of her sudden fancy—a beautiful woman formed to love, as sister, wife and mother. Tender, trustful eyes look straight into our own from beneath the smooth brow and rippling chestnut hair; a fresh cheek, rich lips, and a form of generous mould even in youth combine to captivate a man desiring to wed happily and wealthily, the Countess Olivia being dowered with the gifts of fortune no less than of

> "beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

In this picture her action is most lifelike and expressive, in the raising of the veil of black lace, worn with her garb of mourning for a brother's death, and lifted only at the bidding of the fairy prince who breaks upon the gloom of her solitude like the dawn of love.

The marvel is, this fascinating youth is a woman in disguise, and we shudder to think of the heart-break that must have nipped Olivia's impulsive fancy in the bud, only for the fortunate advent of Sebastian, twin-brother to the fair deceiver Viola, and so wonderfully like her as to cheat even the eye of love. In Olivia's case, this eye must have been untutored in the world's ways; and a simple soul she seems, who by no instinct could divine one of her own sex under masculine disguise, not even so far as to guard her heart against so shadowy an assailant. She must have been caught like a child at sight of a new and very big wax doll, in guileless maiden fashion, being predisposed by a clinging temperament to attach herself to a husband's support, father and brother having failed her by death; alone, she is overweighted with her ancient dignities and ancestral possessions; she is unable to rule her house, or cope with brawling relations and encroaching servants; she has not the magnanimity to value as it deserves the heart laid at her feet by the sovereign Duke of Illyria, whom she spurns, to cast herself away upon a pretty youth who might have been cut out of the pictures of a child's story book. Curiously, we miss Viola amongst this collection of Shakespeare's Heroines; not Viola only, but Hermione, of late so prominently before the world in the attractive form of Mary Anderson. We fail to see Lady Macbeth, as well as several of the greater figures familiar to the English stage; while others, less noted and more seldom seen, have found prominence in this gallery of poetic art.

Cleopatra, as painted by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., transports us into a far remote and different world: we are in Egypt, the old land of wonders, renewed and transformed by the life and vigour of a younger race, since Greece has planted a dynasty of kings and a modern capital city on the banks of the Nile. We are in the palace of the Ptolemies at Alexandria; every detail is given by the artist with the truth and freshness of a scene copied but yesterday. Cleopatra is queen, the last sovereign ruler of Egypt. She half reclines on a marble bench set against the wall of a royal chamber, carven with a feline head and spread with a panther's spotted skin; she is lapped in luxurious surroundings, but worked by strong passion; she leans upon her arms supported by rich cushions; her head, bent in thought, is filleted with an imperial crown; her careless draperies

fall about her, girt with gold; she sits, this "serpent of old Nile," as the spider centred in her meshes weaving new wiles to ensnare to death the bodies and souls of men; cunning and self-centred, she beckons with her eyes from beneath her bold black brows; the dark down on her red lip seems to quiver with whispered love spells. In our judgment she is not a woman to be desired, but there is some subtle witchery in the gipsy nature, some strange attraction, passing sense or show, in the powerful intellect and undaunted will, able to subdue all men to a charm that depends neither on youth nor the common mould of feminine beauty; and we can guess how that splendid creature, with her dusky skin and hair long and dark as night, can win and hold her own against many a fairer woman, in defiance alike of right, truth, and a holier love. We should like to see her represented on the stage, but although many have had the ambition, few have ventured on such an impersonation. The great Sarah Siddons refused the part, which, she said, shame would debar her from acting as it ought to be acted. Nevertheless, it was the Kemble school that produced the finest Cleopatra seen by playgoers who can remember Mrs. Dallas in her youth, then known as Miss Isabel Glyn. In 1849 she portrayed this "enchanting queen" with her many moods of "infinite variety," in one of Mr. Phelps's great revivals at Sadler's Wells, and her triumph is recorded in words that will live long in the history of the stage. Her rendering of the death scene for pathos, truth, and grandeur is said to have equalled Mrs. Siddons in her greatest moments of artistic inspiration. We might have seen her rival; fair Adelaide Neilson dreamed of impersonating Cleopatra, when her career was cut off, in her prime of grace and power, by death.

What was Cleopatra's fascination? By their baser longings after perpetual pleasures, she found access to the hearts of men. Her quick discernment of character amounted to a divination of genius; her arts in satisfying the multifarious cravings she knew how to provoke were, like the charms of her eye, tongue, and magnetic touch, beyond count or description; we can only understand their power by their fatal effect. Even the proofs of her falsehood could not break her chains cast about the Roman Antony, until day by day, year by year, duty, honour, nay, the very manhood was crushed out of him; and when in the sea-fight

at Actium, Cleopatra, craven-like, hoisted sails to fly, Antony followed, and fled too, a Roman chief before an inferior foe!

> "Egypt, thou knew'st too well
> My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
> And thou shouldst tow me after; o'er my spirit
> Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
> Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
> Command me."

And yet he pardons all.

> "Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
> All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
> Even this repays me."

And so, till by the false woman's treachery a shamed life is brought to a miserable end. And yet this pair take leave of earth and its troubles still loving and beloved. After her wild, ungoverned fashion, Cleopatra's passionate desire endures through life and death. She will be one with her Antony, heart in heart, though no principle of right or wrong can curb her fierce impulses, and if she cannot live as a virtuous woman should, she can die like a Roman's wife and

> "a princess
> Descended of so many royal kings."

Miranda, painted by F. Goodall, R.A., gives us the characteristics usually accepted by artists for this "wonderful" nurse-child of the waves and skies that encircle Shakespeare's enchanted island with an atmosphere of magic spells. A fair girl, bred up to the verge of womanhood without knowing the face of man other than her father's, or of woman, save her own in a glass, she has lived in familiar converse with the spirit of nature, and grown one with a race of purer essence than our own. The delicate Ariel is her playmate, the bright glimpses of an imagined island of marvels are her peculiar world. There is a far-away look in the blue eyes bent on the mysterious sea that beats, storm-vexed, upon the quiet shore of her home; the wild wind tosses her soft brown hair; as she stands leaning upon a rock, looking forth upon the shipwreck, pale with a passionate pity, the foregoer of love, we divine the infinite possibilities of joy or woe that yet await her, in the unknown world so soon to break upon her maiden peace. She wears a Grecian

robe of pale sea tint, the soft clinging draperies that match so well with Nature's untutored grace, and must have been woven for her by some gentle attendant spirit, rather than by any mortal hands. They could not have been found amongst the

> "Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries"

with which faithful Gonzalo loaded the rotten boat in whose frail keeping the lives of Prospero and Miranda, father and babe, were conveyed to the enchanted island.

When first the fair sea-maiden meets the eye of her predestined lover, Prince Ferdinand, she asks her father:

> "What is 't? A spirit?
> Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
> It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit."

And from thenceforward the spells of nature, youth, and love work for those two a united destiny, crossed only by the father's care lest too easy conquest may lessen the value of the prize to the impassioned young prince. We share in their temporary distresses, with a calm painless desire that all may end happily. We are never in much doubt about this, nor does the strain of the dramatic knot ever pull upon our deeper emotions—we are too sure that this pair are made for happiness in each other. Innocent of evil, incapable of any art to enhance her value, Miranda gives herself:

> "Hence bashful cunning!
> And prompt me plain and holy innocence!
> I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I'll die your maid."

This character is difficult to realise on the stage; we cannot look upon Miranda as a common mortal; grace, freshness, and a charm indefinable are required in any measure to satisfy our imagination of her; and yet she seems to lack the passion and power that stir us deeply at other times, but in such surroundings as hers would have brought a jarring note into the harmonies of nature, such as Shakespeare dreamed of them in this delightful glimpse into a spirit land.

Our Musical-Box.

Owing to the Court-mourning and the abominable weather, which wreaked woe to garden-parties and all other varieties of open-air recreation during the second half of June and three-fourths July, concert-givers did uncommonly well throughout the high summertide of 1888. London has been teeming with pleasure-seekers, bent upon the pursuit of recreation under no matter what difficulties, and vast numbers of these votaries of gaiety have been driven by the remorseless rain to take their amusement indoors, instead of *al fresco*, greatly to the benefit of theatrical managers and musical *impresarii*. Whilst the grounds of the Exhibitions with which this metropolis is just now glutted have been desolate and forlorn, day after day and night after night, public concert-rooms and private drawing-rooms lent for *matinées* have been thronged, "dead-heads" for once in a way being in a minority, and people who have actually paid for their tickets in a majority. This fact, which I have taken some pains to verify, is the more remarkable in that no fewer than *sixty-three* concerts, each one of which had some justified pretension to attractiveness, were given in the course of one June week, subsequent to the death of the Emperor Frederick, which deplorable calamity upset so many social arrangements. Within my own personal knowledge several of the "annual" concerts given by executants and teachers well-known in metropolitan musical circles proved twice as remunerative to the respective *bénéficiaires* as their predecessors of the Jubilee Year, from which such unprecedented pecuniary results had erroneously been expected. As far, therefore, as pianists and vocalists were concerned during the concert-season, now happily at an end, there was a silver lining to the rain-clouds that hung over London during the dismal weeks which played such ruinous havoc with cricket-matches, race-meetings, river-picnics and garden-parties. It is consolatory, under the meteorological dispensation to which we have been subjected, to know that at least one hard-working and scantily rewarded class of artists has been able to weather recent storms of wind and rain with a light heart, complacently murmuring "Tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur de tous les mondes possibles."

Taking up the thread of my musical chronicle where I dropped it a month ago, I must, in justice to Signor Carlo Albanesi, hark back to the admirable musical entertainment given by that distinguished pianist at Lady Gold-

smid's on the Waterloo anniversary, when he was supported by an exceptionally gifted group of executants, comprising two of the most charming and sympathetic singers in the world—Marguerite Hall and William Shakespeare—as well as Miss Lena Little, one of our most accomplished concert-room vocalists, Signor Papini, the first of living Italian violinists, and the no less admirable 'cellist, Hollman. In the grace, delicacy and refinement of his playing, Signor Albanesi more than confirmed the favourable opinion so often expressed in the pages of The Theatre with respect to the executant merits of the handsome young Neapolitan, and amply sustained his reputation as a fertile and ingenious composer by introducing to the public three of his newest pianoforte works, a "Preludio," a "Caprice Impromptu," and an "Andante," all of which bear the stamp of a thoughtful and highly cultivated musical intelligence. I cannot refrain from special reference to Miss Hall's exquisite rendering of two lovely songs by Goring Thomas—"Midi au Village" and "Ma Voisine." Such perfect singing as hers is the rarest, as well as the sweetest, pleasure vouchsafed to the ear of the true music-lover.

After an absence of four years, during which he has been starring with uninterrupted success in almost every region of the Old and New Worlds, M. Ovide Musin, *facile princeps* of Belgian fiddlers, returned to England a few weeks ago for the express purpose of introducing Damrosch's Concert Stück and his own new Capriccio (No. 2) to the musical public of London. He carried out his intention at Prince's Hall, before an audience of great number, comprising all the leading critics and *dilettanti* of this mighty city, and achieved an artistic triumph of the first order. His playing is still characterised by the delicacy of feeling and daintiness of execution that were formerly its salient attractions, whilst it has conspicuously gained in breadth of tone and warmth of expression. Besides the *morçeaux* above alluded to, M. Musin gave as fine a rendering of Corelli's beautiful "Folia" as has ever been heard in an English concert-room. The extraordinary difficulties of Herr Damrosch's somewhat laboured work, and of his own fanciful and graceful composition, he vanquished with masterly ease and *désinvolture*. It was an interesting feature of the performance of the Concert Stück that its orchestral accompaniments were conducted by the composer's son, Mr. Walter Damrosch, a young musician who has attained great and well-earned celebrity in the United States, and who wields the bâton with no less judgment than vigour and vivacity. M. Musin was also ably supported by Mr. Max Heinrich, of New York, whose tasteful singing of Schubert's Lieder should have conveyed a valuable lesson to several of the English vocalists whom I noticed among his hearers. In every respect, the entertainment was an exceptionally good one.

To the varied attractions of Miss Rosa Leo's *matinée musicale*, given at Mrs. Wootton Isaacson's town-house in Upper Grosvenor Street, the chief

contributors were the fair young concert-giver, who sang with excellent taste eight songs, among them Miss Beatty-Kingston's melodious "For Lack of Thee," and Laurence Kellie's graceful "Autumn Story," in both of which she displayed genuine feeling; Miss Belle Cole, who "created" a new song of great beauty ("An Old Picture") by my clever and accomplished friend, Wilfrid Bendall, as brilliant a linguist as he is a ripe musician; Mr. Laurence Kellie, whose dainty rendering of his own charming compositions is simply inimitable; and Mr. Ernest Birch, one of our most agreeable drawing-room vocalists. Miss Leo and Mr. Kellie "brought down the house" with Paolo Tosti's delightful duet, "Allons voir"; Mr. Giddens "spoke a piece" with his accustomed spirit; and Signor Giorgi drew "linked sweetness" and elaborate *fioriture* from the flute, an instrument seldom heard "of an afternoon" nowadays at public or private musical entertainments.

At Signor Vittorio Carpi's "Annual Grand Morning Concert," the eminent Milanese baritone was lavishly prodigal of his sonorous voice, which he displayed with great effect in about a dozen Italian, French, and Spanish songs, as well as in elaborate operatic duets with Madame Kate Rolla, the loveliest of American soprani, with Mdlles. De Vigne and Dufour, and with Mr. H. Williams, a pleasant and tuneful lyric tenor. The Carpi "function" was, as usual, a tremendously fashionable affair; I have never seen Lady Morell Mackenzie's spacious reception rooms more densely crowded than they were on June 29. By the way, Carlotta Elliott sang charmingly, Hollman coaxed the most ravishing tones out of his mellow "cello," and Bisaccia played Liszt's Second Rhapsody with extraordinary *verve* and brilliancy. This young Neapolitan, I may add, is the best accompanist of the day, and a sight-reader of the very first flight. He is, moreover, as modest as he is clever, which cannot with truth be said of many professional musicians.

Little Jeanne Douste's fourth P. F. Recital attracted such a crowd of music lovers to Prince's Hall as is seldom seen gathered together within the precincts of that severely chaste apartment. Every seat was occupied, and some scores of *dilettanti* had to be accommodated on the platform, leaving just room enough for the grand piano and the desks of the gentlemen who took part with the elfin concert-giver in Saint-Saëns' masterly Trio. What is the use of attempting to describe Jeanne Douste's playing, the delicate charm of which is utterly untranslatable into words? How can such tiny hands achieve such wonders of technique as, for instance, are heaped up in Chopin's formidable studies in sixths and tenths, and in Kullak's "Wild Huntsmen"? Nothing is too difficult for this indefatigable child, who, moreover, adorns everything she touches with a gleam of her own bright musical genius. Classical, romantic, fantastic—she is equally at her ease in music of the three categories. Naught comes amiss to her

quick intelligence and deft fingers. London musicians have at last found out—they have taken their time about it, *more anglicano*—what a fine player she is, and they received her with genuine enthusiasm the other day, calling her on again and again, and redemanding certain superlative feats of dexterity with an insistance that was not to be denied. Hers was a well-won amply-merited triumph. A few days after its achievement she left England with her gifted sister Louise for the Continent, where she has engagements to fulfil that will keep her abroad till the end of October, when she will return to London for a short time, previous to making a "starring" tour in the provinces. Success to her, whithersoever she may go.

Mr. Ralph Stuart, a pupil of the Chevalier L. E. Bach and, I believe, a native of Australia, gave his first pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on the 7th ultimo, the numbers of his programme being selected exclusively from Chopin's works. Mr. Stuart is a very promising young player, with a firm and brilliant touch, excellent *technique*, and a good understanding of the music he has studied. His left-hand execution is remarkably forcible and accurate; it was displayed to great advantage in the terrible Etude in C sharp minor, and in the scarcely less formidable Fantaisie in F minor. Delicacy, smoothness of texture, and musical intelligence were manifest in his rendering of the intricate Study in D, and of the poetical Ballade in G minor. One of the instruments between which he alternated was dull in tone and heavy in touch. I fancy it was the same which so severely tried the temper of Jeanne Douste on the previous Saturday.

Thérèse Castellan's annual concert furnished a delectable afternoon's entertainment to "rank and fashion" at 105, Piccadilly, the *bénéficiaire* being powerfully supported by her dramatic compatriots, Mdlle. Thénard and M. Demay, as well as by the operatic stars Jane de Vigne and Gospodin Abramoff. I could have wished that the latter luminary had been content with shining in the firmament of St. Petersburg, where I am told he is much admired. He coruscates too often in the direction of false intonation to suit English audiences. Personally, I hope I may never be called upon to listen to him again. The clients of Colonel Mapleson may perhaps remember M. Abramoff as the most grotesque and untuneful Mefistofele that ever wore a cock's feather and flame-coloured tights. He is even more trying in a drawing-room than on the stage. Mdlle. Castellan was in finer form than ever on the 9th ultimo. Her playing of Porpora's quaint sonata and of Papini's "Feu Follet" was simply perfection. As for the French actors of both sexes, nothing funnier than their performance of "Le Bourrasque" has been heard in London for many a year. Eric Lewis, too, made everybody laugh heartily at one of his humorous musical sketches. Altogether a delightful afternoon's amusement. At the same time, but, in parliamentary parlance, "in another place," Mdlle. Carlotta

Desvignes was entertaining a fashionable audience with the aid of Mdlles. Berthe Baldi, Gigia Filippi, and Eldina Bligh, MM. Carpi, Pasini, McKay, Thorndike, Kellie, and Clifford. The fair concert-giver sang with her customary dramatic force; Mdlle. Baldi with the charm and finish that have always characterised her vocalisation. A young American lady, Miss Hooper, recited "The Trumpeter's Betrothed" with instrumental accompaniments, and was warmly applauded. Another clever English violinist of the unfair sex was revealed to us in the agreeable person of Miss Bligh. Bisaccia "presided at the piano," so vocalists and instrumentalists alike were at their ease.

On July 11 the doors of the French Embassy were thrown open to the *crême de la crême* of London society on behalf of Mdlle. Gayrard-Pacini. The programme set forth an unbroken series of "great attractions." Besides the admirable playing of the accomplished pianist who gave the concert, there were the exquisite singing of Madame Conneau and M. de Soria, perhaps the two most refined and sympathetic drawing-room vocalists alive—the fascinating "virtuosity" of Mdlle. Galitzin upon the violoncello—the laughter-moving "Gasconette" of Mdlle. Thénard—the effective "façon de dire des chansons" of Mdlle. Janvier. This dainty *menu* was faultlessly carried out "from egg to apple." Two perfect songs call for special mention; Bemberg's "Chant Hindou" and Tosti's "In Mare." An afternoon in the course of which one was privileged to hear Madame Conneau and Jules de Soria interpret these creations of genius deserves to be marked with a white stone in the musical critics' calendar.

One more brief record, and I have done with concerts, p'ease the pyx! until November. Lady Goldsmid's beautiful music-room has witnessed many interesting musical "events," this season, but none more noteworthy than the great Dutch violoncellist's concert, which came off within its precincts on the 16th ultimo. Hollman made his superb Stradivarius sing, and weep, and plead, and coquet, and tell tales of love with a versatility of expression that held his hearers breathless with admiration. A deep impression was also made upon the audience by the romantic and passionate playing of his gifted fellow-countryman, Johannes Wolff. The Chevalier Bach executed *morceaux* by Rubinstein, Mendelssohn and Wieniawski with great power and brilliancy, and, in association with an anonymous lady, "created" his latest composition for four hands, a set of charming Polish Dances. Hollman also earned laurels as a composer, in addition to the abundant crop he reaped as an executant. Six of his works, all of excellent quality, were produced, and the concert concluded with his clever fantasia on "Carmen," which fairly brought down the house. Holland deserves the thanks of Europe for sending forth two such great artists as Hollman and Wolff.

The chronicle of the last four weeks of Italian Opera at Covent Garden is by no means overburdened with thrilling incident. It records, however, the presentation to Madame Minnie Hauk, by a number of her friends and admirers, of a handsome golden wreath, in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of her first performance of "Carmen," a part in which she has achieved splendid successes in all the leading cities of Europe and America. On the leaves of the wreath, which was given to her on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre during a performance of Bizet's masterpiece, are engraven the names of the donors. A few days after this pleasant episode Madame de Wartegg left England to fulfil a series of operatic and concert engagements on the Continent. Another bright feature of our opera season was an exceptionally good all round performance of "Il Trovatore," in which Madame Fursch-Madi and Signor Ravelli distinguished themselves by uniformly fine acting and singing. Chorus and orchestra alike were all that could be desired, and the much-exercised gipsy-matron, Azucena, found a thoroughly acceptable representative in Madame Scalchi.

One of the cleverest, most interesting, and most intelligible technical books I have ever read is Hamilton Clarke's "Manual of Orchestration," published by Curwen and Sons. In a hundred pages of thoroughly readable matter, abounding in apt illustration and absolutely free from pedantry, the accomplished author tells musicians all they can possibly want to know about the orchestra, its proportions, its component instruments and their combinations. If the public acceptance of this admirable work prove proportionate to its intrinsic merits, it will enjoy an unexampled popularity. N.B.—Society pianists should play Hamilton Clarke's "Ellaline" Gavotte. It is charming.

I have received six new songs and twelve "Sketches for Piano-Solo," all by Mr. Erskine Allon, with whom prolificity, I am bound to say, has not resulted in weakness or self-repetition. Mr. Allon has a happy and fertile fancy, a distinct melodic gift, and a musicianly method of treating the pleasant themes that spring from his lively imagination. The songs just published at 54, Great Marlborough Street, are one and all suggestive of poetical ideas, and eminently singable. Each of the pianoforte pieces purports to illustrate the characteristics of an English month, and on the whole achieves its object successfully. The only exception I take is to Mr. Allon's musical July, which is calm and sunny; but it was probably written early in the year, and, if so, goes far to prove that the mantle of prophecy had not then fallen upon its composer's shoulders. If Mr. Allon had happened to depict July with a stormy downpour of demi-semi-quavers, relieved here and there by a trickling arpeggio, he would have hit off last month to a nicety. As it is, his sketch must stand for some future July.

Clavichord.

Our Play-Box.

THE PAPER CHASE.

A new three-act Farcical Comedy, by CHARLES THOMAS.

First produced at a matinée at the Strand Theatre, June 9, 1888. Reproduced under Mr. Lionel Brough's management at Toole s Theatre, July 9, 1888.

Mr. Busby	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH.	Dixon	Mr. ROBERT SOUTAR.
Mr. Baskerville ..	Mr. E. W. GARDEN.	Mrs. Pomfret	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
Captain Kirby	Mr. E. D. WARD.	Mrs. Baskerville ..	Miss HELEN LEYTON.
Mr. Wagstaffe	Mr. CECIL THORNBURY.	Miss Nelly Busby ..	Miss MARGARET BROUGH.
Glummer	Mr. ALEXANDER KNIGHT.	Pedder	Miss M. ABBEY.

"The Paper Chase" merrily started Mr. Lionel Brough's short tenancy of Toole's Theatre, and the run, if perforce a brief one, is none the less successful. Granted that a plot based upon the loss of an important paper, which passes from hand to hand until it is recovered by the rightful owner, is not strictly original. The materials for the play, though not altogether new, have been so cleverly handled by Mr. Charles Thomas, that no one can fairly take exception to this. The different complications and the various adventures befalling this recipe for curry, to the possession of which is attached a large legacy, are well brought about. The characters are clearly defined, and the dialogue smart and clever, without the least tinge of coarseness. With the exception of Mr. Lionel Brough the cast differs from that of the production *matinée*. Mr. E. W. Garden does fairly well as Baskerville, the middle-aged jealous husband of a young and pretty wife. As Mrs. Baskerville, who during a voyage home from India shields the indiscretion of a flirtation with Captain Kirby, by assuming the name of Mrs. Pomfret, Miss Helen Leyton is very good. Her irritable manner when things go contrary, and her delight at being able to turn the tables on her husband in the end, are well depicted. The Mrs. Pomfret of Miss Kate Phillips is delightful. In all her scheming to recover the paper lost by Captain Kirby, to whom she had confided it; in her revenge on him, by taking as really meant for herself all the Captain's attentions to Mrs. Baskerville, under her assumed name, Miss Phillips shows herself once more an accomplished *comedienne*. In the character of Nellie Busby, the only real object of the Captain's affections, Miss Margaret Brough made her *début* under the auspices of her father. This pretty and promising young lady will, no doubt, add one more clever member to the clever Brough family. Mr. Robert Soutar gives an excellent sketch of an old butler spitefully resenting

the authority of a young wife in a house he has ruled for years. Mr. Soutar has never done anything better than this. Mr. E. D. Ward, recently returned from America, is again welcome on a stage that he had trod for so long a period. His Captain Kirby is full of spirit, and has a keen appreciation of all the ludicrous situations he finds himself placed in, and is altogether a capital performance. Last, but not least, is the Busby of Mr. Lionel Brough, the man with the defective and obtuse memory, relieved by sudden and short flashes of humour, showing him to be capable of being occasionally very wide awake, and with an obstinacy of purpose not to be deterred. To have invented such a character does the greatest credit to the author, for it is as perfect a sketch, in its way, as one could wish. Its impersonation by Mr. Lionel Brough is simply perfect—one of the actor's very best creations. Absolutely free from exaggeration, the quiet humour of it is doubly telling. Mr. Brough's acting and facial expression are so truly excellent, that were all his dialogue to be cut out, and the part become a dumb one, it would hardly be less amusing. Author and performers have all done good work, and deserve success.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A Romantic Play in five acts, by CHARLES READE.
Special matinée at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, June 26, 1888.

Camille Dujardin ..	Mr. ARTHUR DACRE.	Edward Riviere.. ..	Mr. C. J. BINDLOSS.
Jean Raynal	Mr. OSCAR ADYE.	Dard	Mr. JOHN A. WARDEN.
General Rambaut ..	Mr. JOHN GIBSON.	Maitre Perrin	Mr. SMALLEY.
Colonel Maubert ..	Mr. WILLIAMS.	Baroness de Beaurepaire	Mrs. J. C. SMITH.
Colonel Dubois	Mr. ROWLEY.	Claire de Beaurepaire .	Miss EMILY SHERIDAN.
Captain Lablanc ..	Mr. TRAVERS.	Louise	Miss EDITH OSTLERE.
Sergeant Lacroix ..	Mr. FRANCIS HORESTON.	Josephine de Beaurepaire	Miss AMY ROSELLE (Mrs. Arthur Dacre).
Sentinel	Mr. A. WATSON.		
Dr. Auberten	Mr. ASHLEY PAGE.		

"The Double Marriage," Charles Reade's romantic play, first saw the footlights on October 24, 1867. It served to open the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, Miss Ellen Terry appearing as Rose de Beaurepaire. On January 2 of the present year, the play, which had been in great part re-written by the late Charles Reade himself, was given for the first time, in in its new form, at the Theatre Royal, Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre having acquired the acting rights and undertaking the leading characters. On this occasion the Roselle-Dacre Company gave a first and only performance of the revised play in London.

The plot treats of the cruel position of a woman who has innocently committed bigamy. The action takes place in France in 1798, under the Directoire. Josephine de Beaurepaire thinks herself forsaken by her *fiancé*, Camille Dujardin, an officer, who she believes has also betrayed his country. To save her mother and sister from ruin, she consents to become the wife of Colonel Jean Raynal, a blunt, generous-hearted soldier, who has no sooner signed his marriage contract than he is ordered to Egypt. Camille, who was a prisoner in Spain, returns, and Josephine learns that he has been true both to her and to his country. Honour leaves

them no choice, they are about to part in sorrow, when Camille, who is dangerously wounded, falls in a dead faint. Nursed back to life by the Beaurepaire ladies, the news comes of Raynal's death, and the lovers are secretly married. This haste soon brings repentance. The news was false; Raynal lives, and Josephine and Camille part for ever. A year goes by, and Raynal returns unexpectedly to find Josephine and her sister Claire watching by a cradle. Josephine faints, and Claire, to save her sister, claims the child as her own. Raynal, who had stolen one moment to see his wife, leaves while she is yet unconscious. In the trenches before Philipsbourg he and Camille meet; the latter, heartbroken and weary of life, substitutes himself for Raynal in leading an attack which is certain death. When on Raynal's return, Josephine learns Camille is dead, she attempts to poison herself. Prevented by her sister, in a frenzy of agony she confesses all to Raynal. This generous man at once offers to free her, as the law permitted of civil marriages being annulled by mutual consent. Camille, who is merely wounded, returns, and all ends happily.

This play, though by no means faultless, gives some fine opportunities to the interpreters. Better staged than most *matinée* productions, the costumes were handsome and correct, and the *tableau* showing the ruined bastion at Philipsbourg (painted by Richard Douglass) was an effective picture. Mr. Oscar Adye was an excellent Jean Raynal; the mixture of roughness, dignity, and kindness in this warm-hearted soldier and man of honour were admirably rendered. Mr. Arthur Dacre was earnest and natural as Camille. Well suited to the character, he has rarely shown such depth of feeling as on this occasion. His parting from Josephine in the first act, and his soliloquy in the tent, act iv., were especially good. Miss Emily Sheridan should be congratulated on her Claire, an intelligent, bright, and pleasing performance. Miss Amy Roselle's conception and rendering of Josephine deserve all praise. Very good throughout, the first and last acts, which made the greatest demand on her histrionic powers, also showed her to the greatest advantage. Her first parting from Camille was intensely pathetic. That sob suddenly checked, when she finds he has not yet left her, as she thought, was one of those touches of nature a true artist alone can give; it showed a perfect insight into the character; for this poor woman who is longing to give vent to her grief, knows well that he will not have the courage to leave her if she is not the braver of the two. In the last act she was truly admirable. In the agony of the half-demented woman, clinging to Raynal and imploring him to kill her, she rose to such heights of dramatic power as roused the audience to a genuine outburst of enthusiasm.

Marie de Mensiaux.

"FOR HER SAKE."

New and original drama in one act, by ALEC NELSON.

Produced for the first time, Friday afternoon, June 22, 1888, at the Olympic Theatre.

Cyril Grant	Mr. FRED. HARRISON.	Grace Hunter	Mrs. DAWES.
Jim Manning	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.	Mother Bishop	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
Will Stannard.. ..	Mr. A. GORDON EDWARDS.		

Mr. Alec Nelson showed us how poetically he could write in his little piece "The Bookworm;" in "For Her Sake" he exhibits a depth of pathos and a study of human nature that are most acceptable in these days of sensational drama. Cyril Grant is a cynical man of the world, who, coming to Deal for a holiday, loses his heart to Grace Hunter, a frank, honest, and lovable girl. She, however, loves Jim Manning and tells her aristocratic admirer so, and at the same time upbraids him for the purposeless life he leads, and urges him to do something worthy of his manhood. Presently the lifeboat is called out, and Jim Manning as one of its crew has to go in her. In returning from its errand of mercy the craft is overturned, and Jim is likely to be drowned, when Cyril throws himself among the breakers and saves him at the cost of his own life; but he dies happy, he has done the noble deed "for her sake" and to restore to her arms the man she so prizes. It is but a simple story, but exquisitely told, and found good interpretation at the hands of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Caffrey. Mrs. Dawes played naturally and tenderly as Grace Hunter. On the same afternoon "Grimaldi" was revived and was noticeable for the excellence of Mr. Ivan Watson as the old actor; his accent and gestures were natural and finished. Mrs. Dawes was good as Violet and gave promise of greater results when experience has been gained,

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"RUN WILD."

Original Domestic Comedy in three acts, by E. COFFIN.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, Saturday evening, June 30, 1888.

Mr. John Parker ..	Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN.	Hon. Bob Penley ..	Mr. H. SPARLING.
Richard Parker.. ..	Mr. HARRY EVERSFIELD.	Augustus Digby ..	Mr. W. GUISE.
Sir Geoffrey Carew ..	Mr. W. LUGG.	James	Mr. R. NAINBY.
Jack Carew..	Mr. CHAS. S. FAWCETT.	Mrs. Parker	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Bennett	Mr. A. CHEVALIER.	Collie Parker	Miss ALICE ATHERTON.
Burrows	Mr. W. CHEESMAN.	Lady Grace Howard .	Miss GRACE HUNTLEY.
Montague Drury ..	Mr. B. WEBSTER.	Mary	Miss V. BENNETT.

Every playgoer will be pleased that Mr. Edouin has at length found a piece which has hit the taste of the public, and that fills the house over which he has control; for though "Run Wild" is anything but a perfect work, it is thoroughly amusing, honest in its fun, and only a slightly exaggerated picture of human nature. Mr. John Parker, a wealthy retired cotton spinner, has married a woman very much above him in the social scale, and though she despises him, sends his daughter from home and teaches his son to look down upon his father, the worthy man still loves her. He has been in the habit of secretly visiting his little girl, Collie, in Ireland, and Mrs. Parker puts these absences down to some liaison he has formed.

She taxes him with this, and he is so indignant that he leaves his home, vowing that he will never return to it until his wife begs of him to do so. He goes to see his son Richard in London, and the young cub, having a few friends with him, is so ashamed of his father that he induces him to pass himself off as a Mr. Jones. During Richard's absence the young fellows let out the low esteem in which poor old Parker is held by his son, but when they discover Richard's meanness and contemptible conduct they at once indignantly leave him. Little Collie, the daughter, is the good angel of the house; she brings about a reconciliation between her father and mother, and obtains forgiveness for her brother, who it must be confessed appears heartily ashamed of himself.

Mr. Willie Edouin (Mr. John Parker).
Miss Atherton in Act I

"Run Wild," a bad title by-the-by, is excellently cast. Mr. Edouin is thoroughly genial and kind-hearted as Mr. Parker, and discovers a vein of pathos that those who have seen him only in eccentric characters would scarcely give him credit for. Miss Alice Atherton as the wild but true-hearted and high-spirited girl, Collie, exercises her accustomed fascination; and Miss Susie Vaughan has very naturally hit off the disagreeable side of a woman who allows what "Mrs. Grundy will say" to rule her life, till her better nature asserts itself, and she sees how unwifelike her conduct has been to a noble-minded husband.

Mr. Harry Eversfield does not spare himself an atom in depicting one of the veriest cads that ever breathed, and as Richard Parker considerably enhances his reputation as an actor. The scene in his chambers is capitally acted. Mr. Charles S. Fawcett, a hearty, brave young Englishman, despising anything mean; Mr. B. Webster, as Montague Drury, an impecunious young man about town; Mr. H. Sparling, very clever as the Hon. Bob Penley, a dabbler in literature; and Mr. W. Guise, as Augustus Digby, a vapid "masher," all lend the best of aid; and Mr. Chevalier, as a cockney valet, and Mr. W. Cheesman, as a doddering old servant, are both excellent. Mr. W. Lugg is an aristocratic Sir Geoffrey Carew, and Miss Grace Huntley is the most charming of women as Lady Grace Howard.

"Run Wild" is lavishly staged, but I feel sure that the outlay will be amply repaid.

"THE WICKED WORLD."

Original Fairy Comedy in three acts, by W. S. Gilbert.
Revived at the Savoy at a matinée on Wednesday, July 4, 1888.

Fairies.

Ethais	Mr. G. Alexander.	Locrine	Miss Therese Meyer.
Phyllon	Mr. F. Macklin.	Leila	Miss Sybil Grey.
Lutin	Mr. Lionel Brough.	Camilla	Miss Werdermann.
Selene	Miss Julia Neilson.	Colombe	Miss A. Werdermann.
Darine	Mrs. Macklin.	Ena	Miss Lawrence.
Neodie	Miss Lily Hanbury.	Zayda	Miss Rose Norreys.

Mortals.

Sir Ethais	Mr. G. Alexander.	Lutin	Mr. Lionel Brough.
Sir Phyllon	Mr. F. Macklin.		

After a lapse of fifteen years Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedy was revived to afford Miss Julia Neilson the opportunity of appearing as Selene, the unhappy queen who suffers so much for giving way to the weakness of human love. When originally produced at the Haymarket, January 4, 1873, Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) was the Selene, Miss Amy Roselle (Mrs. Dacre) Darine, Miss Blanche Henry (Mrs. Macklin) Neodie, and the late Miss Marie Litton, Zayda; Mr. Kendal, Ethais; Mr. Arnott, Phyllon; and Mr. J. B. Buckstone, Lutin. The piece was perhaps too cynical for public taste. Love appeared to bring in its train far more sorrow than joy, and was represented for the most part of the earth, earthy, though Selene in the first act speaks of it as—

> ". . . one great and ever glorious gift,
> That compensates for all they [mortals] have to bear,
> The gift of Love . . .
> . . . When Death himself
> Has worked his very worst, this love of theirs
> Lives still upon the loved one's memory.
> It is a strange enchantment which invests
> The most unlovely things with loveliness."

To recall the story in a few words, each fairy has his mortal counterpart on earth, who in the absence of the original from fairyland may be summoned there to take his place. Persuaded by her sister fays, who are all curious to see what man is like, notwithstanding the evil report they have heard of him, the counterparts of Ethais, Phyllon, and Lutin, absent on fairy duty, are summoned to the fairy queen's presence. With their arrival come love and discord and uncharitableness, for Selene and Darine both fall in love with Ethais, who first professes affection for the former, and on his transferring his attentions, for they are nothing more, to Darine, converts the gentle Selene into a very fiend. The other fairies are guilty of every meanness and untruth to win for themselves either Phyllon or Lutin, and a spot in which reigned

> "The calm of a soft summer's eve,"

and where no evil thought could exist, is changed into a very abode of devils. But the causes of the discord are recalled to earth, and the fairies are able to rejoice that they have taken with them the bad influence

> "That spread like an infection through their ranks."

Further, they learn to lay the lesson to their hearts that, knowing how they

MISS JULIA NEILSON.

"Let us achieve our work with humbled souls."

THE WICKED WORLD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE
BY BARRAUD, OXFORD STREET.

all have sinned, they should look with more gentle pity on the erring of weak mortals. Miss Neilson, for one who has had so little experience, was very successful as Selene. A little more earnestness in the expression of her love for Ethais would have strengthened the impersonation, but she was grand in calling down vengeance on her recreant lover, and was eminently gentle yet dignified. The Ethais of Mr. George Alexander could scarcely have been improved upon, it was so excellent. Mr. Macklin was bluff and hearty as the swashbucklering Phyllon, and Mr. Brough humorous and not too much of the low comedian as Lutin. Miss Norreys was exactly fitted for Zayda with her unconscious manner of uttering the most cunning of speeches. Mrs. Macklin certainly did not spare herself in making Darine the most unloveable of creatures. Miss Lily Hanbury was a very charming Neodie. The piece was exquisitely mounted.

"LA TOSCA."

Drama in five acts and six tableaux, by V. Sardou.

First produced in England at the Lyceum Theatre, Monday, July 9, 1888.

Floria Tosca	Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.	Capreola	M. Joliet.
Le Baron Scarpia (Regent of Police)	M. Pierre Berton.	Sciarrone	,, Piron.
Mario Cavaradossi ..	,, Dumeny.	Ceccho	,, Cartereau.
Le Marquis Attavanti	,, Fournier.	Paisiello	,, Gauthier.
Cesare Angelotti ..	,, Angelo.	Un Sergent	,, Lejeune.
Spoletta	,, Rebel.	La Reine Marie Caroline ..	Mme. Jane Mea.
Eusèbe	,, Lacroix.	La Princesse Orlonia	,, Saryta.
De Trevilhac	,, Theffer.	Gennarino	,, Seylor.
Trivulce	,, Deschamps.	Luciana	,, Regina.
		Scafarelli	,, Fortin.

Scene—ROME. Time, 1800.

Were it not for the genius of Mme. Bernhardt, Sardou's latest production would be looked upon as a very common-place play and would attract but little; as it is, from the hold she obtains over her audience and the grandeur of her impersonation, "La Tosca" has become a greater success here even than it was in Paris. The author writes for Mme. Bernhardt, and almost only for her, and no doubt looks to the fact that she may, for her travels, require a play in which she shall be *the* attraction, and in which the characters are or may be mere dummies; for though MM. Pierre Berton and Dumeny ably fill the *rôles* of Baron Scarpia and Mario Cavaradossi, their parts could have been played by actors of infinitely less intelligence without any serious detriment to the success of the play. Like Zola, Sardou appears to

have conjured up pictures of the very worst attributes of human nature whereout to form his story, he has borrowed ideas and situations from Victor Hugo and Dumas—one great scene is nearly identical with that of Maurice Barrymore's "Nadjesda," a drama which the English public looked upon, notwithstanding its strength, as too repulsive to be accepted with anything like favour. Floria Tosca is one of those anomalies in womanhood that are occasionally met with, and when ably represented on the stage becomes an interesting study. She is unchaste, and yet to all but her lover she is pure as snow; she is a murderess and yet can be pious; she can bring flowers to strew upon the altar, and yet under its very shadow can listen to and rejoice in the pleadings of the love of an Atheist. In the first two acts she has to show us the more gentle side of her character, a loving, tender woman except when momentarily jealous of Cavaradossi's fancied attentions to another. In the third act, at his villa, comes one of those scenes which perhaps only Mme. Bernhardt could render adequately—the agony that a woman has to suffer and the courage she has to show whilst listening to the groans coming from her lover under torture; then when she reveals the secret and he is released, she has to bear with his upbraidings. In the fourth act, to save his life, she must consent to the infamous proposals of a cruel brutal libertine, until of a sudden a prospect of release opens itself to her, she seizes a knife and stabs him to the heart with all the fury of a madwoman, and then, recoiling at the murder she has committed, she almost tenderly arranges the corpse, places the candles at the head and feet, a crucifix on the bosom, and glides noiselessly from the chamber. The last act shows her in her lover's cell, joyful that he is to escape, almost forgetful of her past crime, and then comes the revulsion to find that Scarpia has broken faith with her in his horrible compact. Cavaradossi has been shot to death, and she flings herself into the Tiber. In all these acts, Mme. Bernhardt proved herself the greatest actress of our day and held her audience breathless and rapt. I have not gone into the plot, as it is generally well-known and was fully described in the January number of The Theatre. Of the play itself I will only add that it is offensive in its morals, corrupt in its teaching, and revolting in its brutality, and yet every one who admires acting is bound to see it. M. Mayer has gathered together a good company and has staged "La Tosca" very handsomely.

"CAUGHT OUT."

Comedietta in one act, by FLORENCE BRIGHT.

First produced at the St. George's Hall, Tuesday, July 17, 1888.

Hon. Bertie Masham ..	Mr. HUGH HARTING.	Charles..	Mr. PRINCE MILLER.
Jack Danvers	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.	Miss Carrie Hope	Miss MARION LEA.

A bright, well-written comedietta is always acceptable, more particularly when the fun is in good taste, and all these qualities are found in Miss Bright's first attempt. Whether the idea is original I know not, but it is an amusing one. A young fellow, Masham, though engaged, is running after a circus-rider, Lulu by name. She consents to dine with him on the condition that an accident shall happen to her carriage, and she shall appear to be compelled to take refuge in his house. He arranges everything for this, when he is suddenly called away, and leaves his friend, Jack Danvers, to receive his expected guest. The servant announces Mdlle. Lulu, and Jack proceeds to make himself agreeable to the young lady, who turns out to be no other than Carrie Hope, to whom Masham is plighted, and in the laughable interview that takes place between Jack and Carrie she soon discovers that her swain is fickle, and so she transfers her liking to Jack, and, when Masham returns, he finds he is "caught out." Mr. Eric Lewis and Miss Marion Lea kept up the shuttlecock of repartee very briskly. Mr. Prince Miller was funny as Charles, and Mr. Hugh Harting showed promise as the Hon. Bertie Masham. On the same evening Howard Paul's "Thrice Married" was revived to enable Miss Florence Bright to appear as Carlotta, in which character she has to personate a Spanish dancer, a French vocalist, and a combative middy, and, though suffering from the only partial recovery of a sprained ankle, sang, danced and acted with vivacity and skill. She was well supported by Mr. Eugène F. Mayeur as Vivian White, a Bohemian artist, and by Messrs. Prince Miller and Reginald Fenton in the characters of the two uncles, originally played at the Princess's by Meadows and Garden, under the late Augustus Harris's management, when Miss C. Leclercq was the Carlotta, and the piece ran for considerably over a hundred nights. Miss Bright received a hearty and well-deserved summons to appear before the curtain, both as authoress and actress, and has every encouragement to persevere in either or both capacities.

"THE UNION JACK."

New and original Drama, in four acts, by HENRY PETTITT and SYDNEY GRUNDY.

First performed at the Adelphi Theatre, July 19, 1888.

Jack Medway	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.	Joseph Tomkins ..	Mr. HARWOOD COOPER.
Sir Philip Yorke ..	Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.	Benjamin Bolt.. ..	Mr. CHARLES DOUGLAS.
Captain Morton ..	Mr. CHAS. CARTWRIGHT.	Ethel Arden	Miss MILLWARD.
Lieutenant Stanley ..	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Ivy Arden..	Miss HELEN FORSYTH.
Peter Fly	Mr. J. L. SHINE.	Ruth Medway	Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE.
Tom Chuckle	Mr. DALTON SOMERS.	Mrs. Stone	Miss ELEANOR BUFTON.
John Stone..	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.	Mrs. Pippin	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND.
Tim O'Grady	Mr. HARRY HALLEY.	Polly Pippin	Miss CLARA JECKS.

As in the services the Union Jack waves over soldier and sailor alike, so Messrs. Pettitt and Grundy have found material in the wearers of the red and blue jacket out of which to fashion their play. The navy, how-

ever, gets rather the best of it, for its two principal representatives are the noblest of fellows, whereas there is a very black sheep indeed in the military officer—and during the stirring and perilous adventures through which the hero passes we are taken to Aldershot Camp, and to the gun deck of Her Majesty's ship Wellesley—though in this case he does not undergo all his troubles and trials in defence of the persecuted heroine. Ethel and Ivy Arden are the wards of Sir Philip Yorke, an army contractor, who is from some cause much straitened for money, and in the power of Captain Morton. As the girls are heiresses, these two worthies determine that they will make them their respective wives. There are obstacles to this, however, for Ivy has more than a liking for Lieutenant Stanley, and Ethel recognises in Jack Medway her childhood's sweetheart, with whom she had broken a sixpence as a love-token. Medway is but a petty officer in the navy, though a gentleman by birth, and when he went to sea entrusted his sister Ruth to his old friend Stanley to look after. She has loved, not wisely but too well, Captain Morton, who, in order to separate Ivy and her lover, leads Medway to suppose that Stanley is the man who has betrayed Ruth, and so cause a quarrel, in which Medway will probably strike his superior officer (though in the army), and so be put out of the way and leave the coast clear for Morton to pay his attentions to Ethel. But things do not turn out quite as he expected. Medway learns that Morton is the rascal to whom his sister owes her fall, and so assaults him. He is arrested and tried by court martial, but whilst awaiting the decision he floors his guards and jumps through the porthole and swims to shore. Sir Philip, wearied of the tyranny which Morton has so long exercised over him, demands of him the forged bill through which Morton has the hold on him, and, as he cannot obtain it, stabs his confederate to death, and as Medway has been traced to the house, and is known to have threatened Morton's life, he reckons on fixing on him the crime. Ethel, however, has witnessed the assassination, and so her guardian has her drugged and kept in close confinement. She, however, escapes, and wandering at night in the snow is found by her lover, Medway, and they are given shelter by Peter Fly, now the keeper of the toll-gate. Sir Philip is in pursuit of her, and, driving up, inquires of Fly whether he has seen his ward. Peter puts

him on a wrong scent, induces him to get out of his dog-cart, and no sooner is he gone than the fugitives mount it and drive off in their enemy's vehicle. The last scene is but a wind-up of the play, and, after the stirring incidents that have preceded it, appears rather weak. Ivy, who has been estranged from Stanley, believing him to have been Ruth's lover, is convinced that she has wronged him. Sir Philip Yorke is denounced by Ethel as the murderer of Morton, and handed over to justice, and she and Medway will, we may suppose, be united at some future date—after he has got over his trouble with the naval authorities, his insubordination being looked leniently on, in consequence of his former good conduct and the provocation he had received.

Whether under actual circumstances "My Lords" would be quite so forgiving, or whether the Commander-in-Chief would quite approve of a commissioned officer in the army shaking hands with a petty officer in the navy under arrest, and when they are both in uniform, are questions that are somewhat doubtful, but Adelphi audiences are not too particular in these little matters.

Mr. William Terriss as the hero Jack Medway proved as great a favourite as ever with his audience, and was certainly powerful; his most artistic scene, however, was when listening to poor Ruth's confession. This was exquisitely rendered by Miss Olga Nethersole, so modestly and pathetically did she convey her shame and self-abasement when meeting her brother's loving eyes. This young actress completely enlisted the sympathies of all present. Miss Millward availed herself of her opportunities for the display of her emotional strength in the third and fourth acts. Mr. Charles Cartwright, the arch-villain Captain Morton, by sheer nervous force and his determined resolution in evil-doing, completely dominated his weaker accomplice, and his performance was one of the best that I have ever seen. Mr. J. D. Beveridge ably seconded him, and was good when, goaded to desperation, he kills his tyrant. Miss Helen Forsyth, looking very lovely, was charmingly coquettish and *exigeante* as Ivy Arden. What can be said of Mr. J. L. Shine as Peter Fly, but that he was the very merriest of Jack Tars, that the mere sight of him put one in a good humour, and that his love scenes with clever Miss Clara Jecks, who played his sweetheart, Polly Pippin, so delightfully, were things to be remembered

and smiled at for many a long day? The management have gained a valuable recruit in Mr. Laurence Cautley: his Lieutenant Stanley was of great aid to the success of the piece. Tom Chuckle, a soldier, who is also courting Miss Pippin, was capitally acted by Mr. Dalton Somers, and Miss Eleanor Bufton made quite a salient character of the small part of Mrs. Stone.

The scenery is beautiful, the lawn at the Chestnuts (Perkins), Aldershot Camp (Bruce Smith), and the road to Whitesand Bay, a snow scene (W. Telbin), being marvels of the painter's art. Messrs. Gatti have spared no expense in the uniforms and dresses, and, thanks to Mr. William Sidney's excellent stage management, everything went without a hitch, even on the first night of the introduction of the electric light all over the house.

Authors, managers, and actors were called before the curtain (the latter several times), and Messrs. Gatti may be congratulated on another success, that will in all likelihood run for some hundreds of nights.

Cecil Howard.

Our Omnibus-Box.

A correspondent has addressed me the following questions:—"It may not be a very profitable source of wonderment, but it is one which is exercising me considerably at present. I want to know who starts those many groundless rumours in connection with the stage which are discussed for a longer or a shorter period at every dinner or At Home one goes to, and which are finally falsified by time, and then die a natural death. I have heard just enough of that nest of thorns, the editorial chair, to which coign of vantage any and every irrelevant doubt is deferred, to be quite sure I am doing right, Mr. Editor, in addressing this hitherto answerless question to you. Who are the people who start the reports that Mr. Irving, for instance, will 'shortly appear' in some character, the performance of which has not even entered his head? Who, again, was it, or for the matter of that who is it, who so persistently talks of 'the Bancrofts' retirement from the stage,' when in the clearest diction at his command Mr. Bancroft has repeatedly stated that he and his accomplished wife have merely retired from management? The latest proof of the ubiquity of our over-clever friend is the assertion that 'Mrs. Kendal is to follow their example, and retire from the stage.' Now the 'fire,' of which this is the 'smoke,' doubtless was kindled in the fact that the Kendals and Mr. Hare have left the theatre in King Street, and, followed by the good wishes of their joint audiences, are now going their separate ways. Wishing,

however, to 'make assurance doubly sure,' I carried my inquiry to head-quarters, and from Mrs. Kendal's own lips received an emphatic reply in the negative as to whether she were or were not intending to quit the boards. She has not the slightest intention of doing any such thing—a decision which will be hailed with delight by all those who are interested in English art."

Miss Julia Neilson has made such an unprecedentedly rapid rise in the profession she has adopted, and in addition was so successful whilst studying to become a vocalist (her original intention), that her portrait and some account of her career must needs be interesting. This talented young lady was born in London nineteen years ago, and until the age of fifteen was educated at Wiesbaden, when she returned to the metropolis, and was entered as a student at the Royal Academy of Music as a pianist. Mr. Randegger, however, discovered that Miss Neilson possessed a good voice, and by his advice she cultivated it. Until six months ago she studied under that gentleman, and during her pupilage gained the Llewellyn-Thomas gold medal for declamatory singing, the Sainton-Dolby prize, the Westmoreland Scholarship, and other distinctions. Mr. Barnby was so struck with Miss Neilson's amateur performance of Galatea that he recommended her to adopt the stage professionally, and gave her a letter to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, at whose suggestion she made her first professional appearance as Cynisca to Miss Mary Anderson's Galatea at the Lyceum on March 21, 1888. Of her performance the critics spoke highly. This was followed by her appearance as Galatea at the Savoy Theatre on May 16, 1888; as Lady Hilda in "Broken Hearts" on June 4 of this year; and lastly as Selene in "The Wicked World" at the same theatre on July 4 last. Such steady and marked improvement was visible in the impersonation of each character that Mr. Rutland Barrington, the new manager of the St. James's, offered Miss Neilson an engagement as leading lady at that theatre, where she will appear in an original play which Mr. W. S. Gilbert is now writing. Miss Neilson is, however, determined to gain experience during the interval, and at the time I write this is negotiating for a tour through the principal provincial towns.

At the St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, June 26, Miss Ailsa Craig, daughter of Miss Ellen Terry, may be said to have made her professional *début* in "A Secret" and "Wool-gathering." The first is a duologue by Miss Constance Beerbohm, and in it Miss Craig played the *ingenue rôle* of Gladys pleasantly. The second piece is by Mr. A. Longridge, and tells of two old gentlemen whose wits are always "wool-gathering," and hence they commit all sorts of absurdities, one of which is that they shut up in the the same room together their respective son and daughter, who of course are in love with each other, and whom they are most anxious to keep apart. Miss Craig was the daughter Nettie, and exhibited much aptitude

for the stage. She strongly resembles Miss Terry in figure and movement. It was strange to see "Ellaline" (for this occasion only) appear as Mary Jane in print dress and coquettish cap, but there was no doubt she was an attraction even in so small a part, and added to the funds of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, on behalf of which the Mummers A.D.C. gave the entertainment.

Mr. Francis Henry Macklin, the subject of one of our photographs, was born in London in December, 1848, and before regularly joining the profession was a prominent member for some years of the First Surrey Rifles A.D.C. His first public appearance was at the Queen's Theatre in June 1873, as Mélun in King John, under the name of Frank Manton, during Miss Litton's management, and he went with this lady's Court Theatre company on tour. In September, 1873, he joined Mr. Chatterton's Drury Lane and Adelphi companies, and played in a revival of "Antony and Cleopatra," and George O'Kennedy with Mdme. Celeste in "The Green Bushes." His first original part was that of Harry Valentine in Paul Meritt's drama "Rough and Ready," first produced January 31, 1874, and he achieved a great success. In this year he resumed his own name, and in the provinces was much praised for his rendering of Prince John of Lancaster in "Henry IV." at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and for his Romeo to Miss Ada Cavendish's Juliet at the Queen's. This latter was the more creditable as he had had but two rehearsals. In 1875 Mr. Macklin created the part of Lawrence Lindon in Clement Scott's "The Detective," played for fifty nights at the Mirror Theatre. After a provincial tour with Mr. Sothern, who thought very highly of his capabilities, he returned to London, and in January, 1876, was the original Tom Mayfield in Joseph Hatton's "Clytie." From that date to 1878 he appeared at the Opéra Comique, at the St. James's in "The Danischeffs," and at the Imperial and Globe Theatres in a round of characters. In April and May, 1878, he supported Miss Neilson at the Haymarket, playing Mercutio, Modus, &c. In this year he was the original Joseph Goupille in "A Republican Marriage." He starred with Miss Helen Barry in 1879, and supported Mr. Henry Byron in his plays at the Gaiety. One of his most notable performances was that of Martin Bashford in "The World," a part taken at four hours' notice, for which he was called four times before the curtain. In 1881 his Lord Guildford Dudley in Robert Buchanan's "Nine Days Queen," at the Connaught Theatre, was much praised, and he received universal commendation for his creation of Sir Henry Norreys in W. S. Raleigh's ill-fated drama "Queen and Cardinal," at the Haymarket, on October 26, 1882. Mr. Macklin has been closely connected with the management of plays at the Crystal Palace, nearly 100 having been produced under his direction. It is impossible to give anything like a list of Mr. Macklin's performances; they have given him much experience and made of him a highly finished actor. With Mrs. Macklin (Miss Blanche Henri) he has taken round his

MR. F. H. MACKLIN.

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act I, Sc. V.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE
BY KINGSBURY AND NOTCUTT, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

own company, playing "Engaged," "Pygmalion," "Belle's Stratagem," &c. From December, 1883, he has been associated with Miss Mary Anderson in her successes both here and in America—where he is much esteemed—in such parts as Jacques, Polixenes, Mercutio, Damas, and Pygmalion: for the last he has been awarded unstinted praise. Mr. Macklin made a very successful appearance as Mr. Gardiner in "Captain Swift," and has been retained by Mr. Tree for that character for the next Haymarket season.

At a special *matinée* of T. W. Robertson's three-act comedy, given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, June 28, 1888, the choice of Mrs. Pinchbeck as the character in which Miss Edmiston elected to reappear on the stage, was not altogether a judicious one. Miss Edmiston is a good comedy actress, but the part of the adventuress has a deeply dramatic side to it, somewhat beyond the scope of her powers. Still the impersonation showed intelligence, and in some parts was very good. The sham love scene with Colonel White, in which the reading of Tennyson's poem occurs, was excellent and in pure comedy; Mr. Macklin was remarkably good in this same scene. During the rest of the play, save where earnestness and a lighter manner would have been a decided improvement, Mr. J. C. Buckstone made a first-rate Bertie, and Miss Lucy Buckstone a very pleasing Dora. Miss Lillie Young was natural as Lucy, but Mr. Canninge was not well suited as Dorrison. An interesting incident was the presence in the stalls of the original Dora, Miss Caroline Hill, looking younger than ever, and whose charming impersonation no one has forgotten. A concert followed, in which Mr. Edward Lloyd was the bright particular star.

"Cycling," by Mr. Albert Chevalier, is a smartly written comedietta, which enables Mr. Charles S. Fawcett and Miss Alice Atherton to amuse the public for half an hour. A young gentleman finds a fair creature lying hurt by the side of a wrecked bicycle. He of course gallantly comes to her assistance, makes himself as fascinating as he can, and as her cycle is injured beyond repair, he looks forward to the extreme felicity of driving her home on his tandem tricycle, when just as they are starting, a gentleman appears on the scene whom she calmly introduces as her husband, and with whom she rides off, leaving her enraptured admirer *planté*.

There seems little doubt that Mr. C. S. Carson's persistent endeavours to establish an "Actors' Orphanage" will be crowned with success. That such an institution is much wanted is apparent from the frequency of the cases in which children, through the death of their parents, are left totally unprovided for. The scheme has met with the approval of all the members of some sixty touring companies, and is supported by Messrs. Augustus Harris, Carl Rosa, Henry Mapleson, Edward Compton, and Mr. Henry Betty, one of the kindest friends the stage has. Mr. Carson mentioned, when inter-

viewed by the representative of the "Pall Mall Gazette," that, though there are so many charities in connection with the profession, for some time not one seemed to think the object in view should be taken up by it, though the Actors' Benevolent Fund certainly appears to be the proper channel through which it should be brought about. As to "ways and means," the originator proposes benefits at the various theatres throughout the kingdom, whereby a capital sum would be raised to start the institution modestly, and he hopes that after that it will be nearly supported and maintained by the contributions of actors and actresses. Let us hope so too; for, though the public is charitable and will give freely for a good object, it will be the more ready to widen the scope of the institution when it finds that the large body of professionals are themselves making a provision against the future. Actors will owe a deep act of gratitude to the editor "The Stage."

Since the issue of the July number several of the London theatres have closed their doors, in some cases only to reopen them under fresh management. On July 7 Miss Ellen Terry took her benefit before a crowded house, and, as usual on the last night of the season, Mr. Henry Irving delivered the looked-for speech, in which, after referring to the *bénéficiaire's* success, he announced that in December she would appear as Lady Macbeth, he himself, of course, resuming the character of the guilty Thane, and that the presentation of the tragedy would be assisted by Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. Further, that while on tour and visiting Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and other cities with "Faust," Miss Marion Terry would play her sister's part of Marguerite, and that Miss Ellen Terry would take a long and well-deserved holiday.

On the same night "The Don" retired from Toole's Theatre, and his representative, Mr. J. L. Toole, made one of his customary witty and amusing speeches, announcing his first appearance in the Channel Islands (where, by-the-bye, he has been a gigantic success and been *fêted* and made much of), and that he should return to his dramatic home in King William Street at Christmas.

The Opéra Comique closed on July 21 with a performance of "Masks and Faces" before a crowded house. Mrs. Bernard-Beere takes a holiday, but will in all likelihood revive the play on her return to London. On August 6 the theatre reopens with a version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"The Worship of Plutus" or "Roses," produced at the Ladbroke Hall on July 6 for copyright purposes, was evidently written by Miss Alice Clevedon to show the struggle taking place in a woman's conscience when she has committed a crime by which she hopes to win the man she loves. In this case the heroine is guilty of forgery, and though, by repeated acts of goodness

and charity, she endeavours to redeem the past, she lives to suffer the pangs of remorse, and of course in constant dread of discovery. The piece, though not without merit, requires considerable reduction in the length of its dialogue.

A performance was given at the Novelty Theatre on July 12 in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, and was marked by the London *début* of Miss Octavia Kenmore, who brought with her the advantages of a pleasing voice, intelligent and pretty features, and a good presence. The young lady should, however, have gained more experience before attempting the difficult *rôle* of the Princess Zeolide in W. S. Gilbert's fairy comedy "The Palace of Truth." Her performance was emphatically one of promise, not of fulfilment. The members of the "Busy Bees" A. D. C. filled the other parts in the comedy, and as usual rendered good service. Mrs. Lennox Browne as the Queen looked remarkably handsome; Miss Brandon, though a little cold and sometimes wanting in expression, was good as Mirza. The Azema of Miss Abinger would have done credit to a professional actress, it so skilfully rendered the assumed coyness and pretended innocence of the coquettish maiden. Miss Ethel Williams, too, was good as Palmis. Mr. W. T. Clark played King Phanor with humour and finish. Mr. Gordon Taylor showed much appreciation of the character of Prince Philamir, and Mr. Herbert Walther struck the right chord as Chrysal. I must speak a good word for the very handsome dresses and excellent scenery provided by Messrs. Nathan; they were worthy of the best of our west-end houses. "The Daughter's Sacrifice," by Neville Doone, served as a *lever de rideau*. Miss Kenmore was the Myra Osborne. Mr. Bassett Roe played incisively as the pretended Comte D'Abbeville, and Mr. Abingdon acquitted himself well as Sir Robert Osborne.

After a very successful season and a run of 100 nights with "The Pompadour," Mr. Beerbohm-Tree said farewell for a time, the audience on July 14, his last appearance, being a very fashionable, crowded, and enthusiastic one. In response to a unanimous call the young actor-manager came forward, and in a few well-chosen words had the happiness to be able to announce that financially the season had been a success, that notwithstanding the great outlay on his latest production, its whole "cost was considerably more than covered by the first two weeks' receipts," and that he might congratulate himself on having introduced to the public two new plays by authors hitherto unknown—"The Red Lamp" by Mr. Tristram, and "Captain Swift" by Mr. Haddon Chambers, and that the latter play would be reproduced on September 1. Mr. and Mrs. Tree and their company were frequently called before the curtain during the evening.

July 14 also saw the close of Mr. Wilson Barrett's short season at the Princess's and the last performance of "Ben My Chree." The former manager of this theatre was throughout the run of the piece most cordially received, and his parting with the old *habitués* was marked by a keen appreciation of his merits as an actor and the esteem that is felt for him. Mr. Barrett was able to give a pleasant surprise to his hearers—that he had arranged to return to the Princess's soon after Christmas, and that he should then introduce to them a new play, and hoped in the meantime that his friends would keep for him a warm corner in their hearts. The announcement and request were most heartily received, as might readily be expected with such a favourite.

Mr. R. D'Albertson took his benefit at the Avenue Theatre on July 16, before a house crowded in every part, and was compelled, from the demand for seats, to add five rows of stalls, which were all sold at a guinea each. The programme was a diversified one, many of the best known names from various theatres appearing on it. In addition to being a general favourite for his courtesy and general attention to the comfort of his audiences, Mr. D'Albertson is a member of the Honourable Artillery Company, and to show their esteem for their comrade various exercises were skilfully gone through on the occasion on the stage. A bright little comedietta by Fred Horner was also played for the first time. "On Toast" merrily tells the story of a couple of husbands, whose wives get them "on toast" through the one having really attended at a masked ball, and the other having pretended to do so to shield his friend, and was briskly played by Messrs. Graham, Grattan, and Bridgman, and Misses Emma Broughton and Woodford. Mr. D'Albertson, in announcing the close of the season on July 21, not from any diminution in the success of the "Old Guard," but in consequence of provincial engagements, stated that the Avenue would reopen in September with the new comic opera "Nadjé," when Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mdlle. Vanoni would fill the principal characters.

A very charming "At Home" was given on Monday afternoon, July 23, by Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. F. Gartside, at their Dramatic Studio, 41, Fitzroy Square, and many of the pupils recited in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on their instructors, and gave promise of future excellence should they decide to adopt the stage as their profession. Among them I must specially single out Miss Hardinge's rendering of "Poor Joe," Mr. Vaughan's stirring recital of "The Trooper's Story," Mr. Shipton's dramatic reading of "The Midnight Charge," and Miss Ingrouille for the humour shown in a legend of Bret Harte's. Mr. Hughes, Miss Selwyn, and Miss Carr also distinguished themselves. Besides these many of those best known in the dramatic and musical world were present, and some gave charming evidence of their talent.

At an open-air performance given in Sir Sidney Waterlow's grounds, Fairseat, Highgate, on Saturday, July 21, an original comedy, "With Hand and Heart," by Benjamin Landeck and Ernest E. Norris, was acted for the

first time. Though not original in motive, the subject of a boy and girl lover meeting again after a long separation is pleasantly treated. Miss

Madaline Birkbeck, a remarkably pretty young lady, played Blanche Thornleigh pleasantly, if a little tamely, and Mr. Herbert Landeck showed humour as Walker. The poetic play "King René's Daughter" followed. Iolanthe

found a fairly capable representative in Miss Edith Jordan. Mr. Ernest E. Norris, a young actor, showed remarkable promise as Count Tristan of Vaudemont, and Mr. Henry Anderson was dignified as King René.

The Portman Rooms, for once in a way, were crowded on the occasion of a *soirée musicale*, given by that veteran favourite of the London public, Signor Eduardo Bonetti, who was ably supported by the following powerful body of vocalists and instrumentalists:—Mdlles. Delphine Le Brun, Grace Damian, Carlotta Elliott, Rosina Isidor, Clara Eissler, and Italia Ortica; Messrs. Isidore de Lara, Runcio, De Monaco, Kearton, Williams, John Thomas, Bisaccia, and Palmieri: Maestro Alberto Raimo at the head of his compact orchestral phalanx, and Mr. David Davies "at the harmonium." The hero of the evening was quite in his old fine form, and elicited a storm of applause from his hearers by a superb rendering of the "Abendstern" cavatina from "Tannhaeuser." His other *soli* were Bondese's "Cantique" and Pinsuti's "Berceuse," both affording ample opportunity for vocal display. A programme of *twenty-five* numbers was conscientiously adhered to and unexceptionably performed. Ticket-purchasers, therefore, made a decidedly good bargain. They got the full worth of their money, and something over.

Mr. W. Freeman Thomas commences his season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden on Saturday, August 11. Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, who is again the conductor, has provided a new vocal waltz for Mr. Stedman's choir, and entitled it "The Rose Queen." Messrs. Carrodus, Howard Reynolds, John Radcliffe, and Edward Howell head the list of instrumentalists, whilst among the vocalists we find the names of Mdmes. Valleria, Rose Hersee, Clara Samuell, Patey, Antoinette Sterling, and Scalchi; Mdlle. Nikita, Miss Whitacre, and Miss Paterson, with Messrs. Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Santley, Foli, Harley, Charles Banks, Barrington Foote, Piercy and Sydney Powers. The transferable guinea season ticket will be again in force, and the classical nights are to be continued. With fresh views of Switzerland, new and brilliant illuminations, and a liberal management, Mr. Thomas deserves the success which he will doubtless gain.

There has reached me a volume, very nicely printed and bound, of "The Amber Heart," "Elvestine," and "Cupid's Messenger," plays written by Mr. A. C. Calmour. The author has dedicated the entire work to Miss Ellen Terry, the lady to whom he owes so much for the exquisite interpretation of one of his most charming characters. The book is printed for private circulation only, and is a welcome addition to the bookshelves of its fortunate possessors.

The Church, the Army, and the Arts are represented in the May and June numbers of "Men and Women of the Day," for we have the Bishop

of Liverpool, General Viscount Wolseley, Madame Schumann and Madame Marie Roze, Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Robert Browning. All are excellent likenesses, and are distinguished by that excellence of workmanship which we look for in Mr. Barraud's photographs. The biographies too are interesting.

The close of the St. James's Theatre, and the severance of the long existing partnership between Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal, occurred on Saturday, July 21, too late to be properly treated of in this number; it shall have, however, in next month's Theatre, the attention that the dramatic importance of the subject demands.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from June 20 to July 21, 1888:—

(Revivals are marked thus*)

June 21.* "The Queen of Fashion," drama, by Tom Cannam and J. F Preston. Matinée. Vaudeville.

,, 22. "For Her Sake," new and original drama, in one act, by Alec Nelson. Matinée. Olympic.

,, 25.* "False Lights," drama, in four acts, by J. B. Bannister. Surrey.

,, 26.* "The Double Marriage," revised version of Charles Reade's five-act romantic play. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.

,, 26. "Wool-gathering," comedy, taken from the German of Kotzebue, by A. Longridge. St. George's Hall.

,, 28.* "Home," three-act comedy, by T. W. Robertson. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.

,, 30. "Run Wild," original domestic comedy, in three acts, by Miss E. Coffin. Strand.

July 1. "A L'Essai," new French comedy, in one act, by A. Cohen and G. Sujol. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.

,, 4.* "The Wicked World," original fairy comedy, in three acts, by W. S. Gilbert. Matinée. Savoy.

" 9. "La Tosca," drama, in five acts and six tableaux, by Victorien Sardou. Lyceum.

,, 9.* "The Paper Chase," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Charles Thomas. Toole's.

,, 9.* "Is Life worth Living?" sensational four-act drama, by F. A. Scudamore. Surrey.

,, 10. "A Lesson to Landlords," rustic absurdity, in five acts (author anonymous). Matinée. Strand.

,, 11. "Cycling," new and original comedietta, by Albert Chevalier. Strand.

,, 16.* "Shadows of a Great City," by Joseph Jefferson and L. R. Shewell. Princess's.

July 16. "On Toast," one-act comedy, by Fred Horner. Matinée. Avenue.

„ 16. "True to the Last," new original melodrama, in four acts, by J. W. Whitbread. Elephant and Castle.

„ 17. "Conscience," new and original society drama, in four acts, by Edward Litton. Matinée. Vaudeville.

„ 17. "Caught Out," comedietta, in one act, by Florence Bright. St. George's Hall.

„ 19. "The Refugees," new and original comedietta, in one act, by J. M. Campbell. Adelphi.

„ 19. "The Union Jack," new and original drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt and Sydney Grundy. Adelphi.

„ 21. "With Hand and Heart," comedy, in one act, by Benjamin Landeck and Ernest E. Norris. Pastoral Players. Highgate.

In the Provinces, from June 18 to July 2, 1888.

June 29. "A Mean Advantage," original comedietta, by Rudolf Dicks. T.R. Newcastle.

„ 29. "In Charge," farcical comedy, adapted from the German, by H. Cassel and H. C. Duckworth. Prince's Theatre, Bradford.

July 2. "A Pair of Kids," new musical absurdity, by J. J. Hewson. Comedy, Manchester.

„ 2.* "Right's Right," revised drama, in four acts, by C. A. Clarke and J. O. Stewart. T.R. Dewsbury.

„ 2. "No Escape," new and original modern domestic drama, in four acts, by Richard Coleman Davies. T.R. Preston.

„ 2.* "Count Tremolio," romantic comic opera, libretto by Edgar Wyatt, music by R. Watson. T.R. Brighton.

PARIS.

(From June 21 to July 19, 1888.)

June 21. "L'Amour au Village," comic opera in one act, by Albert Riondel, music by M. Emile Camys. Menus-Plaisirs.

„ 25. "Roncès du Chemin," comedy in verse, in five acts, by M. George Taylor. Théâtre Indépendant.

July 7. "Les Environs de Paris," vaudeville, in eight tableaux, by Messrs. Blondeau and Monreal. Chatelets.

„ 7.* "Les Chevaliers du Brouillard," drama, in five acts and ten tableaux, by Messrs. D'Ennery and Bourget. Porte St. Martin.

„ 19.* "Œdipe Roi," tragedy, in five acts, by Sophocles, translated into French verse by Jules Lacroix, music by Edouard Membrée. Théâtre Français.

THE THEATRE.

Some Personal Reminiscences of E. A. Sothern.

By T. Edgar Pemberton.

AVING briefly written of Sothern as a friend, an actor, and a sportsman, I naturally come to that insatiable thirst for practical joking which formed such a conspicuous and curious feature in his life. On this, however, I do not purpose at any length to dwell.

In the first place, as I have already hinted, it appears to me that it is by these odd freaks that some writers, who presumably called themselves his friends, would have his name most remembered; in the second place I have to acknowledge that, in common with all practical jokes, many of them were thoughtlessly heartless; and in the third place, without the infectious eagerness with which he planned them, and, at the most infinite pains, carried them out, the majority of them lose their point. Some of his "jokelets," however, in which the personal inconvenience of others was not involved, were harmless enough. The capabilities of the Post Office seemed to be a never-failing source of attraction for him. He used to declare that he had (unwittingly) invented the post-card by writing short letters on the reverse and stuck-down side of a stamped envelope; and the pranks that he played, when it became possible to send "articles" by post, drove mad the postmen in his neighbourhood. Does any one remember the fantastic inscriptions that he would take the trouble to have printed upon the outside of his envelopes? Here

are a few of them—"Home for Incurable Itch," "Asylum for Confirmed Virgins," "Southwell Small Pox Hospital," "Society for the Propagation of Pure Deism," "Refuge for Reformed Atheists," and (this was calculated to give something like a shudder to the nervous letter receiver) "Curious Specimen of Contagious Bedding!" Then he would take incredible trouble to get his envelopes stamped all over with out-of-the-way post-marks. Enclosing them, with an address in pencil, to some friend in a far-off place, he would request him to post them on, and then with freshly pencilled addresses, which the next friend would put in, they were sent on again—and so, on, and on, and on. I have just picked up an envelope which bears the post-marks of the Suez Canal, Glasgow, Rio de Janeiro, Liverpool, Dundee, Paris, Bradford, Edinburgh, London, and finally, Birmingham.

Although in many of his practical jokes spiritualism, thought reading, second sight, *et hoc genus omne*, were supposed to play part, and were artfully contrived to seem to do so, Sothern always indignantly denied any belief in such things, and especially repudiated the report that he had once made money by them. As bearing upon this subject the following letter, written to a newspaper twenty-three years ago, and no doubt forgotten now, may be of interest:—

Sir,—There is an article in the "Spiritual Magazine" in which I am referred to. I should not dream of noticing any article in any such publication had I not found respectable and rational journals, such as yours, reproducing statements affecting my credit and candour. I consider it due to the conductors of the daily press of these countries, as well as to myself, to notice remarks on me and on my conduct when I find them transferred to their columns. Had they not been excavated from the gloomy obscurity of their original source they might never have attracted my observation, and certainly would never have obtained my notice.

Possibly it may be thought that I am doing this spiritual publication a service by bringing it into notice. I do not think so. When you prosecute a pickpocket, you go before the bench as a matter of public duty; the pickpocket is certainly brought into public prominence for the time, but it is only that he may be the more effectually recognised, punished and exposed. Nobody, I suspect, will be perverted to a belief in spiritualism by reading an exposition of the mis-statements of spiritual writers.

Now for the article. The main count in the indictment against me is thus stated:—

"A few years ago a party of spiritualists in New York, composed chiefly of actors and actresses, held regular sittings for the production of spiritual phenomena. One of the members of this circle was an actor named Stuart, who was recognised by all as a most powerful medium. The manifestations witnessed at these *séances* were so wonderful as to give to the

meetings the distinguishing title of 'The Miracle Circle.' They created so much interest that it was considered a special privilege to be admitted to this magic chamber. Mr. Stuart, at that period, was better known as Stuart the magnetiser, or magic-worker, than Stuart the actor."

The "actor named Stuart" is now better known as the "actor named Sothern." Following sufficiently illustrious precedents, I used an assumed name when I entered upon my profession, and I only resumed my own by the advice of my friend Mr. James Wallack. The "party of spiritualists" was *not* composed chiefly of "actors and actresses." It would have been none the worse if it had been; but in reality it was composed of twelve gentlemen of high position in their respective professions, who, actuated by a common curiosity and interest, joined in a thorough, practical, and exhaustive investigation of the phenomena of "spiritualism." We were quite ready for either result; to believe it if it were true; to reject it if found false; and in the latter case I, at least, resolved in due course to expose it. For more than two years we had weekly meetings. At these, by practice, we had succeeded in producing, not only all the wonderful "manifestations" of the professional "media," but other effects still more startling. We simply tried to reproduce the appearances and the results which we had heard of, and read of, and seen—and we succeeded. Pushing our practice and our experiments further, we attained the capacity to execute feats much more remarkable than those presented at any of the "spiritual" *séances*. An American gentleman and myself took the part of the "media," the rest of the company assisted; and I do not hesitate to say that we outdid anything ever attempted or accomplished by Home or the Davenports.

Not the least of our discoveries was *that the whole thing was a myth.* We did all that the spiritualists did, and more; but we were our own "agents" and had no need of recourse to supernatural influences, had we had the power to command them. We commenced our *séances* in a spirit of legitimate investigation; we continued them for the sake of the amusement they gave ourselves and our friends. We became famous in a small way. We had to start an engagement-book and to make appointments. People came from all parts of America and waited for their turn. We got into a larger line of business than any of the professional exhibitors, and we were extensively patronised. The only difference was *we* didn't charge anything. We took no money directly or indirectly. Our entertainment being free was liberally supported, and when I add the evenings invariably wound up with a jolly little supper, given solely at our own expense, it may be understood that "The Miracle Circle" was much favoured and warmly encouraged. The indulgence of our love of fun cost us some money, but yielded us an immensity of pleasure. To speak colloquially it was an expensive but extensive "sell." We *did* put pens under the table, and get signatures of Shakespeare and Garrick, and other valuable autographs; we *did* produce spirit hands and spirit forms; people *did* float in the air—at least we made our audience really believe they did, which was quite sufficient for our purpose and theirs. We exhibited phenomena which were startling enough in all conscience, and we made our visitors believe in their reality. How we succeeded in doing this, how we made some of the most intelligent men in America believe that they really saw and felt what they only fancied they saw and felt; how we produced results the causes of which were not apparent to the physical senses of the spectators; how, in fine, we did things which must have seemed to be, and which many of our visitors believed to be, supernatural and miraculous, I do not intend to explain. We *did* them. How we did them I do not feel any motive to declare, but I have not the slightest hesitation in saying

that we did *not* do them by spiritual agencies. Yet professional and paid "media" came and saw, and themselves avowed our superior power over the spirits.

I have been told by many scientific persons, even in this city where I am now residing, that I am a "wonderful psychologist." It is extremely pleasant and very flattering to be told that. Perhaps I am a "wonderful psychologist." I hope I am, but I doubt it. At all events, whatever psychological or quasi-spiritual powers I may possess, I have never exhibited them in public; I have never made money by displaying them; I have recognised the difference between performing an interesting and amusing delusion to entertain myself and a private company, and swindling the public by taking guineas from people for showing them, as "spiritual manifestations," feats which I could perform by physical and mechanical forces of my own.

I do not know the Messrs. Davenport; I never saw them but once, when I paid some fifteen shillings, I believe, and came away powerfully impressed with the conviction that either their supporters and believers were mad, or that I was: and yet with a comfortable belief in my own sanity. I had nothing to do with their memorable exposures in England and France.

The object of this writer in the "Spiritual Magazine" has been to represent me as having exhibited "spiritual manifestations" in America, and having exposed them here. I have stated, I hope clearly, that I did produce all the "manifestations" and did exhibit them, but they were not "spiritual," and I did not exhibit them in public nor for money. I therefore consider myself free from the imputations of having obtained money under false pretences, encouraged idle superstitions, or perpetrated blasphemous burlesques of sacred things. I look upon every spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot. I regard every spiritual exhibitor who makes money by his exhibitions as a swindler. The things that these people do are *not* done by spiritual or supernatural means. I know that; I have proved it. I have done all that they can do and more. The history of "spiritualism" in this country and in America is, on the one hand, a chronicle of imbecility, cowardly terror of the supernatural, wilful self-delusion and irreligion; and on the other, of fraud and impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency. I do not say that there are not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy; but I do say, that as the result of such a practical investigation of "spiritualism" as I believe few other men have made, I must honestly and fearlessly denounce it as a mockery, a delusion, a snare, and a swindle.

Yours, &c.,
E. A. Sothern.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow, December 6th, 1865.

Such a denunciation as this, coming from such a source, would, one would have thought, have almost dealt a final blow at "spiritualism," but twenty-three years have elapsed since the writing of the letter, and Sothern's "impostors" and "idiots" are, it is to be feared, a yearly increasing community.

The effect upon him of these early spiritualistic investigations was, without a doubt, that mania for practical joking of which

so much mention has been made. I could fill many chapters full of the accounts of these elaborately contrived, humorous, but generally unsatisfactory, and sometimes almost pitiless, undertakings. For the moment, however, that is not my purpose. I want my readers to look with me upon the bright side of a very remarkable man's character; and among those by whom he was perfectly understood, it was a very bright side indeed.

The last years of his restless and over-crowded life were more or less sad ones, and the little party of staunch friends who, seven years ago, on a bitter winter's day, followed him to his grave in the pretty burial ground at Southampton, are not altogether sorry, perhaps, to think that he lies there "resting."

Les Noyades de Nantes.

In the well-known massacre by Carrier at Nantes, during the French Revolution of 1793, numbers of men and women were bound together and drowned in the Loire: amongst them were a bride and bridegroom, who were dragged from the altar on their marriage morning and condemned to suffer in this manner. The following lines are the bridegroom's farewell speech:—

KISS me farewell—may God be with thee, love,
In the exceeding bitterness of death,
As He has stood beside thee in the days
That are for ever gone! Most hard it is
To come to thee and bid thee my farewell
Upon our marriage morning, for I fear
My heart will break in speaking, and the words
Spoken will rise and choke me. Give me now
The last kiss we shall ever give on earth
Until we meet in Heaven—for I know
That in the great Hereafter we shall meet
And stand together (as we stand to-day)
On purer heights than human feet have trod,
Alone, in the calm twilight, near to God!

* * * *

Better it were to die in thy sweet arms

Than hold the long lease of a weary life
Unblessed by thee!—for in the years to come,
Had I to walk this darker world alone,
There would not be one dull, insensate thing
That thou hadst touched that would not speak of thee.
Each voice of Nature would but breathe thy name,
The summer wind that murmured in the trees
Would be a burden whispering of thee;
And sitting weary by my lonely fire,
Thy gentle face would in the embers shine,
Haunting me like a ghost!—as even now
The lonely ghosts of my dead hopes arise
And vex me, at the threshold of the grave.
Yet unto us there comes no rest in earth;
But the swift river, flowing to the sea,
Will bear us on its waters far away,
And in the holy stillness of the night
Thy face would look in death so wondrous fair
That lonely mariners will pass and say,
"A spirit on the face of the great deep."
Spirit to spirit, flesh to flesh, if we
Are parted in the spirit, yet in flesh
I still may hold thee firm in life and death,
Mine arms wound round about thee evermore.

* * * *

Oh, what are spoken words to him who fails
To touch the one great promise of his youth?
Oh, for the ripe lips and the clustering hair,
The sweet blue eyes as tender as the dawn,
That I shall never look upon again!
I am so broken down with misery
I care not to lift up my voice to Heaven;
But, like the lonely spirits deep in Hell,
Hope not for hope, but lessening of despair!

* * * *

I am not one so weary of my days
That I should greatly wish my rest in death.
For in my heart there live the dreams of youth,
And in my veins the fire of passion flows.
How *can* I bid farewell to this sweet world,

And unto thee who made it fair to me,
And unto joy, and laughter, love, and hope
All in one breath? I pray that God will speed
My last hour quickly, so I die not mad!
For I am near to madness when I think
That we in peace together shall no more
See the bright sun upon the happy fields;
Never, as in the days for ever gone,
List to the hush and quiet of the noon,
Drowsy with hum of bees and distant fall
Of water in the woods!—too hard to bear,
For I was ever Poet in my thought,
And beat my heart with every mystic beat
Of the great heart of Nature—now I know
That all things sweet and fair have passed from me,
And Love and Hope have taken their farewell.
Yet somewhere in that land to which we move,
Beyond the darker shadow of the grave
That falls across the pathway of this world,
God will unite our broken lives again.
And so they fail in vengeance even now;
For had they slain but thee, and left me life,
They then had killed us both—but so that we
May die together, both together live
Within another and a better world!

* * * *

A better world—what hope have *I* in that?
One world I *know*, and but one life I *have*.
One woman I have loved, and now high God
(Happy in heaven with all the happy saints)
Taketh my one joy from me—can I bend
Myself in prayer before Him knowing this?
Yet once, dear love, before the ending comes,
And while the warm blood pulses in thy veins,
And while the love-light lingers in thine eyes,
Let thine arms fold me in one fond embrace.
Then, at the last, I shall have tasted joy!
For neither man on earth nor God in Heaven
Can rob us of the moments that have been.
This lower world has never looked so sweet
As looks it now, love, at the leaving it.

And in those far-off days we shall not see
How beautiful the summer morn will break
Through the still woods, and sounds of joy and life
Fall on the dull ear of the listening world.
And even the lower beasts on this fair earth
Will feel the morning breeze, and joy, and live.
Softly God's hand will lead the passing hours
From flush of morn to fall of happy eve.
And sweet with song of birds and scent of flowers,
The day will fade in splendour, and the west
Grow rosy red to sunset; one by one
(In the sweet hush and fragrance of the night)
The sky will glitter with a thousand stars—
Star upon star in countless myriads piled,
World upon world as 'twere the wall of Heaven!

* * * *

Ah me, ah me, the memory of the days
That were, in living, too divinely sweet,
And are, in memory, too divinely sad
For speech of mine or mortal utterance.
Life, like a garment that is old and worn,
Is falling from us now—we two have been
Pent up within a dark and narrow room;
But Death, like some kind angel, now has come
To open wide the casement—and I see
(The soft airs blowing on me lovingly)
The glorious dawn of Immortality
That breaking dawns, sweet love, for you and me.

* * * *

The dawn, the dawn! In that far east I see
The light of morning! On my forehead falls
The unknown glory—and thine own sweet face
Is like an angel's bathed in golden light.
Kiss me farewell—the end, at last, is come.

* * * *

Farewell, farewell, we do but fall asleep
Amid the ripeness of the golden grain
Of our last autumn—in the eventide
The reapers reap—God's harvest—perfect peace.

W. Stanley Smith-Tyler.

Sandown, I.W.

My Wedding-Day.

By Annie Kate Hare.

I AM, if you will allow me to introduce myself, your humble servant Mr. John Hankey, barrister-at-law. I am, perhaps, of a jealous disposition by nature, but who can help his nature? I deeply sympathise with Othello whenever I read the play of that name which Shakespeare has given to the world. I say I am jealous by nature, but I have conquered myself. I deeply sympathise, as I said, with Othello, but I am quite sure that if that most unhappy coloured gentleman had only partially smothered Desdemona, and she had been brought to, and had been able to explain about the suspicious circumstances connected with her pocket-handkerchief, everything might have been well, and Othello very happy. However, this is growing into quite a preface: let me continue my story.

I was forty-five when I made up my mind to marry. I was not handsome, but having amassed a nice little fortune, and having decided to settle down as a married man, I was lucky enough to win the affection of the fairest of her sex, Miss Aurelia Thompson, and having offered myself to her, was accepted. I had previously interviewed her father, who approved of our union, and I had gone through the courting phase, and was really married. Our carriages were rolling up one by one to Mr. Thompson's door, while the crowd of little girls, boys, nursery-maids, and beggars collected outside uttered loud Oh's! and Ah's! whenever a more than usually gorgeous train swept the dust from the red carpet spread upon the front doorsteps, and vanished under the awning.

I was uncomfortable, as bridegrooms always are when making part of the wedding show, but I expected to be very happy when I got my wife to myself; and after the lunch, or

dinner, or breakfast—I really don't know what my respected mother-in-law called the feast—we were going off to spend a month in Scotland and get acquainted.

Even in that halcyon hour I was aware that we were not well acquainted yet. However, I knew I was a good sort of fellow, and had the greatest confidence in Aurelia. In fact, I had just repeated this to myself when a postman's knock sounded, and I saw Aurelia's own maid exchange a glance with my wife as she slipped a pink envelope into her pocket.

It was a very foolish idea, I know, but I took it into my head that the letter had something in it that my newly-wedded Aurelia wished to keep from me. I flatter myself that I am a good reader of the expression of the human countenance, and that is what I thought I saw in the glances these girls exchanged. However, I really wanted to kick myself for harbouring the thought.

But afterwards, when the congratulations were over and we were going down to breakfast, I saw Kirby, under pretence of adjusting her mistress's dress, slip the pink envelope into the white satin lace-trimmed pocket that was pinned by a bunch of orange-blossoms to her belt, and I saw Aurelia dart a warning look at me. This time I was *sure*, and a memory of certain beaux who had caused me pain in their time did creep into my mind. To be sure, Aurelia was mine, but—she should not have any secrets from me. I was older than she was, not handsome, and very well off, and—well, I felt that some of those other men had been young, and fascinating, and poor—and girls had married for money before now. After breakfast, to drive all my doubts away, I said, in an airy manner that seemed to me just the thing, "Got a letter, my dear?"

She blushed scarlet.

"No; only a little note," she answered.

"Who from?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm not a clairvoyant, Jack," she replied; "I can't read through sealed envelopes."

"Open it, then," said I.

"I couldn't; it would be bad manners," said she.

"Whom do you think it is from?" said I.

"Some belated bridesmaid, perhaps," said she.

"Your bridesmaids are all here," said I.

"Oh, well, perhaps it's from Aunt Nokes to say she can't come, but wishes me joy and sends a soup-ladle. She always sends a soup-ladle to brides in the family," said Aurelia.

"Then I think you ought to read it at once, out of respect to the old lady," said I.

"What a tease you are," she cried, and pulled her handkerchief from her pocket. The letter came with it, and fell to the floor. I stooped to catch it up; so did she. Our heads crashed furiously together. I got the letter.

"Hope I've not hurt you, my dear," said I.

"You have, horribly," said she, and snatched the letter, but not before I had glanced at it.

"Your aunt writes a very fine masculine hand," said I. "Is she a strong-minded lady?"

"Very," she answered, and crammed the pink envelope into her pocket, and began to talk to a matron who had known her from a child. There are always such old ladies at wedding parties, and it is more agreeable to meet them when you are young than when you are not. I feared she might have known me also, and I had clipped some few years off the tag-end of my age.

Somehow, thirty-nine sounds so much better and younger than forty-five.

I hurried away, and began to play with somebody's little girl —I think it was a cousin's—who had brought with her a hideous staring doll, dressed up like a bride. I told falsehoods, and said I loved little girls, and that the manikin was "pretty," and I boiled inwardly with rage and jealousy, and my head ached only less than my heart. I suppose hers did also. This was a state of things for a wedding-day!

After awhile I said to myself, "Idiot!—it is some little bill she wants to hide. A shoemaker's, perhaps. Her father lives up to his income; no doubt she had hard work to get her things ready. Poor child, I've been cruel to her." So when she had gone away to get ready for the journey, and it was time for me also to go, I hurried to the room appointed for me, and, knowing it was next to hers, softly opened the communicating door and peeped in, meaning to kiss her, and tell her that she should have everything she wanted after this. The room, however, was empty, her wedding dress lay on the bed, and a

ghostly veil and wreath floated from a gas fixture; but paper, pens, and ink were on a desk, and I saw that even in this hurried moment she had taken time to write a letter. It lay finished but not folded, beside an unaddressed envelope, and I tiptoed eagerly across the room, hoping to read that she would settle that little account as soon as possible, and read this:—

"Indeed, sir, you are right. I shall suffer miserably through my honeymoon, and it is your fault, not mine. I could hardly keep my tears back at the altar for the pain. My husband must not know, but I shall be a martyr until I get back. On the very day of my return I shall see you; but as for forgiving you—*never!* I relied on you so implicitly. How could you?—how could you? I am a most unhappy girl.—A. HANKEY."

I glared about the room, looking wildly for the letter to which this was a reply. I saw a wisp of pink paper on the floor and caught it up. The patter of little boot-heels was on the floor of the hall, and I closed the door behind me just in time.

Trembling with wrath—had I not reason for it?—I unfolded the paper. It was only a small piece of the note, but I read what it contained over and over. It was this:—

"I did not think it would give you pain; but I can scarcely expect you to forgive me for breaking my engagement with you. I am so sorry I cannot see you before you go, but your husband——"

There the fragment ended, and left me, in a state of mind that threatened congestion of the brain, to put myself into my travelling suit and start on my wedding journey with a bride I believed already false to me.

Yet what could I do? Make a scene before the wedding party? Get into the papers, perhaps?

"No," I said to myself, "I'll have revenge, but I won't disgrace myself publicly." I put the fragment into my pocket-book.

Kirby had been the children's nursery-maid. I had promoted her to be Aurelia's own waiting-maid, and she was to go with us. There she was already, and I thought of all the diabolical maids in French books as I looked at her. We got into the carriage and rattled furiously away towards the station, for we were late. Aurelia was in tears, "at leaving home," she said. I made no attempt to console her. I sat stiffly on my seat, with a hand on each knee.

My heart throbbed, and my head ached. I wonder I was not

seized with apoplexy, being of such a full habit. We got into the train at last, and Aurelia looked at me in her dove-like way as I stood beside her, looking Heaven only knows how.

"You mustn't be angry with me. It's so hard to leave mamma," she said, pleadingly. "I won't cry any more."

"You are at liberty to cry as much as you like, madam," I said. "I should think you would feel like shedding many bitter tears."

With this I moved away, and left her in the enjoyment of her position.

All through that wretched bridal journey to Edinburgh I never gave my wife a civil word or kindly look.

When she called to me, "Don't you feel well, Jack?"—I replied, "Very; you'll not be a rich widow yet, my dear." And after that we did not speak again.

So we reached the Cockburn Hotel, and after I had ordered rooms I had an interview with Kirby alone.

"Young woman," I said, sternly, "I am going to give you a month's wages and discharge you. I will also pay your journey back."

"My goodness!" cried Kirby, "don't missus want me? Is she so double-dealing as that?"

"It is *I* who don't want you," I said. "You've helped to deceive me."

"About what?" asked Kirby.

"You gave your mistress a letter to-day," said I.

"Well," said Kirby, "do you think I'd orter keep a letter directed to missus?"

"You prevaricate," said I.

"If that's French for steal, I don't," said Kirby.

"You gave it her slyly," said I.

"Well, she said I was not to let you see it," said Kirby.

"I know the contents of that letter," said I.

"There, now," said Kirby, "I told her you'd find out. But you don't mind, do you? It's a great deal commoner than you'd think, and she's only got two. Some young ladies has a whole lot."

"Two!" I gasped. "Unhappy girl! I only know of one."

"Why, I've got four," said Kirby; "and I'd tell anybody."

"Hardened young woman!" said I. "But I am no longer

deceived, that is one comfort. I shall send that woman back to her parents with you."

Kirby stared at me.

"I think you are crazy, Mr. Hankey," she said; "so much better looking and younger as she is than you, now. And you've a whole upper set, *I* believe; so there now." She stopped and laughed. "I believe you are misled, somehow," she said. "You don't think that letter was from one of missus's old beaux?"

"I have read a portion of the letter," I said, fiercely. "I have it here."

"Oh," said Kirby, "I've got the other two bits in my pocket. I tucked 'em out of your way in a hurry. I'll show you the whole together here."

She took from her pocket two pieces of pink paper.

"You'll feel better when you've pieced that out," she said, with a malicious grin. "Old bachelors do beat all."

I sat down at a table with an empty inkstand and a water-cooler upon it, pieced the letter together, and read this:—

"My Dear Miss Thompson,—I was called away to extract a tooth from the mouth of a gentleman too ill to leave the house. I thought I should be back in time. I am sorry the plate does not fit. I did not think it would give you pain; but I can hardly expect you to forgive me for breaking my engagement with you. I am sorry that I cannot see you before you go, but your husband can certainly find some good dentist who will do the little that is necessary. Why need you make two false teeth a secret? Everybody has them nowadays.—Yours, etc."

The epistle ended with the name of the old family dentist.

"You thought it was one of her beaux, didn't you?" asked Kirby. "It only shows what fools gentlemen is. Well, shall I pack up and go? 'Twasn't my advice not to tell you. I said, 'Tell, and over with it. They'll come out some day, like enough, at breakfast.'"

"Kirby," said I, "I retain your services. Here is a little present," and I offered her two sovereigns. "Don't mention this to Mrs. Hankey."

Then I went away to make peace with my poor, snubbed, heart-broken little wife, who was crying her heart out; and, as I have said before, I have never been jealous since.

P.S.—I think Kirby played me false after all, and told the story.

In the Music Room.

IN the hushed silence she has played to me,
And, guided by the self-same memory,
From out the music's soul
We pluck the self-same thought; while slow
And tenderly the after-glow
Creeps in to gild the whole.

. . . *In a still meadow where the waving grass*
In rhythmic measure, as we softly pass,
Is murmuring to the stream.
The sunlight dazzles happy eyes . . .
Her fingers falter, and it flies,—
Our music-freighted dream.

There, on a bracket in the dim recess,
Close veilèd in her marble peacefulness,
A Saint Cecilia stands:
While near the player, sweet perfume
Of white syringa fills the room
With thoughts of summer lands.

My dear one pauses, and then comes to me,
And amorous of her woman's sympathy
The fading sunrays flame,
As wistful once again to hear
The tender music echoing near,
I breathe my lady's name.

M. E. W.

Acting as a Fine Art.

THE expression "the art of acting" is current in common conversation, and yet to speak of acting as a Fine Art but too often raises a supercilious smile. The question, then, suggests itself, if acting is an art at all, why should it not rank as a Fine Art? Now "Art" has been defined to be "the imitation of Nature," and this definition will serve for want of a better. Acting is admittedly, then, one branch of Art that imitates one form of Nature—*human* nature: mind, as distinguished from matter; but painting and sculpture, terms used to describe the imitation of material scenes and objects, have so usurped the word "Art" that it is usually understood to mean either or both of these branches. Speak of a man as an "artist," and you are supposed to mean he is a painter, unless you especially explain that he cultivates some other form of Art.

But to keep strictly to the consideration of the point, Is acting a Fine Art, or not? It is a vocation which consists generally of imitating human nature—in the workings of the mind, the emotions of the soul, the play of the passions—all these as they influence and are suggested by appropriate change of voice and gesture; then, as mind is superior to matter, this branch of Art must of necessity be either the *finest* of the Fine Arts or no Art at all.

Hitherto, in this introduction of the question under consideration, we have taken a purely abstract view of the subject, but the record of a few experiences will lead us back to the conclusion so rapidly arrived at by purely logical reasoning.

The influence of Art in its general sense is universally recognised; but what branch so readily and so powerfully

appeals to and influences us as acting? How often will a picture produce uncontrolled emotion? The power of music is doubtless greater, but how evanescent is that power when compared with the emotions evoked by good acting—sensations which dwell on the memory with ceaseless pleasure. Who could see Sarah Bernhardt as La Dame aux Camélias and not be for ever impressed with the power of her genius? Who that has heard can ever forget Mrs. Bernard-Beere's cry of despair when she picks up the suicide's flower? Will the grim humour of Irving's Mephistopheles ever be matched? Will the muscular Christianity and noble simplicity of Parson Adams ever find a better or more artistic exponent than Tom Thorne? With such and other brilliant examples of a noble art carried to perfection through highly cultivated natural talent, who will deny that acting is a Fine Art? Look at the effect produced, and then fail not to estimate the cause aright. An actor, who has several times witnessed a very successful play now "running" at a Strand theatre, has deliberately pronounced a certain small part played by a young actor new to the London stage to be the "best acted" part of the many in the cast. It is, in fact, played with consummate *art*, the outcome not only of inherited talent, but of considerable provincial experience. Others, not actors or critics, have noticed and been charmed by the "clever performance" of this young artist. By good luck, too, so well deserved in his case, this favourite of Fortune has had the opportunity of showing what he could do in even a leading part, and a delighted public were not slow to evince their unbounded gratification at his splendid performance. "Professional jealousy," sneered at by "outsiders," is a libel upon an honourable profession, whose members are far too genuine artists not to sincerely admire and warmly appreciate good work successfully done by a brother player. A newly-joined member of the profession was lately asked by a charming and clever actress if he did not begin to regret his new vocation, and the reply which rose to his lips was, "No; if only that it brings me in contact with such charming people." The very fraternity prevailing in this profession, and for which it is so justly famous, is but evidence of the nobleness of the art which it cultivates.

To seek amusement, to be strongly interested, are doubtless

the primary objects of most who attend dramatic performances. But the constant indulgence in such "amusement" almost unconsciously leads its devotees to become critics of the actor's art. Sooner or later the theatre-going public becomes strongly interested in the particular "playing" of those actors and actresses who by some means or other exert a magnetic influence on their audience. One man, for instance, attracts notice by his portrayal of smooth villainy; and this to such an extent that the audience are roused to lustily hiss the character so ably presented. By contrast an actress will often affect the same audience to tears by her pathetic rendering of the part of the persecuted heroine. But should the performers fail to produce such an effect—who or what is to blame? In the case of success the public care not to analyse the causes which produce it; but to those whose vocation it is to endeavour to produce such effects, surely the question of the cause is one of the utmost importance. And so we are brought once more to the *art* of the matter. Either success or failure is more or less a matter of Art, or it is, then, solely one of chance. But to fairly discuss the consideration of Art pure and simple we are at the outset confronted with the fact of natural suitability—by which, let it be understood, is meant the physical and mental qualifications of the artist for the part or "line" he or she takes up. And yet actors have been known to speak disparagingly of a brother artist by remarking that he needed to be "suited" with a part—as if a painter would choose a widow of the "fat, fair, and forty" type to paint as an ideal of "Spring." But supposing the natural qualifications of the artist be such as to fit him or her for the part undertaken, success or the contrary will then assuredly prove a matter of Art—though how much so will be only known or even guessed at by the artists themselves. Experience, of course, is the cry of the professionals, forgetting, as they do, that without an inborn artistic instinct mere experience can prove but of little value. How often does it happen that men and women of "experience" in their profession are suddenly called upon to play a part they are unfitted for both by lack of natural qualifications and a sense of Art. Their "experience" has taught them to adopt the manners and art of their leaders, and in trying to reproduce what they choose to term "the tricks of the

profession" they ape-like imitate what they lack the skill of originating. Look at a landscape by Turner, and one is struck with the wondrous sense of space and air; examine it closely, and you can make out nothing but blurs and blots. The "experienced" actor who is not an artist reproduces the blurs and blots too faithfully, and then crudely wonders why his performance was not altogether the success his "experience" warranted him in hoping to obtain.

Experience, however, in the sense of opportunities of putting in practice the promptings of artistic instinct, is, of course, of the utmost value. What true painter would begin where Turner left off? And yet, in the theatrical profession, it is a common thing for a *débutante* to make her first appearance in such a *rôle* as Juliet before retiring to the provinces to gain her first experience. Why or wherefore this should be the case is hard to ascertain; but it is so, at all events. The value of "experience" in things dramatic is strongly insisted upon by theatrical managers, but, from the careless use of the word which obtains, Art is more often than not the term that should be used. For a case in point, the scene described as follows took place at the rehearsal of a new play. It was a drama of modern society, and towards the end of the third act the young lady who was playing the part of a confidential lady's-maid was listening to the confession of her mistress. The scene was a "strong" one; tears naturally evoked by the pathos of the "situation" seemed natural under the circumstances; but to my surprise the actress on making her exit was unable for some time to check her emotion. Her tears would flow, and she had scarcely time to recover before her next appearance in a bustling, busy scene; all her self-control was necessary to save her mistress by her ready wit. When the piece was produced the critics were unanimous in their recognition of the powerful and artistic rendering of this small but important part. In acting, as in all other arts, the strictest attention to detail and apparently minor matters is of the utmost importance, and though this is recognised and its observance duly regarded by the leaders of the profession, yet how often even in London theatres is the interest in the piece spoilt by the careless casting of one or more smaller parts. To the general public, perhaps, only a dim sense of incongruity is manifest; they are content to

receive with coldness scenes thus spoilt; they do not come to criticise but to enjoy, and so it is but the "critics" who perceive how often the success of a piece is so much secured by the good acting of one or more of the minor characters. "Good acting"—yes; a phrase so often used and yet so seldom analysed. To the theatrical manager it signifies the outcome of much "experience"; to the actor himself it is the result of natural gifts combined with the experience which has given him the opportunities of putting in practice theories suggested by his inborn instinct; and to the play-goer "good acting" is the utterance which rises to his lips as expressing both the cause and the effect produced upon himself by the artist's performance. To those without the profession it is often a matter of remark that actors and actresses should take so much pleasure in witnessing the performance of their brethren, and yet this simple fact is full of significance for those who recognise acting as a Fine Art. Horace sang of yore that Art is long and Life is short; the true artist is ever striving after the unattainable. How wondrous the mysteries of nature when analysed!—how still more subtly wonderful the workings of the soul!—and how great must be the Art that can express the soul's most hidden workings by gesture, glance, and voice!

Horace Bamfylde.

Vaudeville Theatre.

"Fideliter."

I WOULD not in your memory stay
Thro' all the swift and changeful day;
I would that you should oft forget,
But to remember—and regret.
Haply some melody divine
Your soul up-bears, recalls of mine
Perchance a strain; then if you will,
Think of me still.

When fickle Fame on you bestows
Her star-set coronal, when flows
The tide of favour to your feet,
Not then I'd offer homage sweet;
But in the hour when storm-clouds rise,
When you are lost and poor, when dies
All hope—then, dearest, I would share
Your griefs, your care.

Seas rush between us, but your soul
Once mirrored clear to mine, the whole
Of life now, and henceforth, will prove
Less difficult in its dull groove.
Darling, in your arms' sweet prison
I have dreamed, and thus could vision
Heaven's rapture so, now I can bear
All Fate may dare.

July, 1888. MARION ELLIS.

The Hare and Kendal Management at the St. James's.

THE severance of the partnership that had existed between Messrs. Hare and Kendal since 1879 at the St. James's Theatre, and the close of their joint lesseeship on July 21, 1888, was an occasion that will be memorable in dramatic annals. During the whole of the term they have done their utmost to provide plays that would not only amuse but would elevate the public taste, and their efforts have been so far successful that they have experienced but few failures, and those works that have been adapted from the French stage have invariably been made pure and wholesome. A retrospect, therefore, of the pieces produced by them in the nine years during which they held their sway at the St. James's will be, perhaps, of some value as a record. Those who attended the opening night of October 4, 1879, experienced a foretaste, from the manner in which the house itself had been redecorated and improved in appearance, of the elegance and lavish perfection with which the plays would be put upon the stage. Handsome rugs and Indian carpets, tapestried walls, a picture gallery containing examples of some of the best masters, etchings and engravings, an act-drop by John O'Connor, the subject "Crossing the Brook," all bore evidence of the sense of refinement that was to characterise the management; and one regulation was then instituted and rigorously maintained, "no fees" were allowed to be accepted by the attendants on any pretence, a small but most important factor when the comfort of an audience is considered. After the singing of the National Anthem by Mr. Charles Santley, the curtain drew up on the comedietta "Monsieur le Duc," written by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., in which Mr. Hare was the libertine Duc de Richelieu, who discovers his own daughter in Marguerite (Miss

Cissy Grahame), a young girl whom he meant to betray. Mr. William Terriss was the Count de la Roque. The *pièce de résistance* was "The Queen's Shilling," by G. W. Godfrey, founded on "Le Fils de Famille" of Bayard, of which there had been other adaptations. In this Mrs. Kendal was the Kate Greville; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Major Ironsides; Miss Kate Phillips, Jenny; Mr. Hare, Colonel Daunt; Mr. Kendal, Frank Maitland; Mr. W. Terriss, Jack Gambier; Mr. Mackintosh, Sam; Mr. T. E. Wenman, Sabretache. This piece, first produced in London at the Court, April 19 of the same year, proved so successful as to be several times revived. December 18, 1879, saw the production of "The Falcon," founded by Lord (then Mr. Alfred) Tennyson on a story in the Decameron of Boccaccio. Mr. Kendal was the Count Alberighi; Mrs. Kendal, Lady Giovanna. Marcus Stone, R.A., painted some exquisite scenery, and the costumes were extremely rich and archæologically correct. Mr. Kendal gained much credit for his singing of "Dead Mountain Flowers." This ran till March 6, 1880, when "Old Cronies," comedietta by Theyre Smith, took its place. Mr. Mackintosh was Dr. Jacks, and Mr. Wenman Captain Pigeon. From March 13 till May 22, 1880, Tom Taylor's "Still Waters Run Deep" held the boards. Mr. Hare played Potter; Mr. Kendal, John Mildmay; Mr. Terriss, Captain Hawksley; Miss Cissy Grahame, Mrs. Mildmay; and Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Sternhold (by many thought one of her greatest assumptions). On the latter date "The Queen's Shilling" was revived, and ran till June 17, when the "Ladies' Battle" was revived, with Mrs. Kendal as the Countess D'Autreval; Mr. Hare, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Chevalier, and Miss Cissy Grahame; with this was given "A Regular Fix," with Mr. Kendal as Sir Hugh de Brass. These two pieces were played till the close of the first season on July 10.

The theatre reopened on October 9, 1880, with "Old Cronies" and "William and Susan." The author, W. G. Wills, had written two new acts, but retained Douglas Jerrold's last act of "Black Eyed Susan" in its integrity, merely eliminating entirely from the play the comic element. Mr. Hare was the Admiral; Mr. J. H. Barnes, Captain Crosstree; Mr. Kendal, William (and sang "The Old Ship," by Walter Maynard);

Mr. T. E. Wenman, Truck; Mrs. Kendal, Susan; and Miss Kate Phillips, Polly. These constituted the bill till December 4, 1880, when "Good Fortune," adapted by C. F. Coghlan from Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre," was played, with Mr. Kendal as Charles Denis; Mr. John Clayton, Sir George Fallow; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Ransome; Mrs. Kendal, her daughter Isabel; Miss Somers, Miss Linda Dietz; Mr. Mackintosh, Gilbert; and Mrs. Stephens, Lady Banks; but the play only ran till January 7, 1881.

Then followed, on January 8, 1881, "The Money Spinner," by A. W. Pinero. The principals in the cast were as follows:—Mr. Kendal, Lord Kingussie; Mr. Hare, Baron Croodle (one of his most famous impersonations); Mr. Clayton, Harold Boycott; Mr. Mackintosh, in the cleverly acted but unsympathetic *rôle* of detective Jules Faubert; Mrs. Kendal, Millicent Boycott; Miss Kate Phillips, Dorinda Croodle; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Margot. With this was played Tom Taylor's "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," when Mrs. Kendal appeared for the first time in London as Ann Carew, and Mr. Kendal as Jasper Carew. During the run of "The Money Spinner," which continued till April 16, Mrs. Kendal was out of the cast from February 22 to March 12, owing to an accident she met with through a cab in which she was riding being overturned, her part during her absence being played by Miss Kate Pattison and Mrs. Gaston Murray. From April 18 till nearly the end of the following month "The Money Spinner" was alternated with "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. Kendal, Claude Melnotte; Mr. Hare, Colonel Damas; Mr. Wenman, Beauseant; Mr. Mackintosh, Glavis; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mme. Deschapelles; Miss Louise Moodie, Widow Melnotte; and Mrs. Kendal, Pauline.

"Coralie," a four-act play, adapted by G. W. Godfrey from M. Delpit's "Le Fils de Coralie," was played for the first time on May 28, 1881, and ran till the end of the season, Friday, July 15. The principals were—T. N. Wenman, Sir Jonas Meryon; J. Clayton, Hugh Kelson Derrick; Hare, Critchell; Kendal, Captain Mainwaring, V.C.; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Meryon; Miss Cowle, Mrs. Prattleton; Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Mabel Meryon.

It was originally intended to reopen on October 15, but in consequence of the indisposition of Mrs. Kendal the revival

of T. W. Robertson's comedy, "Home," was postponed till the 27th (taken from Emile Augier's "Aventurière"). In it Wenman played Dorrison; Kendal, Colonel White; Hare, Captain Mountraffe; T. W. Robertson, Bertie; Miss Kate Bishop, Dora; Miss M. Cathcart, Lucy; and Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Pinchbeck. This, with "The Cape Mail," adapted from the French "Jeanne qui pleure et Jeanne qui rit," made up the programme till December 27, except that on the 26th and 27th "Cousin Dick" was played.

"The Squire," by A. W. Pinero, and one of the most admired plays, was produced on Thursday, December 29, 1881. In it Mr. Hare made a wonderful impression as the Rev. Paul Dormer, the part of Lieutenant Thorndyke was exactly suited to Mr. Kendal, and Kate Verity fitted Mrs. Kendal like a glove. The cast altogether was extremely good, and included Wenman as Gilbert Hythe; Mackintosh, Gunnion (a marvellous performance); T. W. Robertson, Izod Haggerston; Miss Ada Murray, Christina Haggerston; and Miss Brereton, Felicity Gunnion. With this "Cousin Dick" made up the bill till March, when "Medusa," a one-act comedietta, written by Fred W. Hayes, replaced it. This and "The Squire" drew full houses till July 15, when the company started on their annual provincial tour. During this season a *matinée* was given in aid of "the persecuted Jews in Russia," when A. W. Pinero's "Daisy's Escape," "Good for Nothing," with Mrs. Bancroft as Nan, and "A Quiet Rubber," in which Miss Millward played Mary Sullivan at a few hours' notice, Mrs. Kendal's recital of Will Carleton's "Betsy and I are out," and Mr. Toole's "Trying a Magistrate," formed the programme.

The next production of note was B. C. Stephenson's five-act play "Impulse" (founded on "La Maison du Mari," of Xavier de Montepin), on Saturday, December 9, 1882, which ran uninterruptedly till July 20, 1883, when it was withdrawn in the full tide of success on account of the company's provincial engagements. Here Mrs. Kendal had a character in Mrs. Beresford in which she struck the happiest vein of comedy; nor was Mr. Kendal's Captain Crichton much inferior—his indescribable "Now you are, you know, you really are," to the handsome widow will ever be remembered. Miss Linda Dietz played Mrs. Macdonald; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kilmore;

Miss Cowle, Mrs. Birkett; A. Beaumont, Sir Henry Auckland; T. N. Wenman, Colonel Macdonald; Arthur Dacre, Victor de Riel. "Impulse" was resumed on September 17, 1883, with the following changes: Miss Ada Murray played Mrs. Birkett; Mr. J. Maclean, Sir Henry Auckland; Mr. Herbert Waring, Colonel Macdonald; and Mr. George Alexander, Victor de Riel. According to promise, the management produced on Saturday, October 20, 1883 "Young Folks' Ways," a four-act comedy founded by W. H. Gillette and Mrs. Burnett on the latter's story of "Esmeralda," under which title it was played in America, and by which name it was originally intended it should be known here. After a long absence, for Mr Hare had only given his aid in the production of "Impulse," the public were delighted to again welcome him, when he appeared as Old Rogers, Mrs. Kendal played Nora Desmond, and Mr. Kendal, Estabrook. The other characters were represented as follows: The Marquis, Brian Darley; Jack Desmond, J. Maclean; Dave Hardy, George Alexander; George Drew, Herbert Waring; Kate Desmond, Miss Linda Dietz; Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Hermann Vezin; and as Esmeralda, Miss Webster, a granddaughter of the late Benjamin Webster, who made a most promising *début*.

The piece played fifty nights, and was succeeded by a revival on December 20, 1883, of Palgrave Simpson's "Scrap of Paper" (an English version of Sardou's "Pattes de Mouche"). It was originally played at the St. James's, but was revived under Mr. Hare's management at the Court, March 11, 1876, and again on January 4, 1879, when the manager played Archie Hamilton, and Mr. Mackintosh Dr. Penguin. Now Mr. Hare may be said to have created a new Dr. Penguin, that for originality and artistic treatment was a triumph. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal resumed their former characters of Colonel Blake and Susan Hartley.

As a first piece on the same night was played the amusing comedietta entitled "A Case for Eviction," by Theyre Smith, in which Mr. G. Alexander appeared as Frank, Miss Linda Dietz as Dora, and Miss Whitty as Mary. These were of sufficient interest to draw till April 16, 1884.

"The Ironmaster," play in four acts, adapted from Georges Ohnet's drama "Le Maitre de Forges," by A. W. Pinero, was

produced on April 17, 1884. There was originally some idea of calling it "The Midnight Marriage." Unfortunately for the public there was no part in it for Mr. Hare, but the piece had the great benefit of his superintendence in its production. In this Henley was the Duc de Bligny; George Alexander, Octave Marquis de Beaupré; H. Waring, Baron de Préfont; Kendal, Philippe Derblay; Brandon, General de Pontac; J. F. Young, Moulinet; J. Maclean, Béchelin; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Marquise de Beaupré; Mrs. Kendal, Claire de Beaupré; Miss Vane, Athenaïs; Miss Webster, Susanne Derblay. On July 19 the theatre had to be closed for structural alterations, but re-opened on October 2, having been redecorated throughout. "The Ironmaster" still proved an attraction, and after a run of 200 nights was withdrawn on January 20, 1885. There were some changes in the cast. Charles Sugden was the Duc de Bligny, H. Waring now played the Marquis de Beaupré, and Brandon Thomas was the Baron de Préfont.

"As You Like It" was produced on January 24, 1885, and was specially noticeable for the magnificence of the dresses of the Charles VII. period, designed by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, and the beauty of the scenery—that in the Forest of Arden, with its real water, was specially commended. The principals in the cast were: J. F. Young, Duke; Joseph Tapley, Amiens; Hermann Vezin, Jacques; Kendal, Orlando; Maclean, Adam; Hare, Touchstone; Mrs. Kendal, Rosalind; Miss Linda Dietz, Celia; Miss Webster, Phœbe; Miss Lea, Audrey. Shakespeare did not prove as acceptable as modern comedy to a St. James's andience, and thus "As You Like It" came to an end on March 28, and on April 6, 1885, "A Quiet Rubber" and "The Queen's Shilling" were revived. On Thursday, June 11, "The Castaways," a duologue comedietta by Theyre Smith, with Mrs. Kendal as Lilian Selkirk and Mr. Kendal as Juan Larkspur, was produced for the first time, followed by the revival of "The Money Spinner," with nearly the original cast; the changes being that Harold Boycott was played by H. Waring and Dorinda Croodle by Miss Lydia Cowell. With these was played "The Goose with the Golden Eggs." The theatre closed on July 11. On October 31, 1885, A. W. Pinero's five-act comedy "Mayfair" was produced, which was an adaptation by him of Sardou's "Maison Neuve." Charles Cartwright was Lord

Sulgrave; C. Brookfield, Captain Marcus Jekyll; Hare, Nicholas Barrable; Kendal, Geoffrey Roydant; Maclean, Mr. Perricarp; Hendrie, Mr. Jowett; Mrs. Kendal, Agnes Roydant; Miss Webster, Edna; Miss Fanny Enson, Hilda Ray; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Priscilla; and Miss Linda Dietz, Louison. "Mayfair" proved too French in sentiment, and only ran two months, and was succeeded on January 4, 1886, by a revival of "Impulse." The only notable changes in the cast were that Charles Brookfield played Sir Henry Auckland, and Herbert Waring Colonel Macdonald; with this was played "A Bed of Roses."

"Antoinette Rigaud," three-act play, adapted by Ernest Warren from the French of Raymond Desclaudes, was produced for the first time on February 13, and played till May 21, 1886. Mrs. Kendal assumed the title *rôle* to perfection, Mr. John Hare gave one of his masterly sketches as the General de Prefond, and Mr. Kendal as Henri de Tourvel won the entire sympathies of his audience. The other principal characters were taken as follows:—Rigaud, Mr. J. H. Barnes; Paul Sannoy, Mr. Herbert Waring; Bernardet, Mr. Hendrie; Marie de Prefond, Miss Linda Dietz; Mdlle. Bernardet, Miss Webster; Mdme. Rochard, Miss Rose.

"The Wife's Sacrifice," an adaptation in five acts of the drama "Martyre," of MM. D'Ennery and Tarbé, by Sydney Grundy and Sutherland Edwards, was first played on May 25, 1886, but only ran six weeks, till the theatre closed on July 9th.

The re-opening on October 23, 1886, saw the first performance of "The Hobby Horse," a clever three-act comedy, by A. W. Pinero, in which Mr. Hare appeared as Mr. Spencer Jermyn, and Mrs. Kendal as the wife of that gentleman. Excellent representations of the several characters were given by Mr. Herbert Waring as the Rev. Noel Brice, Messrs. Mackintosh and Hendrie as Shattock and Pews, and Mr. Fuller Mellish as Tom Clark; Mrs. Gaston Murray as Mrs. Porcher, and Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree as Miss Moxon, were also admirable. "A Case for Eviction" made up the bill for 110 nights.

"Lady Clancarty," the drama by Tom Taylor, was revived on March 3, 1887, with an attention to dress and mounting that was perhaps never equalled. The assistance of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., was invoked to ensure the accuracy of the costumes of William III. and Mary, and an exact reproduction

of existing old tapestries, mantelpieces, and bureaus was given. Mr. Hare again gave up the opportunity of distinguishing himself as an actor, which he surely would have done as the King (though a better could have scarcely been found than in Mr. Mackintosh), and devoted all his time to the stage management, and with excellent results. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were respectively Lord and Lady Clancarty; Mr. H. Bedford, Scum Goodman; Mr. Webster, Lord Woodstock; Mr. H. Waring, Lord Charles Spencer; and Mr. Hendrie, Clink. Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree was a lively Lady Betty Noel, and Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mother Hunt. This piece ran until the summer vacation, and was again put in the bill on December 8, 1887, the only particular change in the cast being the substitution of Miss Blanche Horlock for Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree as Lady Betty Noel.

This year 1888 has been one of revivals of old favourites. On January 16 we had "A Scrap of Paper" and "Old Cronies," with, in the first named, in the more important characters, the same cast; but in the comedietta Mr. E. Hendrie capitally assumed the part of Captain Pigeon. Monday, April 9, saw the somewhat unaccountable revival of George W. Lovell's dull four-act play "The Wife's Secret," first played in New York by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and subsequently by them at the Haymarket in 1848. At the St. James's of course Mr. Kendal played Sir Walter Amyott, and Mrs. Kendal his wife Lady Eveline. Mr. Mackintosh worthily succeeded Mr. Benjamin Webster as Jabez Sneed, Mr. Lewis Waller was excellent as Lord Arden, and Miss Fanny Brough piquant as Maud. Should Mr. and Mrs. Kendal visit America, the piece may be a valuable addition to their *répertoire*, as it was liked there, but, though splendidly mounted, it did not prove a success, and on April 28 gave way to "The Ironmaster." There were several changes in the cast. Mr. Lewis Waller was the Duc de Bligny; Mr. H. Waring, Octave; Mr. E. Hendrie, Baron de Préfont; Mr. H. Kemble, Béchelin. Miss Fanny Brough was the Baronne de Préfont; Miss Rose Murray made a hit as Athenaïs; Miss B. Horlock as Susanne Derblay. June 16 saw the last of the revivals—that of "The Squire." Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare resumed their former characters; Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Hendrie were very clever

as Gunnion and Robjohns; Miss Blanche Horlock an ingenuous Felicity; Mr. Herbert Waring was Gilbert Hythe; and Miss Rose Murray and Mr. Charles Burleigh, Christina and Izod Haggerston. During their tenancy of the St. James's, Messrs. Hare and Kendal produced twenty-one plays. Seven were accepted as purely from English sources, eight were taken from the French, and five were revivals.

The Hare and Kendal management was specially distinguished for the exquisite taste and judgment bestowed on the interiors, and the perfection of the dresses and scenery. It really became a question whether there was not almost too much thought devoted to the mounting of a play, which frequently formed so attractive a picture as to detract from the attention that should have been bestowed upon the acting. Playgoers will remember scenes in "Impulse," "A Scrap of Paper," "As You Like It," "Lady Clancarty," &c., which rendered it impossible for a time to concentrate the mind upon the actors and the play itself.

As among the annals of the St. James's Theatre, it should be mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were summoned to Osborne, and gave a performance before Her Majesty. They played Charles Cashmore and Florence Marigold in "Uncle's Will," with Mr. R. Cathcart as Mr. Barker; and Harry Spreadbrow and Jenny Northcote with Mr. R. Cathcart as Wilcox in "Sweethearts." In recognition of her talent, and the esteem in which she is held, Mrs. Kendal was presented by Her Majesty with a valuable ruby and diamond ornament.

Though not absolutely coming under the Hare and Kendal management, it should perhaps be mentioned that the St. James's Theatre was occupied for a few days last year by Mrs. C. Marsham Rae, who produced "The Witch" November 5 and "Evadne" November 19.

The last performance of "The Squire" was a brilliant one before a brilliant audience, the cheers that greeted Mr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were enthusiastic, and the bouquets and baskets of flowers presented to the latter exquisite and numerous. It was only natural that a few words should be expected from the lessees, and these were so well chosen and appropriate that they are quoted. Mr. Hare said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I had hoped that in your kindness you might have spared me making a speech on this, to me, most trying occasion, but your cordial demonstration leaves me no loophole to escape from addressing a few remarks to you on this the last night of my joint management of the St. James's Theatre. I speak for myself now alone, and I am sure my friend Mr. Kendal will follow me and express his own feelings on the subject. It has often occurred to me that it must be a most painful thing for an author to write the word "Finis" at the end of a work which has cost much loving thought and toil. I myself as a reader have often felt deep regret at coming to the end of that which has stimulated my imagination and aroused my sympathies and touched my sense of humour. I can safely say that, as a manager, to close this important chapter of my theatrical life is to me a source of both sorrow and regret; and, although it would be a presumption in me to hope that you as readers have been influenced by such feelings as I have described, I still may flatter myself that in recalling the record of the past nine years of management that I have shared with my friend Mr. Kendal there may be some bright spots that your memories may linger upon with satisfaction and approval. (Cheers.) Be that as it may, we have done our best. (A Voice: "And have done it well.") We have done our best inasmuch as, whilst fighting to live amidst a keen and vigorous competition, we have endeavoured not to forget the advancement of our art in the more sordid care of theatrical management. It has been argued to our prejudice that we have favoured too much the production of foreign authors; but I would ask you to remember that in the matter of plays the demand has ever been greater than the supply, and that the history of the English stage for many years has proved it to be incapable of being entirely independent of foreign work; and surely it would be as unjust, ungenerous, and narrow-minded to endeavour to limit the attention of English audiences to works of their only playwrights as it would be to forbid the sale of works of fiction and fact that have originated in the brains of distinguished foreigners. I can safely say, however, that to English we have always turned first for the dramatic fare that we have placed before you—(cheers)—and although our resources have been narrowed from the fact that our school and our method is essentially a modern one, we have been able to present to you many English comedies, and have had the privilege of introducing to you in his more serious aspect one of the most distinguished of our modern playwrights, Mr. Arthur W. Pinero. That we have not done more has been our misfortune, I would like to think not altogether our fault. Be that as it may we owe a deep debt of gratitude to you our public for the support and encouragement you have given us when we have deserved it, your consideration and indulgence when we have failed to satisfy the demands you made upon us. For both I thank you. I must also publicly thank the partner whose loyal aid and help I have enjoyed for so many years, Mrs. Kendal, whose talents have shed lustre upon and given vitality to so many of our productions, also a company, many of whom I am proud to count as friends of old standing, and devoted staff of officials and servants for being in a position at this present—of hoping I may enjoy some portion of your confidence and regard in the future.

Mr. Kendal said:

It is perhaps somewhat singular that the first time I should have to speak from these footlights words not set down for me by my author should be in taking farewell of you and of the St. James's Theatre under its present management. For Mrs. Kendal and for myself I most cordially

and gratefully endorse all that my friend Mr. Hare has just said in acknowledgment of the great indulgence and the most generous support which we have received at your hands during our tenancy of this theatre. We have had more successes and fewer failures than fall to the lot of average managers. (Cheers.) It would be an affectation on my part were I to be restrained by any unworthy bashfulness from declaring that for our successes we are principally indebted to Mrs. Kendal. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) With Mrs. Kendal we have done what we have done; without her, we could, indeed, have done but little. (Cheers.) No one, I am sure, will more sincerely endorse this avowal than my late partner, to whose uninterrupted friendship, hearty loyalty, and generous co-operation during our entire connection I now most gladly bear testimony. (Cheers.) Next to Mrs. Kendal we are indebted to the zealous assistance and unsparing efforts of our entire company and staff, who, without exception, have done their utmost in aiding us to earn the commendation so liberally accorded by our critics, to whom we gratefully admit our obligations. One of the kindest and yet keenest of our critics has said that the partnership now terminated has been productive of much interesting and memorable work. If we have done this I may frankly say we have realised our highest ambition. In closing a connection of such long duration, and parting from our company, our partner, and the theatre which has been so many years our home, we have but words of heartfelt gratitude for the past and confident hope for the future. (Cheers.) Mr. Hare's projects are already before the public, for the complete success of which he has our most cordial good wishes. For ourselves, Mrs. Kendal and I will shortly proceed on our usual provincial tour, during the course of which we shall produce a new and original play by Mr. A. W. Pinero, and which we trust we shall in due season have the pleasure of presenting in London. There are most tempting proposals coming to us from across the Atlantic, to which we shall in all probability give an attentive ear next autumn, and there are other plans not yet developed, all, however, tending to a continuance of the connection which has so long and so happily subsisted between us and the patrons of the play. (Cheers.) And now, ladies and gentlemen, the time has come to say, in this place, Farewell. We separate from our recent associations with no inconsiderable pain. Ties such as we have maintained with the St. James's Theatre through all these years are not broken without regret. We go each our way, with no shadow of rivalry save the worthy rivalry of striving each for himself and herself to earn a continuance of your favour, and to sustain the honour of our profession. (Loud cheers.)

Not the least pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. John Huy, the acting manager, of a valuable diamond horseshoe pin as an acknowledgment of regard after fourteen years of most efficient and faithful service.

C. H.

Our Play-Box.

"THE STILL ALARM."

Romantic Comedy-Drama in four acts, by JOSEPH ARTHUR.

First produced in England at the Princess's Theatre, Thursday, August 2nd, 1888.

Jack Manley	Mr. HARRY LACY.	Jenkins	Mr. HENRY DE SOLLA.
John Bird (alias Gorman)	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Nozzle	Mr. T. C. DWYER.
Willie Manley	Mr. HARRY NICHOLS.	Messenger Boy	Master R. WARTON.
Doc Wilbur	Mr. HARRY PARKER.	Elinore Fordham	Miss MARY RORKE.
Franklin Fordham	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Carrie Wilbur	Miss FANNY LESLIE.
Joseph Jones	Mr. FRANK WRIGHT.	Mrs. Manley	Miss CICELY RICHARDS.
		Maid	Miss INA BARNARD.

What is merely old—like last year's fashion—may be considered old-fashioned and out of date, but what is very old is often a novelty. In recent stage performances we have now the old wine in new bottles, rather than the new wine in old bottles. It would really seem that we are going back to melodramas of an old stale type, such as used to be the staple of much merriment when given at "The Vic.," and, in truth, the brave 'Icks would at the present moment be quite at home in "The Union Jack" at the Adelphi. "The Pointsman" and this "Still Alarm" are also pieces of this virtue-triumphant and vice-repulsed kind. It furnishes grave misgivings to find this reaction in the direction of earthiness, and there was reason to hope that ridicule and tedium—the sense of monotonous repetition—had disposed of the hansom cabs, canal locks, houses on fire, railway trains, and other "triumphs of realism."

But here they are once again, reviving and apparently full of energy, and thus are we sorely tried with a real "steamer" and the white horses, and the dog *e tutti quanti.* The play itself is of the pure transpontine cast, very much *à la* Pettit *cum* Merritt *et* Sims.

It is curious that we should have reached to such an earthy level that the representation, not of a mechanical action itself, but of the mere preparations for a mechanical action, should be accounted worthy of dramatic representation. Thus we have here, not a fire engine at its work, but the harnessing of the horses to the engine, the hurried dressing of the firemen, &c. A real fire engine, of the correct model, has been imported from New York. So also have been the horses, and also the ingenious mechanism for fitting on the harness. All this is interesting and excellent in its way; but would be more appropriate as the subject of a lecture, say, at the Society of Arts.

As for the play, which is ingeniously fitted on—as the harness is on the horses—it is certainly not "the thing," as Hamlet puts it: no more than was Mr. Nickleby's play the thing, which was "written up" and down to the pump and washing tubs. After all, it may be doubted if this line will be found profitable, or productive of more than a vacant stare. Were a fire engine exhibited going to work, it may be doubted if people would pay sums from half-a-guinea to a shilling to see it.

"MARINA."

New Play, in four acts, written by JOHN COLEMAN, and founded on Mr. Archibald Gunter's story "Mr. Barnes of New York."

First produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Saturday, August 4, 1888.

Mr. Barnes of New York	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Andre de Bellock ..	Mr. HAROLD MAXWELL.
George Anstruther ..	Mr. FRED TERRY.	Lady Charteris ..	Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
Gerard Anstruther .. (Twin Brothers)		Enid Anstruther ..	Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE.
Charlie Phillips	Mr. JAMES EAST.	Maud Charteris ..	Miss ENID LESLIE.
		Maid	Miss LISA LEONARDS.

CORSICANS.

Marie Matteo	Miss VYSE.	Tomasso Monaldini .	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.
The Count Danella ..	Mr. E. D. WARD.	Marina Paoli	Miss SOPHIE EYRE.
Antonio Paoli	Mr. GLEN WYNN.		

This story of "Mr. Barnes" has been already treated by another adapter; and the present version, brought out by Miss Sophie Eyre, differs little from its predecessor. This actress, who is popular, and has been credited by her friends with the possession of good histrionic gifts, to be revealed when the fitting occasion arrived, has, on this occasion, quite justified these previsions; for her performance of the Corsican woman is really a remarkably powerful, varied, and highly dramatic one. It is only rarely that we are treated to these surprises, and

Mr. Glen Wynn (Antonio) & Miss Sophie Eyre - Act I

find ourselves on the following day recurring to the scene of the night before, having been powerfully impressed—*i.e.*, stamped as by a seal—by the vigorous and dramatic strokes of the performer. Miss Eyre is an actress; that is to say, she goes beyond the mere hackneyed tricks and devices of the scene; she has taken the trouble to study and work out the character of a vengeful Italian, and has marked the alternations of such a nature—the gusts of love and hatred, the fitful smiling and forgetfulness of purpose, the distrust shown in the darkening frown, without utterance. This shiftiness and irresolution is one of the arts of real acting, for characters are not logical throughout and cast-iron, as it were; we are all changeable and halt in purpose. All who witnessed this performance must have had but one opinion—that here was power and resource

exhibited without exaggeration and with due reserve; exciting interest and leaving a very pleasing recollection.

She was well supported by Mr. Ward, who showed also the same judicious reserve; for one is rather wearied of the swarthy eye-rolling Italian who has a "vendetta." Mr. Ward was a gentlemanly being, with

a firm, steadfast purpose, but unexaggerated. Mr. "Fred" Terry (*sic* in bill) is a pleasing actor, with much of his gifted sister's talent, but he is developing a somewhat too artificial style of declamation. He might, moreover, subdue and attune his voice to more dulcet and insinuating measures.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

Robert Louis Stevenson's story, dramatised in four acts (by permission), by T. RUSSELL SULLIVAN.
First produced in England at the Lyceum, Saturday, August 4, 1888.

Dr. Jekyll / Mr. Hyde	Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.	Inspector Newcomen	Mr. CROMPTON.
Dr. Lanyon	Mr. HARKINS.	Jarvis	Mr. VIVIAN.
Gabriel Utterson	Mr. SULLIVAN.	Mrs. Lanyon	Mrs. HARKINS.
General Sir Danvers Carew	MR. HOLLAND.	Rebecca Moor	Miss SHERIDAN.
Poole	Mr. BURROWS.	Agnes Carew	Miss BEATRICE CAMERON.

No one who has seen Mr. Sullivan's version of R. L. Stevenson's weird story will for a moment speak of it as making a good play—in fact it

would have been almost impossible out of the material at command to produce an effective drama; but it serves its purpose, as introducing to us in the dual *rôle* Mr. Richard Mansfield, who some few years ago left England when just beginning to make a name. His sojourn in America has been a fortunate one for him—he had earned a fair reputation in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and in character parts, until at length he made his distinctive mark, first in Boston and then in New York, in the play now before us. For those who have not read the book I will, as briefly as I can, give its outlines. Dr. Jekyll is a chemist of no mean ability, who has discovered a drug by means of which he can at will change himself into another form, that of Mr. Hyde, but this form that he has learnt to create

is a horrible nameless thing—hideous to a degree, unlike anything human, and with the worst instincts of a fiend. It revels in debauchery and murder. In order that there may be a love element (which is wanting in the story), the adapter has made Jekyll a young man in love with Agnes Carew. He has just parted with his betrothed, who is talking to her father, General Sir Danvers Carew, when an awful creature peers through the window and presently enters; the old General tells his daughter to retire, and is trying to drive the monster out, when it springs at his throat, and with the snarl and ferocity of a wild beast it twines its claw-like fingers round his neck, bears him to the ground and strangles him. In the next act we see Hyde in his lodgings in Soho, hunted by the police and in bodily fear, but

when he fancies himself free from pursuit, exulting in the crime he has committed.

The third act takes place in Dr. Lanyon's house; Jekyll's home is being watched, as his double is known to be a constant visitor. Unable to return to it for fear of capture, he writes to his old friend Lanyon begging of him to have fetched from his (Jekyll's) laboratory a drawer containing certain drugs, and to deliver them up to one who will call for them. At midnight Hyde presents himself, and rushes like a famished creature does for food at the drawer—he asks for a graduated glass, and proceeds to compose a certain potion, and then taunts Lanyon with having been a disbeliever in Jekyll's scientific researches, and asks him to let him go with the draught. Lanyon, however, determines to see the end,

and Hyde drinks; after but a momentary apparent convulsion, there, in the presence of the audience, without leaving the stage or any concealment, the ghoul-like creature has disappeared, and Dr. Jekyll, gentle, manly, and polished, stands in his stead. The close of this strange story is powerful—Jekyll has lost the power of controlling his own identity, he is at any moment liable to return to the form of Hyde and all his horrible instincts. Knowing this he has determined to destroy himself, but he wishes to look once more upon Agnes Carew; he implores Lanyon to walk with her beneath his window. As he gazes at her he is seized with the involuntary transformation into his other self, but, as it takes place, he has sufficient of

Jekyll's nature left within him to swallow the poison he has prepared, and as his friends burst in the door he falls a writhing, huddled mass in the centre of the room. With the view of making the contrast between the two beings the greater perhaps, Mr. Mansfield represented Dr. Jekyll as a melancholy lover, oppressed with the knowledge of the fate that he has brought upon himself by diving into the mysteries of the unseen world. As a lover he certainly did not shine, but once the transformation took place, he fairly appalled his audience as the horrible creature he had conjured up before them; there was something so utterly vampire-like and "uncanny" in its appearance—the tones of the voice were those of no human being—the ferocity and blood-lust were those of a beast of prey; and the effect produced was all the greater that it was so sudden and compassed by no mechanical means or leaving the stage.

The last act gave the actor the greatest scope for the display of real talent. The struggle that goes on within him, his frenzied appeals to the large mirror to see whether the awful change is yet taking place, his longing to see once more in his own proper self the pure young creature who has given him her heart, were certainly triumphs of imaginative and dramatic power.

The other characters in the drama have but little field for display of talent, but the parts were ably filled. Miss Beatrice Cameron was a sympathetic Agnes Carew; and Miss Sheridan gave a powerful reading of Rebecca Moor, a miserly hag, who betrays Hyde out of revenge for his having destroyed, with a fiendish delight, some bank notes that had been given her. Mr. Crompton as Inspector Newcomen, the detective, and Mr. Burrows as Poole, Dr. Jekyll's servant, invested their characters with distinctive and clever originality. Mr. Mansfield was very cordially received, and thoroughly deserved the unanimous call bestowed on him.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

Mr. DANIEL E. BANDMANN'S version, in four acts, of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's story.
First produced in England at the Opera Comique, Monday, August 6, 1888.

Dr. Henry Jekyll / Mr. Edward Hyde	Mr. DANIEL E. BANDMANN.
J. J. Utterson ..	Mr. G. HERBERT LEONARD.
Rev. William Howell	Mr. SYDNEY PRICE.
Dr. Lanyon	Mr. HENRY LORAINE.
Inspector Newcomen..	Mr. ALLEN THOMAS.
Poole	Mr. STANISLAUS CALHAEM.
Guest	Mr. ALBERT BERNARD.
O'Brien	Mr. EARDLEY TURNER.
Fielding..	Mr. FRANK GARNET.
James	Mr. HENRY BAYNTUN.
Bradshaw	Mr. JAMES S. R. PAGE.
George	Mr. A. WILLIAMS.
William	Mr. GEORGE ELLISTON.
Little Willie.. ..	Master BURTON.
Eddie	Master LILLY.
Frank	Master HORTON.
Johnnie	Master CATES.
Sarah	Miss EMILY STAFFORD.
Maria	Miss MURIEL DALE.
Mrs. Viley	Miss ADA NEILSON.
Lillian Utterson ..	Miss LILIAN SECCOMBE.
Sybil	Miss LOUISE BEAUDET.

It is of course impossible to say whether Mr. Bandmann's version which he is said to have played in America is a good one; there can be but one verdict as to the version produced here—that it was bad. Only in the first and last acts was there any dramatic interest. The adapter has made Dr. Jekyll in love with Sybil Howell, the daughter of a clergyman who is murdered by Hyde in presence of the audience. The principal incidents of the story are very closely followed, but in doing so there are introduced comic scenes, such as are witnessed only at pantomime time; and

of the large cast—which is given in its entirety for the sake of reference—ten of the *dramatis personæ* could be absolutely done away with, as they consist only of choir boys and servants, who help to make the play ridiculous. Mr. Bandmann's Dr. Jekyll was a canting, sanctimonious humbug of Pecksniffian appearance; his Mr. Hyde a malevolent dwarf-like creature with large teeth, that was ridiculous from its monkey-like tricks, which only produced laughter and derision where they should have inspired terror.

Miss Louise Beaudet, the heroine Sybil, though very pretty, was unsatisfactory from her stagy and artificial style of acting. Miss Ada Neilson exhibited power as the lodging-house keeper, Mrs. Viley, and Mr. Stanislaus Calhaem was very good as Poole, the doctor's servant. Mr. G. Herbert Leonard, Mr. Sydney Price, and Mr. Henry Loraine did all that was possible with their thankless parts. The one thoroughly bright spot in the whole performance was the acting of Miss Lilian Seccombe as Lillian Utterson, which was charmingly fresh and natural.

I must give Mr. Bandmann the credit of having mounted his play handsomely; the first scene in particular, representing the garden of the vicarage and the adjoinining church, formed an excellent set.

The piece was withdrawn after the second performance, pending a legal decision as to infringement of Messrs. Longman's rights.

"POLLY'S VENTURE."

Domestic Comedy, in one act, by MALCOLM WATSON.
First produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Friday, August 9, 1888.

Sir Jabez Merton ..	Mr. HENRY MAXWELL.	Polly Prentice	Miss C. ELWORTHY.
Frank Merton	Mr. GLEN WYNN.	Chris Hazeldene	Miss ENID LESLIE.
Reuben Gale	Mr. J. EAST.		

A considerable amount of worldly knowledge may be gained by constant attendance at the Surrey Theatre—at least we gather as much from Polly Prentice, in Mr. Malcolm Watson's pleasantly-written piece. The young lady has settled down as a village milliner, and, having a sneaking affection for Reuben Gale, is much interested in the love affair of his niece, Chris Hazeldene, who has given her heart to Frank Merton in return for his. The father, Sir Jabez, however, disapproves of a marriage between his son and heir and his gamekeeper's relative, and so forbids the banns altogether. Polly Prentice sets her wits to work, and, from her remembrance of transpontine drama, makes the proud baronet believe that she holds certain letters of his, written to his lawyer and her former master, which refer to matters that Sir Jabez would not like to be generally talked about. The price of their surrender is his consent to the marriage, which once obtained the supposed incriminating documents are given up, and Sir Jabez has the satisfaction of learning that he has been befooled, as they are only some yellow old love letters written to Reuben's grandmother. Miss C. Elworthy gave a decidedly clever rendering of Polly Prentice, and carried the little piece along briskly. Mr. Henry Maxwell was a sufficiently cantankerous Sir Jabez, and Miss Enid Leslie a pretty and bright Chris Hazeldene. The little comedy was received with every mark of approval.

"UNCLES AND AUNTS.'

Farcical Comedy, in three acts, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD.

First produced at the Comedy Theatre, Wednesday, August 22, 1888.

Zedekiah Aspen ..	Mr. W. S. PENLEY.	Mary Marley	Miss VANE FEATHERSTONE.
Reginald Rawlins ..	Mr. WILFRID DRAYCOTT.	Nelly Marley	Miss CISSY GRAHAME.
Henry Rawlins ..	Mr. W. LESTOCQ.	Mrs. Wade	Miss CAROLINE ELTON
Fred Cureton	Mr. WALTER EVERARD.	Miss Rawlins	Miss MARIA DALY.
Robert Rawlins .	Mr. CHARLES GROVES.	Jane	Miss KATIE LEE.
Bates	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.		

Those who go to Mr. Hawtrey's theatre in the expectation of seeing what is now generally understood by "farcical comedy" will be, perhaps, disappointed, for there is none of the tumbling over the chairs, hiding in cupboards, or rough and tumble element, but a smartly written play which might justly be termed "comic" comedy, as the laughable incidents which are strung together might occur in any family. Mary Marley is a young lady who has engaged herself to Reginald Rawlins in defiance of her father, who wishes her to marry Zedekiah Aspen, while her sweetheart is intended by his uncle, Henry Rawlins, for an aged but wealthy spinster. Zedekiah, a quaint little old bachelor, comes to woo, and Mary hits on a bright idea—she pretends to favour his advances on the condition that he shall pass himself off as the obnoxious uncle, and give his consent to the marriage of Reginald, who, he is told, is a suitor of Nelly Marley's. Just when Zedekiah has done all this, he is terribly disconcerted by the appearance on the scene of a former flame of his in the person of Miss Aurora Rawlins. In the next act the girls go to the Rawlins's house, where the two brothers live together, and coming on Robert, a jovial fellow, they take him for the Simon Pure who controls their destinies, and he, to make them happy, consents to the union. So that when in the third act Henry Rawlins, the tyrant uncle, appears at Mrs. Wade's house, where the Marley girls are staying with their aunts, she takes him first for an uncle of Fred Cureton's, who is expected home from Australia, and because he does not recognise his nephew is looked upon as an impostor by everybody, till Robert Rawlins comes in and clears up the whole misunderstanding. In the telling the plot appears intricate, but it is wonderfully clearly worked out by the authors, who may be complimented on crisp, smart dialogue, and an amusing game of cross purposes. Mr. Penley plays Zedekiah inimitably, and keeps the audience convulsed. He appears as a little weazen old man, with a "jasey" wig, under which peep forth his grey hairs; spectacles on nose, and with a white-figured satin waistcoat and frilled shirt, he presents the most comical appearance. On him falls the burden of the play, and when he is on the stage laughter is loud and continuous. The authors have contented themselves with small parts, which they act well. Miss Vane Featherstone is particularly arch and clever as Mary Marley, and Miss Cissy Grahame bright and fascinating as Nelly. Mr. Charles Groves is a thoroughly jolly dog as Robert Rawlins, and breathes a very air of good-humour and lightheartedness. Miss Caroline Elton was a dear old lady as Mrs. Wade, and Miss Katie Lee a very bewitching little maid as Jane.

CECIL HOWARD.

Our Omnibus-Box.

On Monday, July 30, we saw Madame Bernhardt in "Françillon," a play in which the author, M. Alexandre Dumas fils, gives us some most brilliant dialogue but most repulsive doctrine. His argument apparently is to prove that a woman whose husband is faithless is justified in sinning as he has done. With this view he makes Francine de Riverolles, his heroine, inform her husband that should he break his marriage vows she will at once take to herself a lover. Suspecting him, she follows him to a masked ball at the opera, and finding that he leaves it with a female companion for a café, she accepts the attentions of a stranger who admires her, and sups with him in the next cabinet to that in which are her husband and the *demi mondaine*, and the next day informs not only her husband but his and her intimates that she has carried out her threat. Her bosom friend will not believe her guilty, and so by a ruse makes Françillon (for by that name is the wife known) confess that in her anger she has been imprudent but nothing more. When originally produced at the Theatre Français, January 17 of last year, Madame Bartet played the title *rôle* with great success. The character is one of a woman of strong passions adoring her husband, and who, in revenge for the slight put upon her, might be goaded to almost any depth of madness. All this Madame Bernhardt represented with her accustomed power and skill; the cold mocking horror of her confession was almost repulsive in its reality, but she failed to enlist all the sympathy she might have done by showing us the more womanly and loving side of her nature. Still, it was a great performance, and must be added to the catalogue of her successes. How such a woman, however, could have given her affection to such an utterly debased creature as Lucien de Riverolles is made to be is difficult to understand—his contemptible defence of his so-called honour was so wofully out of place in one caught redhanded in his infidelity. The part was fairly well played by M. Pierre Berton, but there was no other character that called for particular notice except that of Stanislas de Grandredon, a cynical friend of the family, most excellently filled by M. Dumeny.—On August 1, Madame Bernhardt appeared as Fedora, and on the 2nd, with M. Damala as Armand Duval, in "La Dame aux Camélias." This performance brought the season to a close, but M. Mayer promises us a fresh series at the Royalty Theatre in October, with M. Lafontaine in "L'Abbe Constantin."

The following particulars relative to the Shaftesbury Theatre now being erected for Miss Wallis in Shaftesbury Avenue will probably be read with

interest:—The designs of the theatre have been prepared by Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A., and received the approval of the Metropolitan Board of Works at the end of November last, since which time active building operations have been going on. The theatre stands entirely isolated, has a frontage towards Shaftesbury Avenue of 77 feet, and frontages to Greek Street and Nassau Street of 133 feet. Gerrard Street bounds the site towards the south. It will be a theatre of three tiers, the dress circle, or first tier, being only a few steps above the entrance vestibule in the frontage. The façade towards Shaftesbury Avenue has three doorways leading to the dress circle and two to the stalls. In Greek Street and Nassau Street are entrances to pit, upper circle, and gallery duplicated, three entrances and exits in either street. The Royal entrance is in Greek Street, and the proprietor's entrance in Nassau Street, forming two additional exits from the dress-circle level just behind the private boxes. It will be thus seen that the audience have thirteen exits into three streets. The frontage, which is Italian in style, has a covered loggia on the first floor (upper-circle level), with a wide balcony opening out from the refreshment-room and forming a promenade and an additional escape into the open air, only about 10 feet above the street. Above this loggia, on the gallery level, is another balcony, with means of egress from the top platform of the gallery. There are also in each side street iron balconies, with means of exit from each upper floor above them. The stage, which is 65 feet wide by 45 feet deep, is situate at the back of the block, opening on a level with Gerrard Street, with five openings as exits directly into three streets on the level. It has a height of some 54 feet to the gridiron. The dimensions of the auditory are as follows:—

	ft.	in.
Curtain to front of dress-circle	35	0
,, ,, upper-circle	40	8
,, ,, gallery	44	6
,, back of pit	58	4
,, back of stage	45	0
Width of stage opening	30	0
Height ,, ,,	27	0
Centre of pit floor to ceiling	47	0

Every division of the audience is surrounded by a brick enclosing wall opening out into corridor 6 feet wide. All the corridors, staircases, and the framework of the several tiers are constructed of Portland cement concrete and iron; the vestibules and principal corridors being finished in marble mosaic. The several tiers will have wood floors fixed down tight into the cement concrete, it being quite as fire-resisting, and much more comfortable to persons sitting than on the cold concrete floors, however much they may be covered with carpet or matting. The mezzanine floor, the fly floors, and the dressing-room floors are all also of concrete. There will be a fire-resisting iron curtain, worked by hydraulic power, to separate the stage from the auditory. The number of seats provided is as follows:—

In the stalls	128
„ pit	500
„ dress-circle	180
„ upper-circle	250
„ gallery	600
„ private boxes	50
Making a total	1,708

The ornamentation of the interior will be Italian Renaissance in style, the colour of the hangings and upholstery not being as yet finally decided upon. The theatre will be quite completed by about the beginning of October, when it will open with an elaborate revival of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Miss Wallis will sustain the character of Rosalind, and there will be included in the cast Mrs. Edward Saker, Miss Kate Fayne, Messrs. Forbes Robertson, W. Mackintosh, Arthur Stirling, J. R. Crawford, Sydney Harcourt, W. H. Stephens, J. C. Buckstone, Charles Cooper, Matthew Brodie, Allen Thomas, &c. Mr. Seymour Jackson and a chorus of 60 voices will do justice to the incidental music. The scenery is being painted by Mr. H. Emden, W. Telbin, and assistants, and the costumes, which are being designed by a well-known R.A., will be faithful reproductions from those in rare tapestries of the period selected. Mr. J. C. Smith, for many years stage manager of the T.R., Birmingham, will have sole control of the stage, and Mr. W. H. Griffiths will look after the comfort of those in front of the house.

"Echoes from the Pit" has produced the following letter, which is certainly worth printing :—

"Eastbourne, August 1.

"Dear Sir,—Will you allow me to add to your 'Echoes from the Pit' an echo from the gallery, or rather the amphitheatre, for it was at Her Majesty's that I heard the following remarks :—

"It was in the days when Titiens was singing, one evening at a performance of 'Norma,' I was sitting behind two dear old ladies, who took the deepest interest in all that went on, though they much lamented their inability to 'hear the words.' Their speculations as to the meaning of the various scenes had much amused me, but the crowning point arrived at the end of the act when Norma discovers the faithlessness of Pollio. I think it was Madame Valleria who was the Adalgisa of the night, in any case it was some lady who was far smaller and younger than Titiens. When Norma turned on Pollio with the celebrated 'Oh non tremare! oh perfido!' delivered with all the fire of the great *prima donna*, one of my old ladies turned to the other, and exclaimed, '*Now*, I've got it, my dear, 'e must be that little gal's young man, and she's been a telling 'er ma about 'im, and the old gal won't 'ave 'im at any price, and, lor, 'aint 'e a getting it 'ot, that's all!'

"Your obedient servant,

"Gallery."

MISS EDITH WOODWORTH.

"Give me your favour."

MACBETH, Act I., Sc. 3.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY FARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

"David Garrick" reached its 376th performance on Friday, August 10, and Mr. Charles Wyndham bid a temporary farewell to London audiences in order to fill provincial engagements, but announced that he should reproduce the piece in which he has achieved a European success on his return to town. During his absence our old friend "Betsy" was to occupy the Criterion, and accordingly on Saturday, the 11th, she made her re-appearance in the person of her original representative, Miss Lottie Venne, who again inimitably played the pert and inquisitive waiting-maid. There are, unhappily, two of the original cast that we can never see again, Mr. W. J. Hill and Mr. Lytton Sothern. Mr. William Blakeley, however, with his dry humour, well filled the *rôle* of Mr. Alexander Birkett, and if Mr. A. Boucicault looked rather juvenile for Adolphus he plays the part of the spoilt and fondled object of a mother's love with a tact and judgment that would hardly be expected in so young an actor. Mr. Alfred Maltby as the sleek dissipated tutor Sam Dawson, Mr. Herbert Standing as Capt. Redmond McManus, and Mr. George Giddens as Richard Talbot, repeat their successes of 1879, when the piece was originally produced. Miss Fanny Robertson now appears most capably as the doting mother, Mrs. Birkett, in lieu of Mrs. Stephens, and Miss Fanny Moore, with a bewitching brogue, replaced Miss Mary Rorke as Mrs. McManus. Miss Rose Saker is Madame Polenta, and Miss Ella Terriss, Nellie Bassett, and both are seen to advantage, as is also Miss Edith Penrose as Grace Peyton. Mr. Burnand's clever adaptation is as cleverly played, and keeps the house in roars of laughter. Capitally as the piece went, however, Charles Mathews's comedietta "The Dowager," which preceded it on the same evening, was quite as successful, thanks to the light and airy manner in which Mr. Herbert Standing played the author's original part of Lord Alfred Lindsay, and the bright and piquant assumption of Madame Vestris's character of the Dowager Countess of Tresilian by Miss Rose Saker. Mr. Edward Emery, save for that restlessness which he appears unable to get rid of, was good as Sir Frederick Chasemore; Mr. Cecil Crofton was excellent as the bashful, hesitating Edgar Beauchamp; Miss Fanny Moore, a charming Lady Bloomer; and pretty Miss Ella Terriss unaffected and natural as Margaret. The cast indeed was all that could be desired, and that the public was grateful to Mr. Wyndham for the programme he had arranged for their amusement during his absence was testified by the hearty and unanimous call for him, as well as for those who had so efficiently filled their several parts during the evening.

In aid of her "Buttercup and Daisy Fund," Miss Edith Woodworth gave a *matinée* of "Frou Frou" at the Globe Theatre on Thursday, July 26. The house was well filled, and Mr. Edgar Bruce had the pleasurable duty of announcing that the fair manageress would have another £250 to expend on giving many poor children a day's outing in the green fields, and in

sending some more sickly ones for a longer sojourn in the country with the view of bringing back the roses to their wan little cheeks. Miss Woodworth played Gilberte with a strength and depth of feeling in the latter portions of the play that fairly surprised many who had not given her credit for such power, and was also remarkably bright and girlish in the first two acts, where she is supposed to have no thought beyond the pleasure of the moment. Miss Sophie Eyre was excellent as Louise, and depicted in an able manner the struggle going on within her when she has to conceal her love for Sartorys, and yield him up to her beautiful but volatile sister. Mr. Henry Neville was earnest and true as the infatuated husband Henri Sartorys, and Mr. W. Farren was the *beau ideal* of the thoughtless old dandy, Brigard. Mr. Fred Terry as the Comte de Valréas, Miss Henrietta Lindley as the Baronne de Cambri, and Miss Margaret Terry as Pauline were all good, but Mr. Charles Collette was too extravagant as the Baron de Cambri. Little Miss Minnie Terry was the Georgie, Sartorys' child. Miss Woodworth must be complimented on the exquisite taste she displayed in the choice of her dresses, all of which were rich and handsome.

Mrs. Leith Adams sends the following glowing account of "the Daly Company in Shakespeare-land":—"The most wearisome poet now and again shows a gleam of originality, and to Martin Tupper we owe the idea of a contented person 'carrying his sunshine with him.' When, on August the 2nd, Mr. Augustin Daly and his accomplished company journeyed down to Stratford-on-Avon, there to give a performance at the Memorial Theatre of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' they might almost have been credited with the same magic power. After weeks of beating rain, grey-clouded skies, and chill days and nights, summer's smiling face suddenly showed itself to welcome our histrionic guests. Never had the fair reaches of the Avon showed fairer, in their mingled shadow and sunshine; never had the clean, bright Midland town looked to better advantage. And

Stratford was not a little stirred and excited by the coming of the American guests. Only a little while back Royalty had visited its various lions, but to its honour be it said—though yielding in loyalty to none—the town that 'nestles among the green' was roused into livelier interest still to welcome the royalty of talent. Mr. Augustin Daly's company had no sooner arrived than they set out sight-seeing, taking advantage of the calm, bright afternoon to visit many spots of deep and thrilling interest to the Shakespearean student, a thing that Mr. Drew assured me even the most advanced actor never ceases to be. All the members of the company seemed full of enthusiasm at finding themselves in the midst of such surroundings, and surely, never was 'The Taming of the Shrew' given with greater *verve* and spirit than at our Memorial Theatre: certainly never was that, or any other play, put before a more enthusiastic and appreciative audience. But I must remember that this is *not* a critique upon a play, already sufficiently discussed by the press, but simply a record of the visit of a company of distinguished American actors to Shakespeare's birthplace. On Aug. 3, about one o'clock, in the bright sunshine that was so welcome a visitant, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Flower received the leading members of the Daly Company in the grounds of Avon Bank, in the large palm houses that made such a picturesque summer parlour for the occasion. Among those invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Daly, &c., were Lord Ronald Gower, Lady Lifford, Sir George Bowen, Sir Arthur and Miss Hodgson, the Rev. R. S. de Courcy Laffan and Mrs. Laffan, &c., and after luncheon many pleasant and genial speeches were made. It would be impossible for any social gathering to have a more courteous host and hostess than Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Flower, of The Hill; but there was a 'something lacking'—a 'vacant place,' and all missed and regretted the absence of Mr. Charles Flower and his cultured wife. After more wanderings to famous spots, the leading members of the Daly Company, together with Mr. and Mrs. Daly, and a few select guests of the neighbourhood, were received at the School House by Mr. and Mrs. Laffan. Among the ladies who had charge of the different tea-tables was Miss Mary Hunt, whose grandfather presented to the birthplace the celebrated portrait of Shakespeare, it having been concealed in his family some generations before. Several of the senior students of Shakespeare's School were presented to Mr. Daly and his company, and Miss Rehan promised a copy of her photograph as Catherine, to be presently sent from America. Later on, Judge Daly, Colonel Winter, Mr. Drew, and others went, under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Laffan, to view the ancient schools where the boy-poet was educated, and expressed much interest in the grand waggon roof of the big class-room. Of the performance that evening I must say nothing; but, like the celebrated Liverpool parrot, I may be permitted to 'think the more'—in fact, I shall never cease to think of it as one of the greatest dramatic treats I ever enjoyed. After the play a few friends took leave of Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert—that most perfect of comedians—and various other members of the company, and, in bidding farewell to each and all, how could we do better than quote the dear old

Scotch song, 'Will ye na come back again?' Truly it will be a white-letter day for us all at Stratford, should Mr. Augustin Daly and his clever artists act upon so delightful a suggestion."

Miss Ada Rehan, whose late performance of Katherine in "Taming of the Shrew" is admittedly one of the finest ever seen, was born in the city of Limerick, on April 22, 1860, was taken to America when only six years of age, and has made the United States her home ever since. It was quite by accident that she joined the theatrical profession. Miss Rehan was travelling for pleasure with her sister and brother-in-law. A member of his company was taken ill, and the fair subject of our photograph volunteered to "go on" and play the part, that of an old crone, and so made her *début* in 1876. A year later she joined, in Philadelphia, the stock company, then managed by Mrs. John Drew (mother of Mr. Drew, the late Petruchio at the Gaiety). A season in the Louisvillle theatre followed, during which Miss Rehan played Ophelia to Mr. Booth's Hamlet; Virginia with Mr. John McCullough, and leading juvenile parts in support of other stars. These, with a season at the Albany and Baltimore theatres, were a good schooling, and gave her experience before Mr. Augustin Daly engaged her for his present company, and she has been under his management ever since. Miss Rehan made her New York *début* in 1879, and among the various *rôles* in which she has met with signal success throughout the American Continent may be mentioned, Odette in Sardou's play of that name; Mrs. Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; George Tidd in "Dandy Dick"; Agatha Posket in "The Magistrate," and Sylvia in Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer." The English public have confirmed American appreciation of Miss Rehan's incomparable talent in *rôles* in which she has been seen in London and the provinces, viz.: Hypolita in Cibber's "She Would and She Wouldn't," Peggy in "The Country Girl," Niobe in "A Night Off," and Nancy in "Nancy and Co.," all produced at the Strand Theatre in 1886.

The subject of our second photograph this month is Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper, an actor who has won his spurs, and whom we should be glad to see again engaged by some London manager. Born at Worcester, May 22, 1857, he made his first appearance at the age of sixteen under his father's management at Oxford in 1873, and as those were the times of a nightly change of bill gained much experience during the next two years. His first success was as Nicholas Nickleby in 1875 at Mrs. Nye Chart's theatre at Brighton, and he was in consequence engaged for lead, and achieved quite a reputation by his performance of Hamlet. At the close of the stock season Mr. Cooper joined Mr. Henry Irving's Company at the Lyceum to play Laertes to the lessee's Hamlet, and during the two years' engagement that followed, played Nemours ("Louis XI."), Mauprat

MR. FRANK K. COOPER.

"There is hope, but nothing of fear,
Nought but a patient mind,
For him who waits with conscience clear
And soul resigned,
Whate'er the mystic coming change
Shall bring of new and strange."

LEWIS MORRIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, OXFORD STREET.

("Richelieu"), Christian ("The Bells"), and Gratiano ("Merchant of Venice"). Under Miss Kate Lawler's management at the Royalty, Mr. Cooper made a great hit as the Italian villain in "Peggy." Subsequently at the Court Theatre he appeared in "Engaged" as Cheviot Hill. An engagement at the Haymarket followed, as he was specially selected for Lord Shandon in "Odette." After a twelve months' stay, he accompanied Mrs. Langtry to America to play Orlando, Pygmalion, Young Marlowe, Duke Aranza, and Harry Arncliffe, and was so successful in these personations as to have had long engagements offered to him by Mr. John Stetson and Mr. Daniel Frohman. Mr. Cooper's next engagement was with Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's, where he achieved a decided triumph as Theorus the sculptor in "Claudian," and as Laertes in "Hamlet." He subsequently played Wilfred Denver ("The Silver King") on tour, and Tom Jones for Mr. T. Thorne in the first tour of "Sophia," both of which performances were highly commended; and subsequently joined Miss Lingard's Company, which he rejoins in the autumn to star as Posthumous, Romeo, and Shylock. Among his successes must be included his King James in Messrs. Howard and Wyndham's great production of "The Lady of the Lake."

Hoping that the comparatively fair promise of the afternoon would be maintained throughout the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Harding-Cox did not put off the performance of the scenes from "Midsummer Night's Dream" on Monday, July 30. The kind-hearted host and hostess did all in their power to make the visit to Chorleywood House a pleasant one, and so far as their hospitality and the entertainment were concerned succeeded, but the elements were against them, and the rain that fell continuously made an outdoor function anything but comfortable. However, guests and players made the best they could of everything, and, considering the weather, got much enjoyment. A very pretty spot was chosen, awnings were spread to provide shelter as far as possible for all, and an excellent band, under the direction of Mr. Claud Ponsonby, played Mendelssohn's music with skill and taste. Mrs. Harding-Cox was the Titania, and scored a complete success, not only by her delivery of Shakespeare's lines but by her singing. Her rendering of the "Nightingale" song was simply charming, and gained a well-deserved encore. Miss Jenoure also sang very sweetly as Peas Blossom, and Miss Rigwood was a pleasing Oberon. Miss Annie Hughes was a veritable tricksy sprite as Puck, and Misses F. Barlow,

Foxcroft, and Mouche Bigwood were attractive as Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard Seed. The woeful tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe" gave a

scope for the display of much humour on the part of Mr. Harding-Cox as Quince, and of Mr. Eustace Ponsonby as Bottom. Mr. Edward Righton was very droll as Flute, and Messrs. E. Fairfield, Wallis, and W. H. Edwards made up the cast. In the opening scene at Theseus's Court (the Duke of Athens by-the-by found a good representative in Mr. A. Rothbury Evans) pretty Miss Dorothy Dene and stately Miss Violet Vanbrugh respectively played Helena and Hermia, and were fully appreciated. I thought Mr. Charles Lamb was good as Lysander. Mr. Ernest Hodges was the Egeus and Mr. G. Maxwell, Demetrius. There was a very pretty dance of elves by children. The dresses of all were exquisite, and the surroundings were beautiful. Had we only been favoured with fine weather the enjoyment would have been great; as it was, I came away feeling I had passed many an evening with far less pleasure.

Lady Archibald Campbell was more happy at Cannizaro Wood, Wimbledon, on August 7. The performance of the pastoral comedy "Le Baiser," by M. Théodore de Banville, had been promised some days sooner, but was postponed on account of the weather—and most fortunate it was, for the afternoon on which it took place was a lovely one; there was a brilliant sun, tempered by a gentle breeze, and everything looked fresh and green. Mrs. Leo Schuster's grounds are noted for their beauty, and

one of the most beautiful spots under the wide-spreading branches of a giant elm had been chosen for the stage, the ground rising gradually to where the audience was seated, thus affording an excellent view to all. And such an exquisitely poetic picture as "Le Baiser" presents should command a fittingly sylvan framework. As it is stated in the stage directions it should have *un théatre idéal, du soleil partout*, and the conditions were amply filled. It is a charming little story; a fairy must retain every appearance of extreme old age until such time as a youth, wholly pure and innocent, shall bestow on her the first kiss he has ever given to a woman. Pierrot is out for a holiday, and is to make a little feast day in the woods, she feigns hunger, and he makes her share his good things with him, and then she asks him for a kiss. After a little reluctance he gives it to her, and she is at once youthful and beautiful. Pierrot loses his heart, and proposes marriage; at length she consents, but on a sudden from the air and the woods come the wailing songs of her sister fays calling on her to return to them. Memories of the past happiness prevail, she gives Pierrot back his kiss, and vanishes from his sight. But, with the light-heartedness of youth, he soon consoles himself, and the elves come to dance and enliven him. Originally produced at the Comédie Française with Coquelin cadet and Madame Reichemberg in the cast, the charming lines, which show a quaint mixture of simple rural life and Parisian experience, rendered "Le Baiser" a great favourite. Lady Campbell must be conplimented on the vivacity and excellence of her acting, and the perfection of her French as the Pierrot, and Miss Annie Schletter was no way behind her as the fairy. Mdlle. Aïda Jenoure and Mdlle. Bronnum sang the invisible fairies' airs very sweetly, and when I say that Mons. Jacobi conducted the concealed orchestra, that Madame Katti Lanner's pupils danced the "Berger" figure in dresses à la Watteau, made by Messrs. Nathan, from designs by Karl, it will be seen that nothing was wanting to make the piece a complete success. Nearly 400 people were present, and among the audience were included some of the best known and most fashionable in London.

Those who are interested in "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question" should read the work by Mr. C. Stopes (T. G. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street). The author states that it embodies the main results of the studies undertaken by him on the subject during the past two years, and trusts that they may help to turn the balance of opinion in some wavering minds, or "aid some warm Shakespearean to reconsider the subject justly, and give a reason for the faith that is in him."—I have also received Mr. W. Clarkson's "Illustrated Catalogue of Theatrical and Private Wigs," which contains numerous portraits of actors who owe their "hirsute appendages" to Mr. Clarkson's skill, and which gives every sort of information on the subject of locks, flowing or otherwise, and many hints on the art of making up.

The Court Theatre is now complete. The building stands, excepting on one side where it is partially attached to the adjoining buildings, entirely free; the front is in Sloane Square, but in a much better position than the old theatre, it is in closer proximity to the station, and can also be seen on the other side of the Square. The front is in stone and red brick, freely treated in Italian Renaissance style; the entrance hall is small, as is the whole of the ground on which the theatre stands, but within it is contained every accommodation required by a modern theatre. The whole building is entirely fireproof from floor to ceiling, and the auditorium is cut off by an asbestos fireproof curtain invented by Mr. Marius. The accommodation of the house is not so great as at the old Court, but the stage is larger, and the house generally is much better proportioned. The entrance hall is panelled in oak with painted ceiling, and from either side the stalls and upper boxes are approached, the entrance to the dress circle being right in front. Each part of the house has duplicate entrances and exits, and the whole is heated, when required, by coils placed on every tier. The interior decorations are in the Empire style, the ornament is in low relief on a ground of gold; the colouring is ivory and gold, with hangings and seatings, &c., of crimson. There is a large saloon on upper box floor commensurate with the general accommodation of the better parts of the house, a small buffet to stalls, and saloons both to pit and gallery. The Royal entrance to the theatre is at the side next the station, and is approached by a road leading from Sloane Square along the side of the theatre. The Prince's room is fitted up as a little Moorish divan. The ventilation is by exhausts over gallery, the centre of the theatre, and stage. The theatre is lighted throughout with the electric light, which has been carried out by Messrs. Sharp and Kent, of Connaught Mansions, Westminster. The whole is arranged with a special regard to fire risk. The total number of lights is 360, each of ten-candle power. The house, which will hold about 800 people, was to have been leased by the late Mr. John Clayton, but has now passed into the hands of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, who will open it at the end of September or in October by an adaptation of "Les Surprises du Divorce," in which Mr. John Hare, with Mrs. John Wood, will appear.

In our review of Mr. Frederick Hawkins's "French Stage in the Eighteenth Century," it should have been stated that the work is published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Of "Gladys" and "Don Juan, Jun.," at the Avenue, under Mr. Bracy's management, I must speak next month. I hear excellent accounts of both, and that the theatre looks very pretty, having been thoroughly redecorated and the electric light substituted for gas. The Opera Comique, too, with "Carina," is too late for notice in this number, but shall have every attention in the next.

The most glowing accounts reached me from Manchester of Mr. Henry Pettitt's drama "Hands Across the Sea," which was produced at the Theatre Royal on July 30. The plot is said to be a remarkably skilfully interwoven network of incidents, teeming with exciting situations; the dialogue good, and a capital vein of light comedy runs through the whole, preventing the heavier portions of the play from ever becoming wearisome. Captain Bainbridge mounted the piece splendidly, and it achieved a complete success.

On Monday, August 20, Mr. Lionel Brough and his company appeared at the Royalty in "The Paper Chase." The piece was excellently received, and I hope it will have as prosperous a career as at Toole's, from which theatre it was perforce withdrawn on account of the coming of "Pepita."

Mr. Charles Duval has been entertaining the miners of the South African gold fields with his monologue entertainment, and has met with the greatest appreciation. He intends visiting Delagoa Bay before proceeding on his tour to India, China, and Japan.

Luigi Chiostri, a Florentine violinist of considerable ability, made his *début* in London at Lady Goldsmid's on July 2, the day fixed for the recital of the sisters Eissler—there are four of them now, all musicians, *aux bouts des ongles*, at Prince's Hall. The entertainment provided for their "clients" by these talented girls was an excellent one. Frida, the new recruit, played Liszt's "Waldesrauschen" lightly and daintily; Marianne, Clara, and Emmy, with whose talents the London public has been familiar for three years past, manipulated their respective instruments with their accustomed skill. Among female violinists of the day Marianne Eissler is entitled to rank with Thérèse Castellane and Emily Shinner. I can accord to her no higher praise. Mr. Thorndike's intonation, generally distinguished for its correctness, was painfully faulty in his rendering of the cavatina from "Tannhäuser." He is so good a singer that any shortcoming on his part cannot fail to attract special notice. He repeated it, oddly enough, at Mr. Ganz's concert (July 5), and in the self-same song. Our peculiar summer weather, it must be admitted, is "rough" on voices; but why it should affect the ears of skilled and experienced vocalists to the extent of making them sing out of tune, I cannot conjecture. Excellent artists, amongst them his pretty daughter Georgina, Mesdames Nordica, Trebelli, and Patey, and Mr. Isidore de Lara, sang for the veteran Chevalier, whose judiciously varied entertainment filled Lady Dudley's magnificent rooms to overflowing. Loud was the applause, and many were the encores. Waldemar Meyer played a pretty Hungarian dance of his own composition, and played it well.

The seventh series of Promenade Concerts commenced on Saturday evening, August 11, at Covent Garden, with the singing of the National Anthem by Mme. Clara Samuel, who afterwards sang as she always does, most charmingly, Spohr's "Rose Softly Blooming," and Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side." Mdme. Antoinette Sterling gave Hope Temple's "A Mother's Love," and as an encore, "We're a' noddin';" Mr. Barrington Foote, Tosti's "More and More," and Mr. Charles Banks "Once again." Mr. Carrodus executed with his accustomed skill on the violin Ernst's "Otello" fantasia, and Mr. Radcliff on the flute Sauvelet's fantasia on Irish airs; Mr. Dubruc (oboe) and Mr. Howard Reynolds (cornet) also performed solos which were much appreciated. The Coldstream Guards joined in the march from Gounod's "Reine de Saba," and in a selection from "Tannhäuser," and the regular orchestra unaided gave full effect to the "Semiramide" overture and other choice selections. The event of course on the first night is the vocal waltz provided by Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe, the most capable conductor, who was more than cordially received. His composition for this season, "The Rose Queen," is likely to prove a greater favourite than any of its predecessors, and was received with every mark of the most enthusiastic approval. It is gracefully written, the air itself is most pleasing, and is excellently sung by Mr. Stedman's choir, while the solo by Miss Amelia Gruhn, which is introduced, was so charmingly rendered as to evoke an emphatic encore.

On the Monday following, the veteran Sims Reeves, who is to sing ten times during the season, Nikita, Mdme. Antoinette Sterling, and Signor Novara were the vocalists. The Wednesdays, as usual, are to be classical nights; the first was specially distinguished by the admirable singing of Mdme. Valleria in Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair," of Signor Foli in "She alone charmeth my sadness," and of Mr. Orlando Harley in Weber's scena, "When the orb of day reposing." The programme included Schubert's superb symphony in C, No. 9, which, though occupying some fifty minutes in execution, was listened to with the profoundest attention and delight, so ably was it performed by Mr. Crowe's orchestra. Then the artistic interpretation of Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A (Op. 54) by Mdme. Frickenhaus; and Reinecke's "King Manfred" prelude may be specially singled out. The selections for the forthcoming classical nights are equally well chosen. Mr. Freeman Thomas's liberality of management is proverbial, but this year he has surpassed all his former efforts, and will no doubt find an appropriate reward in the success, both artistic and musical, he will achieve. It should be mentioned that the Swiss scenery which forms the background is delightfully painted by Mr. Bruce Smith, the attendants in Swiss costume lending a *vraisemblance* to the surroundings; and that the illumination by the Wenham Gas Lighting Company proved quite as effective as the electric light.

It were idle to expatiate upon M. de Pachmann's exquisite interpretations of Chopin, familiar to the musical public of Europe, which unanimously recognises in the Polish pianist the ablest living performer of his great compatriot's immortal works. But I may be permitted to congratulate Madame de Pachmann upon her gifted husband's admirable exponence of her beautiful and scholarly "Thème et Variations" for the pianoforte, which he introduced to an audience of "the elect" at his interesting recital in St. James's Hall; and to extend my felicitations to far-away Fred Cowen, three of whose latest compositions—one more charming than the other—were played on that occasion by M. de Pachmann (to whom the composer has dedicated them) with a deftness and delicacy all his own. No whit less fascinating were his reading and execution of Henselt's difficult Valse de Concert, "L'Aurore Boréale," too seldom heard in London concert-rooms. Not even de Pachmann's interpretative talent and loving assiduity could impart the least charm, however, to a curiously dry and pedantic Tarantella by Dr. von Bülow—the sort of composition that might have been evolved by Babbage's calculating machine, had that ingenious contrivance dealt with musical notes instead of arithmetical symbols.

A pretty song has just been published by Messrs. Hopwood and Crewe, the words and music of which are by Miss Pauline Trevelyan. It is called "Parting," and is of a German cast—though somewhat melancholy in spirit. The accompaniment is full and rich, and there is a violin *obbligato*.

I was also much struck by the tuneful swing of a waltz played at the Globe the other night. It is called "Belle Queenie," and is by Mr. George Elers. I hear it is his first composition, and hope it is the forerunner of many such melodies.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from July 21 to August 22, 1888:—

(Revivals are marked thus*)

July 21. "A Woman's Sin; or, On the Verge," new and original comedy drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Edwin France and Fred Dobell. Sadler's Wells.

,, 24. "Reunited," new one-act play (author unannounced). Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.

,, 24. "The New Actress," one-act drama, by Edwin Drew. Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.

,, 24. "Dick Drayton's Wife," comedy-drama in one act (author unannounced). Ladbroke Hall.

,, 25. "Ups and Downs," original comedietta, by Charles Arden. Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.

,, 26.* "Frou Frou." (Buttercup and Daisy Fund Matinée.) Globe.

,, 28. "Our Lass," original drama in a prologue and four acts, by Wilford Stevens. Sadler's Wells.

July 28. "Chizzle's Choice," original one-act farce, by F. Hawley Francks and Mark Wood. Ladbroke Hall.

„ 28. "North and South," original farce, by Hawley Francks. Ladbroke Hall.

„ 30. "Françillon," three-act play, by Alexandre Dumas fils. French plays. Lyceum.

Aug. 1.* "Fedora." French plays. Lyceum.

„ 2. "The Still Alarm," new romantic comedy drama in four acts, by Joseph Arthur. Princess's.

„ 2.* "La Dame aux Camélias." French plays. Lyceum.

„ 4. "Marina," new play in four acts, written and founded by John Coleman on Archibald Gunter's story "Mr. Barnes of New York." Gaiety.

„ 4. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," new four-act play, dramatised by T. Russell Sullivan, from Robert Louis Stevenson's story "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Lyceum.

„ 6. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," new play in four acts, by Daniel Bandmann, founded on Mr. R. L. Stevenson's story. Opéra Comique.

„ 9. "Polly's Venture," domestic comedy in one act, by Malcolm Watson. Gaiety.

„ 10.* "The Dowager," one-act comedietta, by Charles Matthews. Criterion.

„ 10.* "Betsy," three-act comedy, by F. C. Burnand. Criterion.

„ 13. "Judge Not," domestic drama in five acts, by Frank Harvey. Pavilion.

„ 13. "Playmates," dramatic sketch (copyright purposes). T. R. Stratford, E.

„ 13. "A Legal Wreck," four-act play, by William Gillette (copyright purposes). Ladbroke Hall.

„ 20.* "The Paper Chase," three-act farcical comedy, by Charles Thomas. Royalty.

„ 22. "Uncles and Aunts," farcical play, by W. Lestocq and Walter Everard. Comedy.

In the Provinces, from July 2 to August 13, 1888.

July 30. "Hands Across the Sea," new and original drama in four acts, by Henry Pettitt. T.R. Manchester.

„ 30. "Uncle Josh" (American play, first time in England). T.R. Blackburn.

Aug. 4. "The Coroner," new romantic drama in a prologue and four acts, by J. W. Hemming and Cyril Harrison. T.R. Bath.

„ 6. "Randolph the Reckless," new and original musical extravaganza, by Victor Stevens. Prince of Wales's, Salford.

„ 6. "The Money Lender," melodrama in five acts, by T. Murray Ford. Public Hall, Warrington.

„ 13. "A Weird Destiny," new and original play, by Walter Stanhope. T. R. Margate.

THE THEATRE.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

TOWARDS the close of the reign of Louis Philippe, the company of a certain minor Parisian theatre, which we will call the Nonpareil, included two lady members, whose constant dissensions and bickerings made the manager's life a burden to him. Both were young and extremely attractive, although in different styles; Mdlle. Rosalie being a blue-eyed, silken-haired blonde, with a slight and marvellously graceful figure; whereas her rival, Mdlle. Clarisse, a languishing brunette, "luxuriant and budding" like Dudu, had something of the Odalisque about her, and seemed out of place anywhere but in an Oriental harem. There was but one point of resemblance between them; they detested each other with a mutual fervour that would have earned the approval of the great lexicographer, who, as all the world knows, "liked a good hater;" and it was precisely the too frequent renewal of their almost daily disputes that occasionally drove Monsieur Anatole Duchemin, the long-suffering lessee of the Nonpareil, to the verge of despair.

"This sort of thing can't go on," he said to his stage-manager and confidant, Rousseau, after a more than usually aggravating explosion of wordy warfare on the part of his irreconcilable *pensionnaires*, "or the others will follow suit, and there will be an end of all discipline. It is no use fining them, for as long as Rosalie makes money at the Bourse, and Clarisse is in the good graces of her millionaire, they would sacrifice every sou of their salaries sooner than yield an inch of their pretensions to supremacy. The worst of it is that Lemonnier

won't read his piece until he has made up his mind which of them is to play in it, and we want a novelty sadly."

"From what he tells me," observed Rousseau, "it would suit Rosalie best, for he counts on the effect of some couplets in the second act, and Clarisse's false notes are a caution."

"Then why doesn't he give it to her at once?" growled the impressario, testily. "The piece ought to have been in rehearsal a fortnight ago, and when I see Lemonnier——"

Here a sharp tap at the door interrupted the speaker, followed by the entrance into the manager's sanctum of a stout individual with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole.

"The very man we were talking of," said Duchemin, in a somewhat more gracious tone, while the new-comer, nodding familiarly to Rousseau, deposited his portly person in an easy chair. "I was just saying that you seemed in no particular hurry to let us have that comedy of yours."

"You might have it to-day, if it depended on me," replied Lemonnier, "but it doesn't. Haven't you heard that Guédéonoff arrived here yesterday?"

"Guédéonoff! What has he to do with your piece?"

"More than you think. I met Wolski, his secretary, this morning, and ascertained from him that the French theatre at St. Petersburg is in a bad way, and that the General has *carte blanche* to secure some fresh attraction in the shape of a pretty woman or two, wherever he can find them."

"Well," said the manager, "if he has, I don't see how that concerns either you or me."

"Don't you? Then you will when I tell you that Rosalie and Clarisse are both on his list, and that he will stretch a point to get either of them. So, you understand, it is no use my reading the piece until I know how to cast it; but a few days will settle the matter. Now, the question is, in the event of one or the other being disposed to accept the General's offer, which of the two you can best afford to lose?"

"As far as that goes," answered Duchemin, "in one sense of the word, it is a toss-up; for whichever breaks her engagement becomes liable to a forfeit of fifteen thousand francs. But, for choice, I would rather keep Rosalie."

"So would I, in your place," agreed the dramatist, "and I

think you may be easy on that score, for she is not likely to leave Paris and the Bourse as long as the balance is in her favour on settling day. I am not so sure about Clarisse; the critics have been uncommonly hard on her lately, and she may wish to try new ground. On the other hand, financially speaking, she is clever enough to know that she might go further and fare worse. However, if you really want to get rid of her, I fancy I can manage it for you; but it will require a little diplomacy, and I must see Rosalie first. If all goes on well, you shall hear from me to-night, and, unless I am very much mistaken, there will be a vacancy in your company by this time to-morrow."

Mdlle. Rosalie Pluchard—a patronymic not exactly calculated to figure advantageously in the bills, and therefore tacitly suppressed—occupied a handsome suite of apartments in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, then regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of luxury by fashionable actresses; not one of whom, with the single exception of Mdlle. Mars, ever dreamt in those days of aspiring to the possession of a private "hôtel." On Lemonnier's arrival, he found her engaged in perusing a letter, which seemed to amuse her considerably.

"You will never guess who my correspondent is," she said, laughing merrily, and holding out a prettily-shaped hand to her visitor.

"Don't be too sure," he replied. "Shall I be far wrong if I suggest that his name may possibly begin with a G?"

"Tiens!" exclaimed Mdlle. Rosalie, staring at the speaker. "How do you know that?"

"Never mind, I *do* know, and that is precisely why I am here now."

"You are disagreeably mysterious to-day," said the actress, in an aggrieved tone, "and I don't understand what your being here has to do with my letter, which——"

"Is from General Guédéonoff," coolly interrupted Lemonnier, "offering you an engagement at St. Petersburg. Is that exact?"

"If you know it already," she retorted, "what is the use of my telling you? Well, yes, it is an offer, and a very tempting one for some people, though not for me; forty thousand roubles and a clear benefit! I was just thinking, when you came in,

how that odious Clarisse would jump at it, if she had the chance."

"Perhaps she has," drily observed her companion, "but it does not at all follow that she would accept it. I imagine that at present she has no more idea of leaving Paris than you have, but who knows? 'Souvent femme varie,' and if you will authorise me to persuade her——"

"I," said Rosalie, looking thoroughly bewildered, "what have I to do with it?"

"That remains to be seen. If, as I have reason to believe, she has received a duplicate of the letter addressed to you, she will probably suspect that you have been similarly favoured; and, in that case, the hope of stealing a march on you will undoubtedly influence her decision."

"Oh, as for that," assented the pretty blonde, "the spiteful creature is capable of anything. But, after all, what does it signify to *you* whether she goes or stays?"

"Only this," replied Lemonnier, "that if she is still here when I read my piece, she will expect to play in it, and I don't intend that she should."

"Of course not, nor I either," said Rosalie. "But how can we find out if she is really going?"

"Leave that to me. I have promised Duchemin to see him to-night at the theatre, and you will then hear more. So adieu for the present, and *bon espoir!*"

A few minutes' walk brought the dramatist to the Chaussée d'Antin, at the lower end of which, near the Rue St. Lazare, Mdlle. Clarisse inhabited a spacious "premier," in lieu of the modest fourth floor occupied by her previous to her engagement at the Nonpareil. As Lemonnier ascended the wide and richly carpeted staircase, the sound of a piano, accompanied by the tones of a remarkably shrill voice, caught his ear, terminating with a high note so deplorably out of tune that the listener involuntarily shuddered.

"That settles the matter," he said to himself; "no audience would stand it, and my piece would never have seen a second night. It's lucky that I had two strings to my bow."

When he entered the room, which he felt inwardly inclined to designate as the "torture chamber," Mdlle. Clarisse rose from her seat and greeted him effusively.

"I have been practising for you," she began, "and trying Loïsa Puget's last romance. I think I shall make a hit with your couplets, for of course," she added, with a persuasive smile, "I am to sing them, although Rousseau pretends the contrary, and declares you intend to give the part to that hateful Rosalie."

"Rosalie!" echoed Lemonnier, affecting astonishment. "If he had said that a week ago, there might have been something in it, but now—you must surely have heard that she has been offered an engagement at St. Petersburg?"

"*She!*" contemptuously exclaimed Clarisse. "My good friend, you are mistaken; it is *I* who have had the offer, which, for certain reasons, I am compelled to decline."

Lemonnier shook his head doubtfully. "I had it to-day from her own lips," he said.

So positive a confirmation of the unwelcome news was not to be discredited, and it required all Clarisse's self-possession to enable her to assume an indifferent air. "Has she accepted?" she inquired, after a momentary pause.

"Why should she not?" he answered evasively. "She is certain to succeed, and such a chance is not to be met with every day. Adèle of the Variétés has already signed, so only one more is wanted, and as you are not to be tempted—"

"The General must be satisfied with what he can get," interrupted Clarisse with a malicious smile. "Is that what you meant to say?"

"Exactly. And, between ourselves, he might have done worse."

"I think I have prepared the way," complacently soliloquised Lemonnier, as some minutes later he sauntered along the Chaussée d'Antin in the direction of the Boulevard; "and if she doesn't take the bait, it will be no fault of mine. She looked positively venomous when I told her about Rosalie, although she tried her best to laugh it off; and I have a strong idea that she had made up her mind then and there what to do. Her friend Monsieur Chose will hardly like being thrown over, but she has feathered her nest pretty well already, and will have all the Boyards in St. Petersburg at her feet before a month is over. One thing is certain; if she decides on going, her first thought will be to get the start of Rosalie, and I wouldn't mind wagering a trifle that every article of the treaty between her

and old Guédéonoff will be down in black and white by the time I have finished dinner."

The estimate formed by the dramatist of Mdlle. Clarisse's business capabilities proved to be correct, for, on arriving at the theatre about nine o'clock on the same evening, and going straight to the lessee's room, he found M. Duchemin quietly enjoying a cigar, and apparently in excellent humour.

"Read that," said the latter, pointing to an open letter on the table beside him. "I don't know how you have managed it, but *le tour est fait.*"

"Short, but satisfactory," observed Lemonnier, after glancing at the few lines evidently written in haste, which ran as follows :—

"Dear Monsieur Duchemin,—Circumstances have induced me to withdraw from your company, and to accept a lucrative engagement at St. Petersburg. The forfeit of fifteen thousand francs will be paid to you to-morrow. "Your very devoted,

"CLARISSE."

"So that affair is settled," said the manager with a sigh of relief, "and now, the sooner your piece is read and studied the better. By the way, what is the title ?"

"*Qui perd gagne.*"

"H'm ! rather paradoxical, it strikes me. People will hardly understand what it means."

"Then let them come and find out," retorted Lemonnier. "Such things do happen sometimes, as," he added significantly, "if the event of the last few hours has not entirely slipped your memory, you ought to know."

"True," replied M. Duchemin with an irrepressible chuckle, "I never thought of that."

CHARLES HERVEY.

A Sou'-Wester.

By Edward Righton, Comedian.

"NOW God bless you, Charlie! my blue-jacket love"—
'Twas thus Polly prayed as a sou'-wester blew—
"I hope the sweet cherub that sits up above,
To guard sailors' lives, keeps a watch over you.
I pray that your ship may of breakers steer clear,
And safely ride over this rough raging sea,
And if you want cheering to-night, Charlie, dear,
Why just shut your eyes, then perhaps you'll see me.
Good luck to the skipper commanding your ship!
And may he of you, dear old Charlie, take note,
And once now and then just a kind word let slip
To the tautest and trimmest young sailor afloat."

"Now, God bless you, Polly! the blue jacket's joy"—
'Twas thus Charlie prayed as that sou'-wester roar'd—
"For, Poll, you're the skipper and I'm but your boy,
My heart is your ship and you're always aboard.
I'm furling the topsail high up on the masts,
And the deck, in the darkness below, scarcely see;
I don't care how long, though, this sou'-wester lasts,
For I fancy it's blowing your kisses to me.
In mother's snug cottage, to-night, safely keep,
Be lull'd to your rest by this sou'-wester's roar,
May dreams of a blue-jacket haunt the sweet sleep
Of the best and the bonniest lass that's ashore."

The ship, 'spite the tempest, the bar bravely crost,
When Charlie cried, "Land!" and was home, as he thought
But the vessel keeled over and all hands were lost,
And the sad news to poor loving Polly was brought.
Alone on the seashore she stood in a daze
Till folks said "The dear little maiden's gone daft."
But what was the speck which had so held her gaze?
'Twas Poll's sweetheart Charlie afloat on a raft.
"Why, Lord love your heart!" he cried, leaping ashore;
"I'm back with you, Polly, all safe and all true,
The cruel sou'-westers shall part us no more,
And the parson, please God, shall make one of us two."

Katherine.

By Alyce Macaulay.

"SO you want to hear my story, do you, Charley? And what makes you think I've got a story? Do I look the sort of chap to be the hero of a lady's novel or a Romeo, a fellow you could imagine a woman dying of love for? Was I ever in love? Ay, lad, I *was* once in love; for that matter I'm in love now, and shall be till I die, ay, and may be after too. I'm an ugly rough sort of fellow, not one to take a woman's fancy, eh, Charley? But I'm kind of dogged, it takes some time to get a thing into my head, but when it is in, there it stays. And once—long ago it was—I took a woman into my heart, and there she stays, and will stay till the end of time.

"Well, if you want to hear about it, I'll tell you, Charley, though I've never mentioned Kitty's name to a soul, since the last day I saw her, nearly eighteen years ago.

"It was in the year 1860 that I first met her. I was at Hylton then, playing low comedy parts, when one day our manager brought in a young lady, and introduced her to us. She was to take the place of Miss Vivian, who had been obliged to go home for a time on account of ill-health.

"Do you know I think I loved her from the first moment I set eyes on her, Charley. She was a bit of a girl of seventeen, and what a pretty creature, a real beauty with dark silky hair, curling in little rings all over her forehead, and eyes as blue as—just like little bits of the sky on a very fine summer day, and as clear and innocent as a little child's.

"Her name was Katherine Marchmont, and before many days were over she was Kitty to us all. But, though she soon became such a favourite, I soon saw she had a good deal to put up with from some of the girls. Miss Gwynne, who was our leading

lady, and who had been Miss Vivian's great friend, never lost a chance of saying something spiteful about her. But even she came round in time, and grew fond of Kitty, though she'd a funny way of showing it. She'd make her fetch and carry for her, till many a night I've seen the child fit to drop, after running about all day, first for one and then for another. But she never seemed to see they were taking advantage of her, and only thought how kind it was of them to be so friendly.

"She and I were great friends from the first. She was not much of an actress, and it was uphill work for her at the beginning; but I was able to help her a good deal with her parts, and she was so sweet and graceful that she soon became a great favourite with the Hylton people. I used to take her for a walk on a Sunday afternoon, and in the week, when there were no rehearsals, we would explore the old town together. I was so blind, Charley. When I look back on these days now I see how mad I was; but I used to be proud of going about with her, thinking she preferred me to the other fellows; and all the time when I was thinking of her as my little sweetheart, who perhaps, one happy day, would be my wife, she was looking upon me as a sort of elderly uncle, or grandfather perhaps. Ah, my boy, it's a bitter hard lesson to learn, that because you are middle-aged and plain, and have not the knack of saying those pretty things that women love to hear, you are thought and expected to have out-grown all these feelings, which some people think should only belong to youth. It is a hard lesson, and I hadn't learnt it then.

"Why shouldn't she love me? I thought. It is true I was more than twice her age, but then I loved her so dearly, I thought she'd learn to love me in return. I'd make her a better husband than any of these fellows; Clavering, who was spoilt by the women running after him, and who thought more of his own handsome face than he ever would of any woman; or Power, who had half a dozen love affairs in as many months, and who was always hopelessly enslaved by his latest divinity. Either of them, I knew, would have given a month's salary to have been in my shoes, as they saw us start off together on a sunny afternoon for a long ramble in the country. Ah, well, they need not have envied me.

"These few weeks at Hylton were the happiest weeks of my

life. Now I know I was living in a fool's paradise, but, looking back over these long dreary years, what a heaven it was.

"The summer was lovely that year; the spring had been a late one, and, though it was now the middle of June, the trees had only just come to their fullest beauty, the delicate green of the leaves looking so fresh against the dark trunks. The fields were carpeted with flowers, and we would return of an afternoon laden with branches of hawthorn, appleblossom, or dog-roses, with which Kitty would decorate the modest little sitting-room she shared with Miss Gwynne.

"But as the weeks went by I noticed a change in her. She was as sweet as ever, but seemed to grow gradually more serious during those long summer days. I thought, God help me, that she guessed my secret, and loved her all the more for it. At last I could not keep it to myself any longer, and I made up my mind to tell her one Sunday about the end of the month. We had walked to afternoon church in a little village about two miles from Hylton, and when the service was over we strolled down to the bank of the little river. I think I can see the place now, Charley, the little wooden bridge where we rested, and watched the river flowing gently on, and the forget-me-nots, which were growing thickly by the water's edge. The sun was shining on the meadows by the stream, and it seemed to me as if I had never seen a prettier place. For some time neither of us spoke. I was thinking how I could tell her—don't laugh, Charley—you know it was the first time in my life. Well, while I was thinking, Kitty turned to me, and said softly, very softly—I had to bend to catch what she said—

"'Jack, I've got something to tell you.'

"'Well, Kitty,' said I, 'out with it, and when you've done *I* have something to tell *you*.'

"'Can't you guess, Jack?' she said, tremulously. She turned away her face, and gazed down the stream at the little grey church where we had sat together an hour ago. 'Oh, Jack, he loves me, and he wants me to marry him. You are the very first person I have told, my dear old friend.'

"I could not speak to her for the moment. I, in my turn, looked across at the old church, where five minutes ago I had pictured to myself my wedding with Kitty. The sun had gone

behind a cloud, I think; anyhow the place did not look the same, and a cold wind got up which made me shiver.

"'This is very sudden, is it not, Kitty?' I said. It was a foolish sort of thing to say, but at the time I could think of nothing else.

"'He says he has loved me from the first day I came to Hylton. You will think me silly, but I seem to have loved him all my life, and now if I were to lose him I think I should die, Jack.'

"She told me, bit by bit, her short love-story; how she had hoped and feared, not daring to believe that he really loved her, as Clavering was such a good-looking fellow, and so much run after by all the girls, and also more than a bit of a flirt; how last night he had asked her to be his wife, as he walked home from the theatre with her in the moonlight. 'Then,' she said, 'I felt as if I had never lived before.'

"They were to be married three weeks before we left Hylton, as Clavering's time with us would then be up, and he would be able to take a little holiday before beginning work again. Then, she said, would I give her away? She had no near relations she cared to ask, and I had always been her best friend ever since she came to Hylton.

"Yes, I gave her away, Charley, in the little old church by the river, where she had told me of her love three weeks before, and, as I stood before the altar rails, I prayed, as I had never prayed till then, that Clavering would be a good husband to her, and would make her happier than I could have done.

"In the afternoon they went away first to York; from there they were going on to Scotland, where they meant to spend the month of August, just wandering from place to place as the fancy took them. When it was all over, and we had watched the train move out of the station, then I began to feel. I felt as if I had lost a part of myself, lad. People say when you lose a leg or an arm that the pain at the time is nothing to the agony that comes afterwards. I can believe it.

"That night was our last in Hylton. They told me afterwards that I had never played better. It may be, but all that evening I saw nothing but Kitty's face, her blue eyes full of love for another, as she stood on the wooden bridge, picking to pieces the forget-me-nots I had given her, while she told me of her

happiness. When the performance was over I went out into the summer night, and wandered on, not knowing or caring where I was going. I left the town behind me, and before long I found myself by the river side, at the very place where I had been so happy and so miserable. It did seem hard, Charley. All my life I had never seen a woman I could love, and when at last I found one it was only to lose her again. The little cottage I used to dream of, with the bit of garden for me to work in, and the sweet wife looking on, were not for me. I had to take up my life again, and try to forget Kitty's blue eyes and loving ways. But it was a difficult job to keep her out of my thoughts. She had grown to be so much to me during these few short months.

"No one guessed my secret, Charley. I kept that well; and as time went on the bitter pain in my heart became a dull aching, which never leaves me. They did not come back to us. In a month or two Clavering got an engagement at one of the London theatres, and from time to time we heard that he was doing well. But I did not happen to see him or Kitty for some time. One January day—we were at Graythorpe at the time—a sort of longing came over me to see her, and to know that she was happy. I felt I must go and see for myself. For some reason or other there was only an afternoon performance that Saturday, and when it was over I took the London train, and got to St. Pancras at half-past nine. I did not know their address, as in her last letter Kitty had told me they were leaving the lodgings in Kensington where he had taken her after their marriage; but I hunted up a pal of Clavering's who lived near the Marylebone Road, and by good luck found him at home, and got their address. It was a little place on the other side of the river, respectable enough, but when I remembered how my darling had loved the country and the flowers, I groaned to think of her shut up in one of these dismal houses. I found the place easily, and went upstairs, my heart beating strangely, knocked at the door I had been directed to, and Kitty's voice said, 'Come in.'

"I went in, and there she was, but not my girl with the bright face and laughing eyes. All the pretty colour had gone out of her cheeks, and her dark curls were tucked away under a little cap. She was a pale worn woman now, with sad, tired-

looking eyes, telling of many a solitary watch, and a pitiful expression about her mouth, which showed me that she had her share of the troubles of this life.

"She was delighted to see me, and for the next hour I could almost fancy I had got my old Kitty back again, as I listened to her eager questions about all her old friends. While we talked I was able to look round the room. What a nest for my dainty bird — not a flower, not a picture; only the barest necessaries of life were there, and those of the very commonest description. I think she guessed what I was thinking about, for she explained nervously that her husband found this neighbourhood convenient, being so near the theatre. 'And you?' I said, 'do *you* like it?'

"'Oh, it does very well for me,' she said. 'You know I am happy anywhere with Regy.' Poor soul; she did not look happy. When I rose to go, she said hesitatingly, 'I would ask you to wait and see Regy, but he is so uncertain, he may not be in for some time yet. But you will come again to-morrow and see him, as you do not go back to Graythorpe till Monday?' I promised I would, and said good-bye to her, but I did not go back to see Clavering the next day. I could not bear the thought of meeting him, so I took the afternoon train back to Graythorpe, and wrote to Kitty that I was obliged to go.

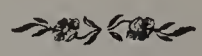
"I never saw her again. Two months after I read in a London paper a notice of the death of the wife of Reginald Clavering, and do you know, lad, it seems a hard thing to say, but I was glad. I like better to think of my child as an angel in heaven than to know she was dragging on her life, neglected by Clavering, in those dreary London lodgings. I only pray she died before she had time to find out that her idol was made of clay. Poor Kitty, she had a short life, but it was better so.

"What became of Clavering? Oh, he married the year after a widow with money, and left the stage. I have not seen him since his marriage, and should be sorry to come across him.

"The other day I went down to Hylton—I go every spring to the place where I once was happy—and brought back some forget-me-nots from the river-side. They remind me of her;

her eyes were just that shade of blue, and if she can see me now she will like to know that somebody remembers her.

"There's the call-boy, I must be off. Good-bye, old fellow, I hope I haven't bored you. I never thought to have told this to anybody, but somehow I like you, Charley. God bless you, boy, good-night."



Of "Programs."

BEFORE me at this moment lies an admirable specimen of ornamental printing. It is a theatrical program, concerning which, in its useful rather than its beautiful aspect, I purpose saying a few words. And first let me take by the horns that inevitable Bull, whose ferocious charge I await with calm self-possession. "Program," I hear him roar, "spelt, sir, as you spell it is an Americanism." Be it so! The rehabilitation of English grammar, and especially of that division which occupies the spelling-book, is proceeding in America steadily, surely, and by no means slowly. I may or may not propitiate my bovine friend by observing that the return from the Frenchified form "programme" to the legitimate word "program," which had long lived in classical English literature, accords with the mode of spelling advocated and exemplified by the distinguished orthographic mutineer, as Thomas De Quincey calls him, Walter Savage Landor. And truly, if conservation be mutiny, then did the brave old Pagan well deserve to be styled a mutineer. But let that pass. It is about the thing, not the word, that I would speak; and whether a playbill be called a program or a programme, it ought in either case to be legible; and I declare I can no more read these artistic bits of pasteboard or paper than I can tell the time by a turret-clock to which I have to look up from an angle of seventy-five degrees, the dial moreover being covered with Gothic tracery, or than Sir Henry Hawkins can digest the hiero-

glyphics in which are written those indictments that are served up to him without having been previously boiled. We must have what Goethe is said to have called for, when *in extremis*, more light, ere we shall be able to make out the names of *dramatis personæ*, or of the ladies and gentlemen by whom these are represented.

Being out of the way of books, or books being out of the way of me, I can only trust to memory for correctness in ascribing to Sir Charles Sedley the phrase, "insinuating the plot into the boxes." An office frequently assumed by the hand that writes the program is this same artful insinuation, consequently there is something over and above the mere cast of characters to be got at, and so long as the present system of subdued lighting obtains, in theatres, as at dinner-tables, it will be equally difficult to decipher a program and a *menu*. Thackeray—and here again I lean on the bruised reed of recollection—somewhere speaks of the age of our ancestors in early Georgian times as being a dark age. He was historically right of course. There was no gas, no electric lighting, and the candles of the period were but indifferent at the best. If the luxury of wax was denied in frugal or impecunious households, then people, if they would not sit in the dark, burned the tallow of Russian commerce, and snuffed the cotton of old Virginny, for of such materials were composed the mould, equally with the still less lustrous dip. It seems but yesterday, so to speak, that such refinements as spermaceti and its numberless imitations, paraffin and the like, drove away tallow. Even down to the comparatively recent generation in which your grandmother, my venerable friend, was a green girl, and was taken in the family chariot or a hackney-coach to her first play, being perhaps detained and terrified by foot-pads in Drury Lane before she got to the theatre, a certain indispensable functionary, the candle-snuffer, came round several times in the course of the evening to sheer off the clubheads of unconsumed carbon that dulled the light that lightened the darkness that enwrapped the dingy splendour of the front of the house, while the stage on which his Majesty's servants enacted Cato, Jaffier, Pierre, Tamerlane, Almeria, and other heroic personages was illumined by oil lamps. The wheel of fashion goes round, and the colour and

brightness that scientific invention gives us are held by æsthetic taste in aversion or contempt, as being all too bright for any purpose subservient to art. May there no longer be a golden mean? The train oil and the tallow, with the clumsy cotton wicks that assisted them, are happily despatched; as are the great, clumsy playbills, printed with abominable greasy ink that left its filthy mark on your fingers; but surely there may be something between a glare and a gloom—between a bill of the play, such as used to be thrust in the face of the public entering a theatre, and a gracefully designed, elegantly printed program, which nobody can read by the uncertain light that glimmers on the stalls. GODFREY TURNER.

Wilding. (Captain Swift.)

A WILD dare-devil, reckless to the core,
Who mocked at creeds both human and divine,
And made a dual god of Chance and Will:
A lonely hardened man on whom would shine
No ray of hope, for all the future bore
The lowering front of unacknowledged ill.

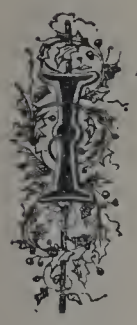
A nature softening 'neath a woman's sway,
And soiled hands striving to be pure again;
Her influence piercing to the thread of gold
Which gleamed through broken hopes and sorrows vain;
And then, a risen ghost which turned the way
Of dawning happiness to grief untold.

A desperate man with hunted haggard eyes;
A stained life whitening to a nobler close;
And last—eternal silence. All the fears,
The brief sweet passion, and the sad heart-throes,
At peace for ever, as the dead man lies
A poor dumb suppliant for his mother's tears.

M. E. W.

Haymarket Theatre, September 1, 1888.

Milo de Meyer.



IT being Monsieur Milo de Meyer's intention to pay his first visit to London during the course of October, some details on this most clever of *magnétiseurs* may therefore prove interesting to the readers of THE THEATRE. M. de Meyer has achieved celebrity in France, Belgium, and Holland, his great success either in public or private *séances* being enhanced by the fact that there is nothing of the charlatan about him. Whether you believe or not in the mesmerist, he believes in himself, and explains his wondrous experiments on purely scientific principles. I write from Boulogne-sur-Mer, where not only did I witness the two performances given by M. de Meyer at the Théâtre Municipal, but had an opportunity of interviewing him at length, his conversation proving most interesting. Gentlemanly, simple and straightforward in manner, M. de Meyer is especially anxious to divest mesmerism from any touch of the supernatural, and disclaims any power to produce second sight, or the transmission of unspoken thought. I found him ready to meet any doubt or question with a clear and simple explanation. M. de Meyer, who is only seven-and-twenty, is a Belgian, and began his career as an actor, but it so happened that his professor in histrionic art was likewise a *magnétiseur*. The young Milo de Meyer felt the deepest interest in his master's magnetic experiments, and thought he would try his own power on one of the *subjects*. To his surprise he succeeded at once, and from that moment followed up the science of magnetism and hypnotism. Studying all the best authorities and improving upon them, all the experiments presented by him have either been discovered, suggested, or approved by well-known medical men, and in every case theory has been brought to practical perfection. Besides this, M. de Meyer has innovated an entirely new process with astonishing results. For three years he only exercised his power as a *magnétiseur* privately among his friends and acquaintances, but about two

years ago he made his professional *début* in that capacity at Boulogne-sur-Mer, at the same time renouncing dramatic art. His success was immense, and has remained so ever since, wherever he has appeared, and it should prove the same in London. Contrary to most mesmerists, M. de Meyer has no special *subject* whom he takes about with him, but mesmerises anyone who volunteers to test his power. He considers the average number of people susceptible of being magnetised at a first trial to be from fifteen to twenty per cent. Fascination is the word which best describes M. de Meyer's method of producing mesmeric sleep or hypnotism. His eyes, which are large, but usually have a most good-tempered expression, almost seem to start out of his head when he fixes them on his *subject*, and assume an imperative look which it seems impossible to resist. It is a strange effect when, after mesmerising separate individuals, by a rapid stare at each of those on the stage, he makes them all rush at him, like moths around a flame. By a look, he either attracts or repulses. His *subjects* laugh, cry, sing; forget their own name and fancy they are someone else; drink water and think it wine, &c., &c. They enact any scene which is suggested to them by *word*, not *thought*, believing in the reality of it all, until they are awakened, and then are unaware of what has taken place; in other words, a dream in action is produced at the mesmerist's will. Of course, the cataleptic state is likewise produced, the *subject* being placed in awkward positions, but the (apparently) painless experiment of piercing the arm with a long pin is discarded because the sight once caused a lady in the audience to faint, and M. de Meyer does not wish to make a painful impression. Mesmeric sleep, produced at a distance, is one of the most startling items of the *séance*. Several of the young men are ordered to disperse themselves among the other spectators, who are requested to keep them awake by every possible means, and from the stage he orders them to sleep, and only awake after a gong has been struck so many times. Some people might object that the sleep was pretended, but I can vouch for the contrary, in one case at any rate. One of the *subjects*, a sailor lad of about seventeen or eighteen, came and sat in the midst of our party. In answer to our questions, he said he had never been mesmerised before, and suddenly fell asleep; his limbs

became limp, perspiration came out on his forehead; shaking, tickling, pricking with a pin, strong salts, and even a paper spill tickling the inside of his nose—nothing could move him; on lifting his eyelids we found his eye-balls were turned, only showing the white. This was no acting, the boy *was* asleep, and nothing could wake him but the gong. Another extraordinary speciality of M. de Meyer is what he calls prolonged suggestion. On the evening of the first performance, while they were in a mesmeric state, he ordered several men to do certain things in a certain street and at a certain hour on the following day. We saw the fulfilment of this, an experiment often repeated in Boulogne by M. de Meyer, as many, including doctors, can testify. Having, as I said before, studied magnetism specially on medical and scientific grounds, M. de Meyer also gave some most interesting experiments of the effects produced by oxidric light, and by the inhalations of certain substances. His new process of mesmerism is extremely curious. By applying the open hand to the back of the subject, he produces what he terms "*Sommeil somnambuliste à l'état de veille;*" that is, being *awake*, they are unable to do or prevent themselves from doing certain things. There were in the audience two young men who had been mesmerised by M. de Meyer two years ago: they felt rather shy of going on the stage, so he came forward and, by merely fixing his eyes on theirs, drew them from their seats, in spite of themselves. One man, who at the first performance had been one of the most docile *subjects*, despite his having made a bet of ten francs with his friend that the mesmerist would have no power over him, at the second performance had selected his seat in a dark corner, but, being discovered, resolutely turned his head away, and got a friend to hold him tight; a mere waste of trouble, the mesmerist said, "Before I have counted up to ten you will have looked at me." He answered "No," but it proved "Yes." Probably M. de Meyer will, after December, fix himself definitely in Brussels, where he thinks of entering into partnership with a doctor, with a view of curing nervous affections by magnetism. The lady readers will perhaps be interested to hear that on being asked if he had ever mesmerised Madame de Meyer, M. Milo de Meyer answered, "Never, for I wish my wife to retain her entire free will."

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

London Actors and London Theatres.

By a Russian Critic.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

THERE is no doubt that this gift would be highly desirable on some occasions, but on others it would be attended with so much mortification that many Englishmen would gladly be without it. Whilst they are criticising foreign nations, they must remember that they also indulge in the same entertainment, and fill their journals with amusing accounts of their habits and peculiarities. Few of my friends in London are aware that for the last six months there has been a chiel among them taking notes in the shape of an Argus-eyed correspondent of one of the leading journals in Russia. This critic, who is a kind of Russian Max O'Rell, and with much of that amusing Frenchman's wit and humour, is nevertheless a very unmerciful and unsparing critic, capable of expressing his opinion on what he sees in a style certainly more vigorous than kindly. As he never expected that any one would translate his remarks, he has written many things in his native language which he would have probably left out had he been aware that this fate would befall him. For this very reason, and on account of his strict and unfeeling impartiality, I have taken the trouble of translating his remarks on the London actors and theatres.

This gentleman commences by stating that "London can boast of a greater number of actors and gifted artists than Paris can, while there is a remarkable dearth of good actors. Perhaps they exist, but the better class do not play." The writer, who evidently followed up his profession with much gusto, and appears to have obtained some wonderful private information on his subjects, then proceeds to speak of individual actors

on the English stage in a very unconstrained and gossiping manner. The first artist that engages his attention is Miss Fortescue, who made a rapid rise in her profession after a certain lord had fallen in love with her pretty eyes, and had been fined ten thousand pounds for breach of promise. He then proceeds to speak of Harry Nichols, whom he describes as a splendid serio-comic actor and a good singer of comic songs and couplets. In "The Run of Luck" *he acted the part of a lackey with great talent.* The "Pompadour," Wills's last play, next engaged this gentleman's attention. He praised the manner in which this fine play had been put on the stage, and the talent of the manager, Beerbohm Tree, and Miss Rose Leclercq, whom he describes as "a splendid dramatic actress." In another theatre, the Adelphi, the writer remarks, "there is now being given a very pleasing comedy." In this troupe there is to be found *the best classic actor in London*, William Terriss. Here follows a sweeping assertion which, I trust, is not true for the sake of the London fair sex, viz., that "The London ladies are literally mad after him" (Russian, "go out of their senses on his account"). *He plays the scoundrel's rôle of Cartwright in this play excellently.* The Princess's Theatre he describes as large and beautiful, but the troupe is not very good.

This Muscovite Philistine then continues in the following strain: "Lovers of high-class play should, however, pay a visit to the Lyceum, where Goethe's 'Faust' was rendered by two English celebrities, Irving and Ellen Terry. The English place Irving deservedly high. He is doubtless, in many respects, worthy of remark, *but like all the English actors he has no school whatever, without which tragedy, drama, or even high comedy, are impossible.*" This unsparing critic then has a shot at Ellen Terry, but says she has "*immense dramatic* talent." She has, as we say in Russian, much inner feeling. In "Ophelia," for instance, "she weeps, during the whole act, big tears sufficient to fill a tea-cup. This has immense effect on the nerves of the greater part of the audience. It is a well-known fact that the English have copper wires instead of nerves, and it is necessary to strike them with a beam on the nose before they can feel anything!" In the Olympic Theatre the drama of "Christina" has been given, which

is supposed to be taken from the lives of the Russian Nihilists; but the contents are an absurd impossibility. In this play an actor called *Lachard (Willard)* does not play half badly, especially the part of the melodramatic villain. *Also Yorke Stevens, with whom, as is the case with Terriss, all the ladies are in love, and idolise by sending him love-letters. As far as Terriss is concerned, he has a great number of admirers from among the midst of about two million women in London.* At the Opera Comique a play called "*Ariana*" was given, which, according to English ideas, is immoral. The principal *rôle* in this drama was performed by Mr. Bernhard-Bere, whose style of acting strongly resembled that of Sarah Bernhardt. Farces seem to take well in the London theatres. Lately the whole troupe of the Gaiety (which had a great success in the cleverly-written play of "Frankenstein") sailed for Australia.

The ornament of the Gaiety Theatre, however, is Nellie Farren, an actress of fifty years of age, who can take the part on the stage of a young girl of eighteen. There is also in the same theatre a splendid comedian, called Fred Leslie. He is not only a conjurer, but also a ventriloquist. A diverting farce, the "Arabian Nights," has been played at the Comedy. The best artists here are W. Penley and Miss Wenn (Lottie Venne). A similar farce, called "Sweet Lavender," is being played at Terry's Theatre. The most *striking* actor here is *Edward Terry, the brother of Ellen Terry, who resembles her in having a nose somewhat turned up.* The best serio-comic actor in London is Toole, who bears a "great reputation," especially in his aptitude for representing different types, especially policemen, butlers, &c. A very good comedy, called "The Wife's Secret," has been at St. James's Theatre. The head of the troupe, Kendal, is a good artist; but his wife plays much better, especially in serious parts. English comedy, to a great extent, has a tendency to turn into melodrama. Orphans and illegitimate children often figure in them. The clergymen are generally (blagoroduce) well born, respectable, but the rogues and Don Juans are mostly taken from the military classes. One of these characteristic English comedies has been given at the Globe Theatre, under the name of the "Golden Ladder." The most eminent actors in this theatre are Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake, who both played with such immense success in the United States. In the

Theatre Vaudeville, in the comedy of "Joseph's Sweetheart," "the beautiful Katie Rorke deserves very much to be praised." Charles Wyndham and Miss Moore, known in their famous *rôles* of this past winter in St. Petersburg, are both talented, and play with success in the comedy of "David Garrick." "Miss Moore is still very young, but her playing is too sentimental." . . . There are besides other kinds of theatres in London, which are an immense success, and *give the shareholders fabulous dividends.* These are the Alhambra, Empire, and Pavilion, something between a theatre and a Café Chantant, in the style of the Parisian theatres, Eden, Folie Bergere, &c.

"These are especially the theatres of the democratic public, who, lounging in splendid velvet-covered chairs amidst unusually grand decorations, fill the halls with the smoke of strong cigars, and drink during the entertainment a mixture of seltzer and brandy or whisky. With the growth of the lower classes and the increased passion for representations, one can assume that the theatres will become more and more coarse, and that it will be necessary to have recourse to the circus, with its animal diversions, as was the case in ancient Rome. The representations of the above-mentioned theatres are exceedingly diversified and ingenious; the programmes are changed as often as possible. Conjurers, clowns, and acrobats, the best in Europe, play a great part."

The English ballet he praises in unmeasured terms; the decoration he thinks magnificent, and the orchestra is not "half bad." He then concludes as follows :—

"At the Alhambra the English gentlemen make their appearance after dinner in evening dress and white ties (flerterovatj). The performance regularly finishes about twelve o'clock with the national hymn, leaving the public tolerably indifferent. Even the passionate eyes of Miss Rossi, which would set the audience of other nations in a flame, only cause the English to faintly applaud, as they are, by their fogs and brandy and water, only able to smoke a little, but not to catch fire."

Thus terminates this amusing and rather wild criticism, which I have translated thinking it would amuse Englishmen to know how they appear in the eyes of a Muscovite observer.

Russ.

A Strange Land.

THE other day I was sitting in my library alone. Without, the wind moaned exceedingly, and the rain beat restlessly against the panes. But I was not afraid, for I had caused storm-windows to be put in last winter. I felt convinced that everything was in trim for a peculiar and startling occurrence; I knew that the hour, the place, and the temper of the elements should combine to induce in me an *ceric* sensation. The evenness of my pulse irritated me to a mild degree, though my conscience told me that I had dined wisely and not too well, had looked over a satisfactory banker's book, had committed no crime worth mentioning, and, though I was a recluse of a certain age, I wore fairly, and envied no man of my years.

Notwithstanding, I felt I was an anomaly, and desired anxiously to live up to the hour, the place, and the tempest. I left, therefore, my easy chair and my wood-fire—coal is dirty, and expensive, and treacherous; besides, I prefer wood—and approached my book-shelves. At the rows of novels I glanced askance, paused but a thoughtful moment before the poets, passed with a flickering smile the travellers' tales, and arrested myself resolutely in front of "Magic" and "The Occult Arts." I had commanded success, and a sense of triumph strove with the desired sense of awe, as I regarded the dingy calf bindings covered with printed charms and unearthly symbols.

The question was one of choice simply, and I instinctively drew out the largest, dingiest, and most be-scrawled volume. As I did so a little booklet fell to the ground, and I stooped to pick it up and replace it. But I did not replace it. To be sure there was nothing striking in its appearance. It was, as I said before, small; it was seemingly new, though the cover was already half off, and some pages were loose. Essentially small and modern, it was guiltless of charm, and possessed no hideous symbol but the sign of the publisher, which was, however, suffi-

cient. But what attracted me was the title. It ran thus, "A Strange Land." After attentively contemplating this I replaced the large volume, and carried my little prize to my chair by the fireside.

I never regretted this. Scarcely had I begun to read than I was fascinated; after a few pages I could not have borne interruption. When I finally laid it down I more than matched the time, the hour, and the tempest.

It was a tale of a strange land! The light tone that appeared to pervade the book I would not reproduce if I could, for I hold it unseemly to jest with mysteries. But I am no longer young. and know little of the world outside my ancestral domain, Nevertheless I desire to benefit it, and, as I cannot part with my treasure, I wish to tell something of its wonders to those who are willing to learn.

The traveller who wrote this account of his adventures says that the first thing which attracted his attention was the exceeding unsteadiness of this land. He has frequently seen a *whole street* rocking to and fro as if agitated by a strong wind! Still more marvellous is the fact that the inhabitants do not share in this extraordinary phenomenon, but, possibly from long experience, appear quite insensible to it! I confess, so graphic were the author's pictures, that I almost felt as if I were crossing the Atlantic in a storm, and had not grown accustomed to it! It would appear that the unsteadiness of the land affects the moon, which bears little resemblance to ours, save that it is more or less round; and that it is often subject to a tremulous sort of motion, which must seriously affect the air currents, and possibly interfere with life on other planets. This is not at all certain, however, since it in no way affects life on this strange land, and the moonlight casts its glamour precisely as if the moon itself were in a normal condition—supposing, of course, that it is not the normal condition of a moon to shake like a leaf in the breeze.

But it would be difficult to pronounce arbitrarily on the case, for in this land the rain *never wets anything*, and is never visible to the stranger. The inhabitants have some consciousness of it, for they put up umbrellas when they hear it, though they never get wet. My traveller has even observed a youth take off his coat and wrap it round a fair young lady, but he shrewdly

suspected that this was only as an excuse for encircling her waist with his arm. And shocking as it may seem to some—I do not wholly condemn it myself—there appear to be grounds for this surmise. Vegetation, owing to the dryness of this rain, is not all that could be desired, and a certain stiffness or rigidity of the foliage, as well as a peculiar colouring, may be set down to this cause. Snow certainly falls in great abundance, but it also is quite without moisture.

The unsteadiness of the earth is matched by the extraordinary swiftness of certain atmospheric changes. Sunset, in this land, must be something quite out of the common. My informant distinctly says that he has observed sunset taking place in a series of abrupt *jerks*, with pauses of unequal length between each. He has been delighting in a roseate glow, when he has suddenly found himself as yellow as a guinea, and before he has grown used to his friends' complexion he has found it change to a startling green! I cannot but think that the electric light would be a *boon* to this land!

There are also many peculiarities connected with the houses belonging to the inhabitants of the country. They frequently contain rooms of noble proportions, but even quite small chambers are provided with a *most unusual* number of *doors*. My author remarks that he has often been rendered perfectly giddy by observing a room filling with people who seem as if they must have entered through the wall! Only the owners of these rooms can be expected to remember where all the doors are, and whither they lead, and he, for one, was not surprised to find visitors constantly making mistakes, and I am bound to add that some of those he mentions were *very awkward* ones indeed! These errors, he says, constantly produce the *most disastrous results*, and are a frequent cause of *painful misunderstanding!*

Another peculiarity is the manner in which bedrooms are continually to be found opening off drawing-rooms. Architecture, indeed, appears to be quite in its infancy in this land of wonders. I felt desirous of sending my own architect to see what he could do; but my eye chanced to fall on a letter from a tenant, complaining that his back and front doors were constantly shutting each other up, and that his dining and drawing-room smoke returned visits; so I determined not to be in a hurry, especially as I had not yet learned the whereabouts of the land.

Servants there seem extraordinarily perfect in one of their duties. They appear, my friendly author says, to be in waiting outside, and enter the instant a bell is rung. In fact, if the bell will not ring, through any accident, they come all the same. This is certainly an improvement on my own electric bells, and I should like to know the secret. The contrivance is probably a patented one, but I never object to paying well. Something, perhaps, may be due to the multiplication of doors, which may facilitate approach. One trifling fault my traveller found, and that was that the servants were for ever dusting. The time they took to dust, and the perfunctory manner in which they performed the task, aroused unnecessary ire. I occasionally dust my *éditions de luxe* myself, and the occupation is conducive to thought. In fact, one may have a duster in one's hand for an hour and do very little dusting. At least, that is my experience. Constantly also, continues this observant critic, he has noticed blinds not pulled down or curtains left undrawn at the very time when, had they but known it, it was most *essential* that these duties should have been punctually attended to. The things that have been seen and heard, owing to this carelessness, froze my blood merely to read of—though, on the other hand, by this means justice has sometimes been done, and crime brought to light.

A more startling fact is the faculty some of the natives have of rendering themselves invisible to each other. Many times my author has noticed a person remain for a long time quite unconscious of the presence of another who is apparently in *full view*. He passes within a yard, and sees nothing! This is very perplexing, and another fruitful cause of dilemmas. They seem also quite without that sensitiveness to another's personality that is universal with us. Gentlemen will approach close to maidens without arousing any suspicion of their presence! With us this is occasionally *simulated*, I am told, but with them it is a reality.

It is a country where one needs to pick one's words, for nothing is more startling than the manner in which any one who is mentioned will suddenly appear. It brought an ancient saying to my mind, I confess. There is one advantage to be placed against this drawback; it seems to be quite possible to speak out loud, and yet, if you will that none shall hear you, you

are not heard! Talk of thought-reading and mysterious affinities has reached me, but nothing so indicative of the *occult power of the will* as this.

Then, again, these people, as a people, have a remarkably small appetite. The daintiest array of china and glass and silver will be set before them, and the least little bit of solid food, so as not to shock the most delicate sensibilities, and yet it will go away *almost untouched.* One young lady's whole meal consisted of a mouthful of cake and a vigorous stirring of her tea!—while a gentleman of herculean proportions has been known to dine off a quarter of a potato and a small glass of wine! I cannot think what would become of our *chefs* were such abstemious habits to grow general here; and in view of the large number of people—possibly virtuous and industrious—who would be thrown out of work, I hesitate to entirely commend them.

It is a strange thing that, being such light eaters, they should be such *heavy sleepers.* A fragile-looking girl will sit down, very likely in the most uncomfortable of positions, and will be asleep before you can count ten, even if you skip from two to nine, and little short of an earthquake will wake her. And the marvellous rapidity of their writing *defies description!* My traveller says he is accounted a quick penman, but the veriest slip of a girl will finish a letter before he has dipped his quill in the ink. Moreover, they have a curious habit of repeating what they write aloud. The author seems to think this absurd; but, for my part, I think it points to an innocent and unsophisticated view of life and its possibilities.

The sight of these strange people would appear to be defective, for I read that they will constantly complain of the dark, and stumble over obstructions, where, to one who is not a native, there is a sufficiency of light. Their lamps and candles are, perhaps for this reason, so made as to exceed in brilliancy anything we can produce. My traveller affirms that he has frequently observed that when one lamp is carried in, a room will suddenly be *magnificently illuminated.* In the same way the lowering of the lamp will reduce the apartment to almost *entire darkness!* Absolute darkness is unknown, owing to some peculiar hidden method of lighting which prevails everywhere, and is automatically brought into action whenever the apparent

means of illumination are unused. These lamps and candles would be a valuable addition to our houses, and I see no harm in praising them, as it cannot possibly be construed into an advertisement.

I may mention that the people of this land appear to be actuated by passions for the most part like unto our own, but intensified. A striking example is furnished. The writer was on a certain occasion the witness of a duel between two young men of good family. The pistols were raised; the bullet of one harmlessly penetrated a tree; the other pistol *missed fire*, notwithstanding which mishap the unfortunate youth at whom it was aimed *dropped dead* upon the ground! It is surely needless to observe that death was undoubtedly due to the *intensity* of the malignant feelings of the person firing! One must immediately perceive the dangers surrounding life in a land where one is at the mercy of the evil-minded, and the exceeding difficulties which must lie in the way of bringing such offenders to justice. We must also be thankful that our own passions have no such awful power!

I have said enough to prove to my readers how strange a land is described in the pages of my little volume, and I only regret that no clue is given to its position. This fact, however, should but serve to whet the ardour of the adventurous, to whom I wish *all success*.

* * * * *

I should like to add that an old friend of my youth chanced to come on an unexpected visit to me just after I had written the above. To him I confided my discovery. He asked in a very abrupt and *malapropos* way, I thought, if I would share his box at the Alexandra Theatre on Thursday of next week. I sincerely hope that the marvels herein related will not as obviously unsettle the mind of any one who may do me the honour to read of them, for it would be to me a matter of *undying regret*.

Cecil W. Franklyn.

Our Play-Box.

'GLADYS; OR, THE GOLDEN KEY."

Comedy, in three acts, by ARTHUR LAW.

Placed in the evening bill at the Avenue, August 27, 1888.

Gerald Lockhart ..	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Colonel Faulkner ..	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON.
Frank Meredith ..	Mr. J. C. BUCKSTONE.	Mahdra	Mr. EDWARDS.
General Sir Peter Peploe, K.C.S.I...	Mr. RICHARD PURDON.	Dubois	Mr. ERNEST PATERSON.
Mr. Fairlie	Mr. W. GROVES WATSON.	Carrie Galloway ..	Miss ROSE DEARING.
Mr. Dredge	Mr. MARK KINGHORNE.	Mason	Miss ANNIE HOWARD.
		Gladys Fairlie ..	Miss FLORENCE WEST.

Mr. Henry Bracy, with a view to cater satisfactorily to different sections of the play-going public, opened this pretty little theatre (which by-the-by has been tastefully redecorated and the electric light introduced) for the autumn season with comedy and burlesque, both of which appeared to give pleasure to the crowded audience present on the first night of his venture. "Gladys" was originally played at a Strand *matinée* on December 1, 1886, when, notwithstanding its sketchiness, it was received with favour. The heroine, daughter of a reputedly wealthy father, has, rather unwisely, paid clandestine visits to the studio of Gerald Lockhart, an impecunious artist with whom she has fallen in love. Colonel Faulkner, an adventurer who wishes to marry her, discovers these meetings and brings her father and General Peploe to the studio when he thinks the lovers are together, but these having received timely warning the girl escapes, and the portrait of her is so disfigured as to be unrecognisable, and so the Colonel's meanness is exposed. But in the face of this Gladys marries him, being induced thereto by her father, who, on the eve of bankruptcy, imagines that he will get help from his future son-in-law. Faulkner takes his wife to India, where her beauty attracts the young fellows whom her husband rooks at cards, aided by a confederate violinist, who, by his playing, lets the cheating gamester know the state of his opponent's hands. The artist Lockhart has, in the meantime, become wealthy, and, travelling about the world, meets his old flame. Her husband draws him on to play, but Faulkner's malpractices are exposed, and he is proved to be a bigamist and shot by the half-crazy brother of his first wife. Lockhart magnanimously forgives Gladys for her desertion of him, and she, after a little hesitation as to the shame which now attaches to her name, accepts the renewal of his offer. Gladys is too weak in character to thoroughly enlist our sympathies, but the part was so ably filled by Miss Florence West (who was the original representative) as to gloss over its

shortcomings. Mr. Lewis Waller was again manly and impassioned as the artist, and Mr. Royce Carleton once more gave a finished picture of a cool heartless scoundrel. Mr. Richard Purdon was very amusing as the General who has a capital memory for faces, but who can never remember names, and Mr. Mark Kinghorne made much of Mr. Dredge, a sneaking Uriah Heap-like creature. Miss Rose Dearing, too, was pleasing as Carrie Galloway, a bright laughing little lady. On the same night was produced the "Eastern Extravaganza," rewritten by Robert Reece and Edward Righton, and entitled

"DON JUAN JUNIOR."

Don Juan	Miss Emily Spiller.	Haidée	Miss Addie Conyers.
Pedrillo	Mr. E. Righton.	Zoe	Miss Kate Everleigh
Lambro	Mr. Mark Kinghorne.	Gulbeyaz	Miss Ada Bemister.
Alnaschar	Mr. Richard Purdon.	Benzoline	Miss Sallie Turner.
Baba	Mr. E. W. Colman.		

Some eight years ago this burlesque was played at the Royalty, under Miss Kate Lawler's management (November 3, 1880), and ran for a con-

siderable time. The new version is full of puns and "word plays," makes some smart hits at the follies and shortcomings of the day, and is interspersed with ditties fitted to popular airs by Mr. Edward Solomon. "The

Garden of Sleep" and "The Lost Chord" merge into sprightly music-hall ditties. "Rule Britannia" followed Grossmith's ludicrous "See me dance the polka," dances alternate with banjo playing, and one beautiful scene follows another, all of the pictures being filled by the fairest of the fair sex.

Mr. Edward Righton was the most comical of tutors, and Miss Emily Spiller, with only a little more voice, would be the most fascinating Don Juan. Mr. Richard Purdon proved a very tyrant of a Sultan, and Mr. Edward Colman the most agile of palace ministers.

The dresses were rich and harmonious in colour, the scenery charmingly painted, and the stage arrangement excellent. The fault to be found was that, notwithstanding all its excellence, "Don Juan Junior" proved to be a trifle too long.

"PEPITA."

Comic Opera in three acts, by CHARLES LECOCQ, the libretto adapted from the French of MM. DURU and CHIVOT by "MOSTYN TEDDE."

First produced in London at Toole's Theatre, August 30, 1888.

Pepita	Miss WADMAN.	Fernando	Miss JESSIE DAVIS.
Inez	Miss KATE CUTLER.	Muriel	Miss LILLIE LEVENE.
Cattarina	Miss ALMA STANLEY.	Hans	Mr. FRITZ RIMMA.
Inigo	Mr. HORACE LINGARD.	Juan	Mr. J. LITTON.
Pedrillo	Mr. LOUIS KELLEHER.	Alphonso	Miss EVA BEAUMONT.
General Pataqués	Mr. FRANK SEYMOUR.	Lopez	Miss WINNIE MARSDEN.
General Bombardos	Mr. WALKER MARNOCK.	Isabella	Miss ADA MAY.
Prince Guzman	Mr. LYTTON GREY.	Jose	Miss TILLY WOLFF.
Gomez	Miss BEATRICE GORDON.		

The English version of "La Princesse des Canaries" came to London under unusual circumstances. Contrary to the usual custom, it had already been represented some seven hundred times in the provinces with universal success before we were allowed to see it. Messrs. Auguste Van Biene and Horace Lingard thought the opportunity of Toole's Theatre being vacant a good one to enable us to judge of its quality, and I think must almost regret, from the favour with which it was received, that they had not submitted it to a London verdict sooner. Though

MISS WADMAN.

"Doth my simple feature content you?"

As You Like It.—Act iii. Sc. 3

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

perhaps not equal even to the music of "Giroflé-Girofla," and far behind the composer's best known work, the one under notice is ever bright and cheerful, and the orchestration often exceptionally good, and Mons. Lecocq has certainly never composed anything finer than the bass solo and chorus "In the Night," which commences the finale of the second act.

For genuine comic effect nothing will surpass the duet "My excellent friend Bombardos," while the numbers "Shoulder to Shoulder" and "I Dare Not" will safely challenge criticism. It is said that Messrs. Van Biene and Jakobowski have in some respects altered the original score, and introduced some fresh airs, if so they have not injured the

"My excellent friend."

work. One great advantage of the libretto is that though amusing and sometimes piquant it is always free from *double entendre*, or anything approaching to coarseness; the plot, too, is simple, but lends itself readily to some amusing complications.

Inez, the rightful heir to the throne, has been brought up in ignorance of her high estate, and has lived as a simple village maiden with her foster-sister Pepita. In due time they marry two brothers, village innkeepers, Inigo and Pedrillo, who are tormented by their wives absenting themselves periodically, and not giving any account of their doings whilst away. These absences are due to General Bombardos, who has informed Inez

of her being the queen, and is striving to place her in power in opposition to Prince Guzman, a young usurper, who is favoured by General Pataqués. This astute soldier and politician discovers the whereabouts of Inez, who is compelled to fly, and as Pepita will not leave her, to throw their pursuers off the track Bombardos enlists them in the cadet corps. Pataqués learns this, and when he parades the young gentlemen, the fugitives have assumed the disguise of vivandières. Circumstances render it necessary that the Queen shall be proclaimed, but as her adherents are scarcely yet strong enough, to secure her safety Pepita appears as the sovereign, thus enabling Inez to escape arrest, and finally the foster-sister dons the costume as a Toreador. The fun is kept up by the persistent search of the husbands after their truant spouses.

It will be seen that on Pepita falls the burden of the play, and Miss Wadman's talent and brightness in conjunction with her charming vocalisation, carry it through with the greatest spirit. Miss Kate Cutler, a new comer, has a pleasant voice and a naïve manner. The two generals, represented by Mr. Frank Seymour and Mr. Walker Marnock, are as opposite in character as they are in appearance; both humorous, but the one bluff and soldierly, the other sly and astute. Messrs. Lingard and Kelleher fill the *rôles* of the twin inn-keepers drolly, but would have greater scope if the librettist had made them more dissimilar. Mr. Lytton Grey and Miss Alma Stanley render valuable assistance. Mr. Fritz Rimma deserves great praise for his stolid humour in the small part of a German sergeant, and Mademoiselle Hoby for her graceful dance. The chorus and band are thoroughly efficient, the dresses and stage appointments brilliant, and Mr. Van Biene conducts admirably.

"CAPTAIN SWIFT."

Four act play written by C. Haddon Chamber

Placed in the evening bill at the Haymarket, September 1, 1888.

Mr. Wilding	Mr. Tree.	Bates	Mr. Robt. Harwood
Mr. Seabrook	Mr. Kemble.	Mrs. Seabrook	Lady Monckton.
Harry Seabrook	Mr. Fuller Mellish.	Lady Staunton	Miss Rose Leclercq.
Mr. Gardiner	Mr. Macklin.	Mabel Seabrook	Miss Angela Cudmore.
Marshall	Mr. Brookfield.	Stella Darbisher	Mrs. Tree.
Michael Ryan	Mr. Charles Allen.		

In the July number of The Theatre appeared a notice of "Captain Swift," the first performance of which took place at a *matinée* on June 20 at the Haymarket. The sketch then given of the plot will stand for the later representation, but since its original production the piece has been generally carefully gone over, some of the dialogue written up and

improved, and, greatly to its benefit, the last act in a measure reconstructed. True that the final catastrophe is the same: the poor hunted creature at length has learnt what happiness may arise from human love, has found a mother whom nature prompts too late to sacrifice everything for her neglected son, and a girl who, courted, admired, and an heiress, has yet given him her heart. But these very sources of happiness have brought with them the consciousness of the degradation of his own past life, and have awakened those nobler feelings which have slumbered but were never quite dead within him. And so to save the mother who has so wronged him from the disgrace of the avowal of their connection, and the girl he loves from having her name in any way linked with his, Captain Swift, or Wilding, goes by his own act to the "Never, Never Land" with

a hush of silence on his lips, and a last word of warning and affection to the miserable woman who brought him into the world. But before he has determined thus to end his sad career, Stella Darbisher, with the instincts of a true woman, though, having learnt of his past life, she knows they can never be anything to each other, comes to Gardiner's rooms to interest him on Wilding's behalf, to say how she wishes to do something for him, and the manner in which this is expressed and her leave-taking of her former lover formed perhaps one of the most touching scenes ever witnessed on the stage, so exquisitely was it acted by Mrs. Tree. Nothing that this rising actress has hitherto done has ever equalled this in its tender pathos. The parting scene between Wilding and Mrs.

Seabrook also has been strengthened, though Lady Monckton did not appear to rise to its exigencies as much as might have been expected. Excellent as was Mr. Tree's conception and execution of the character in the preceding act from his easy effrontery and grace and tact, in the last the blemishes of the initial performance had all been got rid of; there was a strength and a fervour that enthralled an audience which fairly hung upon his every utterance and action. Of Messrs. Kemble, Macklin, Charles Allen, and Miss Rose Leclercq, who once again filled their original characters, I can only say, as I did before, that in my humble estimation they were perfect. Mr. Fuller Mellish now played Harry Seabrook with a youthful impetuosity and vigour that is refreshing in these days of too

often namby-pamby "gilded" youths. Miss Angela Cudmore I have seen to much greater advantage than as Mabel Seabrook. Had Mr. Brookfield's make-up been as good as his acting no fault could have been found with his personation of Marshall, but he carried such a veritably hang-dog look that no person with a grain of belief in physiognomy would have trusted such a butler to take charge of his plate. The evening was quite an artistic triumph, company and author receiving the most enthusiastic calls.

"SHE."

New and Romantic Drama, in a prologue and five acts. Dramatised, by permission, from the novel of H. Rider Haggard, by EDWARD ROSE, and rewritten and adapted for Miss Sophie Eyre by WILLIAM SIDNEY and CLO GRAVES.

Produced at the Gaiety Theatre, September 6, 1888.

IN THE PROLOGUE.

Kallikrates	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.	Amenartas	Miss FANNY ENSON.
Junis	Mr. GLYN WYNN.	Ayesha	Miss SOPHIE EYRE.
Seta	Miss ENID LESLIE.		

IN THE PLAY.

Leo Vincey	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.	Barifi	Mr. WILLIAM HOLL.
Horace Holly	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Ustane	Miss MARY RORKE.
Job Round	Mr. JAMES EAST.	Masrar	Miss ELLIOTT.
Mehomed	Mr. E. CLEARY.	Boyaue	Miss LILY WILSON.
Billali	Mr. H. MAXWELL.	Kayali	Miss EDITH VYSE.
Ugogo	Mr. EDMUND GURNEY.	Utala	Miss MAUD GRAVES.
Selim	Mr. GEORGE ALLBURY.	She	Miss SOPHIE EYRE.
Ibrahim	Mr. CHARLES SEYMOUR.		

Mr. Rider Haggard's novels read well, but even the triumvirate of authors have not been able to make a good play out of his most popular work "She." The prologue, written by Mr. Edward Rose, was excellent, terse, and to the purpose; there was no waste of time or words, and it clearly explained the incidents that after a lapse of 2,000 years are revealed to the descendant of the murdered man. But in the play itself the dialogue was commonplace, redundant, and offered the most ludicrous contrasts between the stilted heroics of the Queen and the every-day and sometimes too emphatic language of modern every-day life. But this being said the story is closely followed, and the principal actions brought prominently forward. In the prologue the love of Ayesha for Kallikrates being repulsed by the Greek priest of Isis, she herself stabs him to death, and his wife, Amenartas, calls down upon her the curse which we see in its fulfilment at the close. The 2,000 years pass, and in Holly's rooms we have the opening of the

casket, the reading of the characters on the potsherd, and the starting of Leo Vincey (with his guardian and servant) to avenge the wrongs of his very remote ancestor. Then comes the dhow, the landing of the adventurers among the Amahagger, the choice of Leo as her husband by Ustane; the attack on the white men, and here the appearance of "She-who-must-be-obeyed," and her ruthless punishment of her subjects for their disobedience of her commands. We see Leo, desperately wounded and at the point of death, restored to life by "She," who recognises in him her Kallikrates; her destruction of Ustane; her unveiling to Holly, and the witchcraft she exercises over Leo, so that he follows her to the cavern of the Fire of Life; her entering into the Pillar of Flame, and being thrown from it a loathsome white-haired hag to die at the feet of the man with whom she hoped to live for ever. All that scenery could do to realise the stirring scenes was accomplished by Mr. Emden; the dances of the Amahagger were fairly wild and appropriate, and the music was well chosen; but the piece was too long; the scene in Holly's rooms superfluous and the comedy of Job Round completely out of touch with the weird mysticism of the story as represented on the stage. Miss Eyre possesses qualifications, both physical and mental, for the portrayal of the terrible "She," and succeeded well in depicting the witchery she could exercise over men, and the ruthless determination of her character in sweeping from her path any obstacle to the gratification of her desires. Her performance was a very fine one, and was thoroughly recognised as such. Next to hers was that of Miss Mary Rorke, as the unfortunate Ustane, which was exquisitely gentle and tender. Mr. Edmund Maurice looked handsome enough as Kallikrates and Leo Vincey to make any woman fall in love with him. Mr. Julian Cross, as the dark-bearded, plain-featured Holly, was impressive, and a special word of praise should be bestowed on Mr. Edmund Gurney for the manner in which he played Ugogo. Miss Fanny Enson, Mr. E. Cleary, and Miss Elliott were also good in their several parts.

"THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN."

Drama in four acts, by the late Tom Taylor.
Revived at the Olympic Theatre, Saturday, September 8, 1888.

Robert Brierly ..	Mr. Henry Neville.	Maltby	Mr. H. Rivers.
James Dalton ..	Mr. Charles Sugden.	Brunton	Mr. W. Garthwaite.
Hawkshaw	Mr. J. P. Burnett.	James	Mr. E. O. Waller.
Melter Moss	Mr. F. Motley Wood.	May Edwards ..	Miss Agnes Hewitt.
Green Jones	Mr. Compton Coutts.	Emily St. Evremond	Miss Helen Ferrers.
Mr. Gibson	Mr. Robert Courtneidge.	Mrs. Willoughby ..	Mrs. Huntley.
Sam Willoughby ..	Miss Jennie Lee.		

Although "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" has frequently been revived, yet it appears to be ever fresh and acceptable to a certain section of the playgoing public, and so perhaps Miss Agnes Hewitt was not unwise in reproducing it at the theatre in which it first saw the light, more particularly as Mr. Henry Neville, the original Bob Brierly, could resume the character in which he made a reputation a quarter of a century ago. He never acted with greater spirit or feeling; he looks no older, and still possesses that cheeriness and energy that ever distinguished the assumption. The entire cast has been given, as there was some speculation on the opening night as to whether it might not be a memorable one, and whether Mr. Charles Sugden would appear with the injunction obtained by Miss Edith Woodworth hanging *in terrorem* over him. This legal difficulty evidently did not dismay him, for he played Jim Dalton, the Tiger, with that *sang froid* that distinguished him, in fact a little more dash would have been acceptable. Miss Agnes Hewitt represented, with a charming truth to nature, the loving, gentle May Edwards, and improves visibly in every character she undertakes. Miss Jennie Lee's Sam Willoughby, though amusing and in the very spirit of thoughtless boyhood, would have been more appreciated had it not been quite so obtrusive. An excellent Mrs. Willoughby was found in Mrs. Huntley, who, for the nonce, abjuring the wicked harridans that she has of late been cast for, was a very kind-hearted and garrulous old lady. Mr. J. P. Burnett was a determined astute Hawkshaw, and Mr. Robert Courtneidge a genial Mr. Gibson—his play of feature was particularly good where he is struggling with his natural, kind-hearted wish to retain Brierly, but is prevented by the thought of what will be said of it "on 'Change." Mr. F. Motley Wood was careful not to exaggerate the peculiarities of Melter Moss, and Green Jones and Emily St. Evremond were amusingly rendered by Mr. Compton Coutts and Miss Helen Ferrers. Altogether the cast was good, and the play should suit Miss Hewitt's purpose till she is prepared with some other production.

On the same night was produced, for the first time,

"PITY IS AKIN TO LOVE."

An unfinished sketch by Jerome K. Jerome.

Paul Blythe	Mr. R. Courtneidge.	Maggie	Miss F. Kingsley.
Peter Fogg	Mr. F. Motley Wood.	Harold	Mr. H. Bagge.

This young author has done such good work, notably in "Wood Barrow Farm," that it is a pity that he should have endangered his reputation by the production of such a crude piece of work as the one under notice.

The idea is a hackneyed one, and the dialogue is almost totally deficient in that poetry of sentiment that distinguishes his former efforts. Maggie and Harold, two young people on the threshold of life, are intended by their respective fathers to become man and wife. Girl and boy alike object to marriage. When they meet, Harold, though very shy, immediately informs Maggie that he can never ask her to be his wife. She is delighted; they can now be the best of friends. Mutual confidences ensue, and they convey to each other that they have severally been jilted, and from the sympathy they feel for each other's woes arises that pity so akin to the warmer passion which seems likely soon to possess them both. The story, though often told, might have been made a pretty one, but the language was so commonplace as to rob the piece of any merit. The two old gentlemen were naturally played. Miss F. Kingsley was artless and unsophisticated as Maggie, and Mr. H. Bagge duly bashful and hesitating as Harold.

"THE ARMADA."

A Romance of 1588, by Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris.
First produced at Drury Lane Theatre, Saturday, September 22, 1888.

Sybil Tilney..	Miss Winifred Emery.
Cicely Manners	Miss Edith Bruce.
Queen Elizabeth.. ..	Miss Ada Neilson.
Fame	Miss Maud Milton.
Lola	Miss Kate James.
Martha Page	Miss Theresa Mayer.
Anna	Miss Nellie Huntley.
Mercedes	Miss Marie Beevor.
Vyvyan Foster	Mr. Leonard Boyne.
Don Alvarez da Silva	Mr. Luigi Lablache.
Don Guzman de Valdez	Mr. E. W. Gardiner.
Father Carey	Mr. A. Beaumont.
Jenkin Blount	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
Farmer Tilney	Mr. Stewart Dawson.
Joe Pollard	Mr. Victor Stevens.
The Grand Inquisitor	Mr. Henry W. Loraine.
Lord Burleigh..	Mr. W. Winstanley.
Lord Howard of Effingham	Mr. E. R. Fitz-Davis.
Sir Francis Walsingham	Mr. Mervyn Dallas.
Sir Walter Raleigh ..	Mr. J. C. Beauvane.
Sir Francis Drake	Mr. F. Dobell.
Sir Richard Grenville ..	Mr. W. S. Parkes.
Captain John Hawkins	Mr. Fred Thomas.
Capt. Martin Frobisher	Mr. Frank Collings.
Earl of Leicester	Mr. A. H. Cree.
Martin	Mr. S. Calhaem.
Simon Vincent	Mr. Walter Uridge.
John Page	Mr. Basil West.
William Stone	Mr. Bruton Robins.
Spanish Officer	Mr. Ulick Winter.
Spanish Citizen	Mr. H. Denvil.

The tercentenary of the destruction of the Spanish Armada no doubt suggested to Mr. Harris that it would be a favourable theme on which to write, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Hamilton (who has already done good work in "Moths" and "Harvest"), a play that would afford scope for that spectacular display for which Drury Lane is so noted. The subject too had the advantage of being comparatively fresh, and one which took the audience away from the usual run of conventional plays, though there runs through this latest "romance" the story of love and abduction. Vyvyan Foster, the captain of a privateer, has won the heart of Sybil Tilney, whom Don Alvarez da Silva, a Spanish grandee, has wooed in vain. Finding that he will not succeed, the Don carries her off, the curtain falling on her abduction being discovered by her lover, who determines to sail in pursuit

and recover her. The second act takes us to Don Alvarez's palace in Cadiz, where the owner threatens to hand Sybil over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition unless she will listen to his proposals. Vyvyan gains entrance to her chamber, and arranges to liberate her that night, but, returning on board his ship, the Vixen, an attempt is made by the Alcalde, Don Guzman de Valdez, to seize the vessel. He and his troops are overpowered, and he is likely to be hanged at the yardarm, when, to save his life, he divulges the secret of the sailing of the Armada, and Vyvyan, after a momentary hesitation between the calls of love and duty, sails at once for England, carrying with him the Alcalde as a hostage for the safety of his sweetheart. Arrived in England he obtains an audience of Queen Elizabeth, and tells her of the descent of the hostile fleet, and is commissioned by her to enrol volunteers, which he does in a stirring and beautiful scene at the cross of the village of Charing. We are next taken to Plymouth, where in a tableau ushered in by a "Chorus," in the person of Fame, we have an exact reproduction of the picture by Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., of "The Game of Bowls on Plymouth Hoe," subsequently the Council of War on board Lord Howard of Effingham's flag ship, and then a most realistic "sea fight between the Armada and the English fleet off Calais," the Spanish vessels advancing in line, the fire ships sailing down among them, and the attack by the Vixen crowded with sailors, led by Vyvyan, who board the Spanish man o' war. This, the most perfect stage picture perhaps ever witnessed, brought down thunders of applause. In Act IV. the scene shifts again to Cadiz, where, in the Prison of the Inquisition, Sybil is being tried, and is condemned to death by burning. In the Grand Place the Auto-da-fé is to take place; there comes the hapless victim, preceded by the priests chanting the "Miserere," the familiars and executioners, the balconies of the surrounding houses being crowded with spectators, and the square filled with picturesque groups. Sybil is fastened to the stake, and the flame is just about to be applied to the faggots, when Vyvyan rushes in at the head of his crew, who beat back the guards after a well-arranged assault and *mêlée*, and Sybil is saved from a cruel death. The last act takes place in England again. Vyvyan, returned, is knighted by his Queen as a reward for all his gallantry, and then comes the pageant of Queen Elizabeth's progress to

Old Saint Paul's to render public thanksgiving for the victory obtained and the deliverance of England from her enemies.

All this would be incomplete without some comic element, and this is furnished by Mr. Harry Nicholls, who, as Jenkin Blount, a runaway London 'prentice, turns sailor and follows the fortunes of Vyvyan, and, being rather a victim to the tender passion, has some amusing love episodes with his legitimate sweetheart Cicely Manners, and a flirting little Spanish girl Lola, these two parts being filled in a vivacious and humorous manner by Miss Edith Bruce and Miss Kate James. Miss Winifred Emery is engaging and tender as Sybil Tilney, and Miss Ada Neilson, who is every inch a sovereign, realises well the mingled dignity, imperiousness, and vanity of "Good Queen Bess." Miss Maud Milton obtained certainly the success of the evening by her fine delivery of the lines allotted to her to speak as Fame. Mr. Leonard Boyne, though at times a little inclined to "drag" his sentences, was a brave and manly Vyvyan Foster, and was excellent when calling on the citizens to volunteer. Mr. Luigi Lablache looked the character of the saturnine, intriguing Don Alvarez, and Mr. E. W. Gardiner ably filled the *rôle* of the plotting Alcalde.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the different scenes; those in Spain are from the brush of Kautsky, the "sea fight" is by Ryan, and the English landscapes and interiors by Perkins. Queen Elizabeth's Court at Greenwich was a splendidly rich picture, and the progress to St. Paul's distinguished by a wealth of pageant and colour, the value of which was heightened by the accuracy of the costumes, in obtaining which the manager has had the valuable assistance of Mr. Lucas's archæological research. There certainly has never been a grander production than that now running at Drury Lane. Mr. Harris has surpassed his hitherto great enterprises.

Cecil Howard.

Our Omnibus-Box.

We all know the stage story of "David Garrick." History repeats itself, for I have just received an interesting letter from an honest "father of a romantic daughter," who, during holiday time, has fallen head over heels in love with a popular actor. Here is the letter just as I have received it:—

"Dear Sir,—Myself a matter-of-fact man, I am the father of a romantic daughter. Shortly after her return to school I found the enclosed lines in her handwriting. I copied them, and beg to offer them for insertion in your magazine—The Theatre—thinking they may be of some slight interest to your readers—not from any intrinsic merit, of which indeed I know them to be barren, but as an instance of the effect so often produced upon a young girl's mind by the somewhat tinselly attractiveness of the stage lover.

"Who the 'gentle, lordly William,' with his 'frowning beauty' and 'proud, disdainful mien,' may be is beyond the reasoning powers of one so little versed in theatrical matters as

"Yours faithfully,

"J. W. M.

"I trust my daughter's effusion, if you read it, will furnish you with sufficient excuse for my not giving my full name."

And now for the verses:—

ODE TO AN ACTOR.

By a Young Lady.

Rara Avis in Terris.

Why art thou beautiful and brave and true?
Why art thou all that all a man should be?
Why hast thou steep'd my life in pleasure new?
And why am I unloved—unknown by thee?
I cannot choose but love thee, for thou art
Fairer than any that I e'er have seen:
The fond ideal of my maiden heart!
A dream of what should be or might have been.
Like to a star thou shin'st, so beauteous, so serene!

Ah! when I see thee in thy beauty stand,
And bid defiance to the deep-laid scheme;
Or when with bold-placed foot and raised hand
Thou tak'st unsullied virtue for thy theme,
My heart goes towards thee as a timid bird
Flutters at eve into its downy nest.
Such music as thy voice I ne'er have heard;
Such power to wake sweet tumult in my breast.
Speak! lordly William, speak! and I am more than blest.

I shut my eyes and think of thee, and cheat
My fancy to the thought that thou art mine.
I dream I lay my length at thy dear feet,
And on thy lap my weary head recline;
And look up to thy face, and hear thy voice
In broken music fall upon the air:
And know myself the maiden of thy choice,
She who to thee above all else is fair,
And feel thy loving touch sweep o'er my brow and hair.

I cannot paint, alas! my love in song,
I love beyond the power to say how much;
Since first I saw thee I have felt the strong
Yet gentle thrilling of sweet Cupid's touch.
And ere I saw thee I had learned to love
The sweet-voiced curate, with his care-worn brow;
But now his honey'd accents fail to move,
Now none can thrill my beating heart but thou.
Thou, gentle, lordly William, art my only idol now.

I love the frowning beauty of thy face:
I love to mark thy proud, disdainful mien:
I love to see the more than royal grace
With which thou sweep'st in pride upon the scene.
But, sweetest William, would'st thou deign accord
One little favour in thy graciousness?
Be but a little more, my heart's own lord,
A little more restrained in thy caress
Of her thou feign'st to love, of her thou deign'st to bless.

It is not that I grudge her all her bliss,
The golden harvest of thy well-feign'd zeal,
I would not rob her joy of one short kiss,
Hunger'd myself, I know what she must feel;
But think, my beautiful, of those who sit
And feel their gentle hearts nestling to thee
Shut in the circle, stalls or lowly pit;
'Tis bitter, love, their rival's joy to see,
And know the joy she feels their lot can never be.

And now farewell, my lordly one, farewell!
Farewell from one whom thou hast never known.
From one whose love for thee no words can tell,
Who bids thee call her life, her all thy own.
Farewell! a cruel fortune calls me hence
To all the chilling tyranny of rule,
But oft my lovesick thoughts will stray from thence
And fly the convent-walls of that dark school
To throb and die round thee on many an even cool.

August 21st, 1888. M. M.

Notwithstanding the classical quotation at the head of this affectionate ode, the innocent father of this romantic girl fails to detect the object of

his child's adoration. I fancy that some of our readers could enlighten him, and in that case he might invite "Sweet William" to supper in the Strand, and urge him to disenchant this modern edition of Ada Ingot with a nautical ballad or a story of the forecastle. But, sigh over the story as we will, the verses are excellently composed, the writer shows evidence of a pretty talent, and in years to come, when she becomes a poetess of renown, she will laugh over her innocent effusiveness, and remember that, happily for her, the impetuosity of youth and the irresponsibility of girlhood were buried and forgotten in her "Ode to an Actor."

A revised and cheaper edition of Mr. Ashby Sterry's "Lazy Minstrel" poems has been published. It is a delightful book for the hammock in summer or for the sofa in winter time, and few who admire a light singer with music in his voice and expression in his heart will miss the chance of obtaining this volume. Mr. Sterry has been singing in verse and pattering in prose for the last twenty years, and the best of him is that he is as young now as then.

A correspondent in Manchester sends me the following account of "My Brother's Sister," Miss Minnie Palmer's new piece, produced there at the Prince's Theatre on September 3:—"After a week's successful revival of 'My Sweetheart,' Miss Minnie Palmer appeared on Monday in a new so-called comedy. Though amusing to a degree, the piece can scarcely be dignified with the title of comedy, for there is nothing that can be called a plot, unless it be the idea taken from the French, on which 'The Lady of Lyons' was founded. A Miss Geraldine Previous, a Boston society belle, having been slighted by Mrs. Livingstone, who objects to the young lady's marriage with her son, determines to be revenged on her, and introduces to her a low-bred girl, whom she will pass off as a member of an aristocratic family. While seeking some one who will answer her purpose, her cousin, Waldcofer Grosserby, comes across a shoeblack boy (really Nadine, who, at her father's wish, has always assumed male attire). The youngster says that he is sure his sister will be able to fill the part. The girl is first introduced as a sort of "marchioness," and at once readily undertakes to assume the airs and habits of a fine lady, in which character she is so winning as to gain the affections of Richard Livingstone. As she is supposed to have a brother, a naval cadet, and it is necessary he should appear to verify her position, the young lady vanishes for a time, and in her place comes a dashing young salt-water dandy, who plays his part so well that Miss Geraldine falls desperately in love with him. In the end Nadine, ashamed of having won Livingstone's heart under false pretences, tells her whole history, but is at once forgiven, and taken to the bosom of the family, more readily perhaps as she is found to be the daughter of an *emigré* French nobleman. I need hardly say that Miss Palmer undertakes these various characters, and, I must add, fills them attractively and skilfully. Her singing of 'The Spider

and the Fly,' a German song, and a very pretty ballad, ''Tis better so,' gained her immense applause. Her dancing was as graceful as ever, and a little touch of pathos in the third act exhibited in her a power for which I had not given the little lady credit. Miss Palmer was well supported. Mr. W. Farren, jun., was excellent as an old French nobleman. Miss Carrie Reynolds, a very handsome young American actress, made a most favourable impression as Miss Geraldine Previous, and Miss Hettie Chapman was very droll as a pianoforte-playing 'help.' Miss Maud Brennan is always good in whatever she undertakes. Mr. Roberts gave a fresh and most amusing reading of a penniless, sponging American 'dude,' and Mr. W. J. Robertson was unconventional and easy as the lover. Mr. George Bernage and Mr. Ben Hendricks also assisted in the *bon accueil* of the piece by a crowded and fashionable house. You will shortly see 'My Brother's Sister' in London, as Mr. J. Rogers is so satisfied that it will prove a success there that he has cancelled Miss Palmer's American engagement."

On Sept. 3 "The Still Alarm," which is drawing remarkably good houses, and in which Miss Grace Hawthorne now plays Ellinore Fordham, was preceded at the Princess's by a one-act farce which the authoress, Mrs. A. D. Livaudais, has entitled "Philanthropy." It is a right merry little piece, with some smart dialogue and a bustling if not very strong plot. Mrs. Gaythorne, distressed at the Lothario-like proceedings of her husband, visits his friend Tomnoddy to pour her sorrows into his manly bosom. The arrival of Gaythorne compels her to conceal herself, but beneath the curtain peep her very pretty feet; her husband, without knowing to whom they belong, makes passionate love to their owner, and Tomnoddy's sweetheart Julia appearing on the scene causes him to be suspected of fickleness. An old "philanthropist," Thomas Lovefair, sets matters straight in the end, though in such an eccentric manner as to cause much laughter. Mr. D. G. Longworth played with a dry humour that was very comic, and Miss Alice Chandos was smart and clever in by-play as a faithful but rather sharp "slavey."

"The Real Case of Hide and Seekyll," Mr. George Grossmith's musical farce on the weird play which is now the attraction at the Lyceum, was produced at the Royalty on September 3, and, though all the fun that might have been extracted from such a subject was scarcely to the fore, yet the droll songs and the dire effects produced on all the characters by the incautious use of the awful "potion" caused much merriment. Mr. Lionel Brough represented the dual characters. As Dr. Seekyll, he has in his service a page, who, furious at the constant bullyings he receives from Hide, plays such pranks with the medicament that produces the changes that the doctor is never certain in which person he will appear. To add to the mischief, Ewart, the buttons, brings the bottle forth, and the various characters, under the impression that it contains whisky, drink of its con-

tents. Captain Lando, a maritime gentleman who uses strange salt-water ejaculations, becomes a red-coated volunteer. Puddle, the faithful hoary-headed butler, changes places with the mischievous page (very neatly played by Miss Helen Leyton), and the cantankerous housekeeper into a very Nora Creina. Mr. Brough cleverly burlesqued the gruesome creature Hyde, but was happiest in his treatment of Dr. Jekyll, as played by Mr. Bandmann. His song, "Don't you wish you were some other fellow?" was capitally sung. Mr. E. W. Garden, as Captain Lando, danced an excellent hornpipe. Mr. R. Soutar was droll as the Inspector Nevercomen, and Miss Isabel Grey played with spirit as Rebecca Moore.

My Glasgow correspondent writes me:—On Monday, September 10, Messrs. Howard and Wyndham inaugurated their management of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, with Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Marion Terry, and the Lyceum Company, in "Faust." Erected in 1880 from designs by Mr. C. F. Phipps, F.S.A., and allowed to be one of the finest theatres in the provinces, it has been successively tenanted by the late Miss Marie Litton, Mr. Charles Bernard, Mr. F. W. Sydney, and Mr. W. T. Rushbury, with but indifferent success. However, now that Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, whose reputation in the North is firmly established, have taken it in hand, continued and increasing prosperity may confidently be looked for. The audience assembled to do honour to the occasion was large, representative, and enthusiastic, and no theatrical venture was ever launched under more advantageous circumstances. "Faust," which was played for the first time in Glasgow in September, 1887, again delighted all present. Considering all the circumstances attendant on the opening of a new theatre, the marvellous scenery, embracing "Faust's Study," "The Lorentz Platz," "Street in Nuremberg," and "The Summit of the Brocken," worked so harmoniously that one might readily have fancied himself in the London Lyceum. The Mephistopheles of Mr. Irving is now so well known that further comment on it at the present time is almost unnecessary. Strong in its withering cynicism, its grim humour, and in the subtlety with which it portrays the cringing devil, in whose unholy ears the cathedral chimes discordantly jangle, or the all-powerful adversary gloating with demoniacal chuckle over the misery of his victims, Mr. Irving's performance is one that will live long upon the memory. An event of no small interest was the appearance of Miss Marion Terry for the first time as Margaret. With a voice as like that of her sister Ellen as it is possible for two sisters to have, it was only necessary to close your eyes to imagine that it was the incomparable Ellen herself. Here, however, the illusion ended; for, although Miss Marion Terry gave a well-defined and thoroughly artistic rendering of the part, there was lacking that girlish artlessness, that unspeakable something, which has made the Margaret of Miss Ellen Terry the admiration of playgoers at home and abroad. A first appearance, and in a city where the

devotion to Miss Ellen Terry is loyalty itself, may naturally have made Miss Marion nervous, and to this belief I am inclined, judging from subsequent performances. Mrs. Pauncefort, Messrs. George Alexander, F. Tyars, T. N. Wenman, Mead, Carter, Archer, and others fully maintained the prestige of the Lyceum *corps*. Previous to the performance of "Faust," Mr. J. B. Howard gave an indication of the new management's future policy, and at the conclusion, in response to repeated calls, Mr. Irving, in a brief speech, wished his friends Howard and Wyndham every possible success, and thanked the audience for their kindly appreciation of himself and comrades. Messrs. Howard and Wyndham afterwards entertained a party of gentlemen at a commemorative supper in the Central Station Hotel. Among those present were Bailie Simons, Treasurer Richmond, Professor George Buchanan, David Pryde, LL.D., Edinburgh; Mr. William Winter, *New York Tribune;* Mr. Walter Baynham, Mr. Charles Russell, *Glasgow Herald;* Mr. H. J. Loveday, Mr. Wellwood Rattray, Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. William Glover, Mr. D. F. Low, Mr. T. W. Robertson, &c. After supper, and the usual loyal toasts, Mr. Howard, who occupied the chair, proposed the toast of "Henry Irving." In reply Mr. Irving made flattering reference to the Glasgow Exhibition, and recalled the circumstance that, in 1857, he had been at the opening by Mr. Wyndham, the father of one of their hosts of that evening, of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal. He was at that time a "walking gentleman," with a weekly salary of 25s. The title of the opening piece, he recollected, was "The Avalanche," and an avalanche it proved to him, so heavily did everybody come down on him for his performance. Among the other speakers were Bailie Simons, who proposed the healths of Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, Treasurer Richmond, Professor George Buchanan, and Mr. William Winter. The last-named gentleman insisted strongly on the superiority of the English over the French school of acting, and especially on the intellectual excellence and individuality of Mr. Irving as compared with the foremost members of the House of Molière.

On the same evening at Messrs. Howard and Wyndham's other theatre in Glasgow, the Royalty, was produced for the first time "Coward Conscience," a new play in four acts, by C. A. Byrne and Arthur Wallack. The piece, which is admirably constructed and ably written, may be described as a sensational drama—*plus* the sensation scenes—dependent solely on good honest acting, and on that account it ought to be cordially welcomed. The story deals with the fortunes of Ralph Rowenden, whose entanglement with a woman in Paris leads to his being accused of the murder of a man in a railway train, as a telegram and a cheque found upon the body bear his name. Implicated in the affair by circumstantial evidence is one Lieut. Roy Brechin, R.A., whose long-headed policy in engaging a Scotland Yard detective to probe the matter to the foundation

ultimately brings to justice the man, Rudge, Rowenden's steward, who, having witnessed what was in reality an accident, tries by means of the telegram and cheque to extort money from his master. "Coward Conscience" was capitally played by the company now touring in the provinces under the direction of Messrs. T. W. Robertson and S. Sothern.

Miss Wadman first appeared at the Gaiety Theatre about ten years ago in an operetta entitled "An Evasive Reply," in which she played the leading singing part. In the cast were John Maclean, J. H. Barnes, and Mrs. Henry Leigh. She then took part in such operettas as "The Rose of Auvergne," "A Happy Village," &c., and also played about this time in comedies, and was cast for such characters as Eliza in "Paul Pry," Lady Bab in "High Life Below Stairs," and the comedies of the late H. J. Byron, playing at the same time in the concluding burlesque. At the end of 1880 Miss Wadman left the Gaiety and devoted herself to opera bouffe, and appeared at the Globe, April, 1881, under the management of the late Alexander Henderson, as Toinette in "La Boulangère." From the Globe she went to the Royalty, still under Mr. Henderson's management, and appeared as Eurydice to Miss Lydia Thompson's Orpheus in the burlesque "Pluto." On the opening of the Avenue Theatre, in March, 1882, Miss Wadman played Suzanne in the revival of "Madame Favart," Miss Florence St. John and Mons. Marius taking their original parts. An engagement with Mr. Henderson at the Comedy followed in "Falka." She filled the *rôle* of Edwige the gipsy, a signal success. A tour of eight months in the provinces succeeded, playing the title *rôle* in "Falka." Miss Wadman's next character was that of Thames Darrell in "Jack Sheppard," and the *prima donna's* part in "The Palace of Pearl" at the Empire. This was followed by "Indiana" at the Avenue, which character was her own creation, and was played by her during its run in London and subsequently on tour. Mr. Harris having made the subject of our photograph a very tempting offer to appear in his pantomime of 1887, the offer was accepted, and she played the leading part in "Puss in Boots." After the run of the pantomime, and with an interval of three days only, Miss Wadman appeared once more in her old part of "Falka" in the provinces, returning to town to create "Pepita" on its production at Toole's.

Mr. Arthur Roberts was born in London, September 21, 1852, and was eight years in solicitors' and financial offices. Having a peculiarly humorous method of singing songs of his own composition as an amateur in *quasi*-private assemblies, he was recommended to try what he could do in public in order to add to his income. Wiser than many, he would not throw away the present substance for the possible shadow of success, and so recounts with great glee that while still working in his office, and singing at the music halls at night, clients would, on seeing him, start back and ask him whether they had not seen him the night before, a suspicion

that he used always to endeavour to calm by imputing their question to the extraordinary likeness he bore to a well-known "comique." He was, whilst a clerk, engaged by Mr. Howard Paul for a three weeks' tour, and, as his holidays only extended over a fortnight, he had, for the remaining week, after attending at the office during the day, to travel down at night to Sittingbourne, Gravesend, Dover, and Hastings, and be at his post on the following morning. Mr. Arthur Roberts' success was soon assured, the certainty of it arising from his singing a song, entitled, "If I was only long enough," for the manager's benefit at the Oxford, and he only too gladly deserted the desk. After becoming a great favourite at the London music halls, and proving that he could do good work in pantomime and in comic opera in the provinces, he was offered his first low comedy part of Joe Tarradiddle, in "La Vie," by Farnie, at the Avenue. At the Comedy under Mr. Henderson's management he played Jugginsee Lal in "The Grand Mogul," &c. Besides this a short engagement at the Alhambra is the only one that Mr. Roberts records, almost all his time since his joining the stage having been spent at the Avenue. Among his most successful impersonations here were Varney, in "Kenilworth" (December 19, 1885), Sir Rupert the Rapless, in "Lurline" (April 24, 1886), Frontignac, in "The Commodore" (May 10, 1886), Matt o' the Mill, in "Indiana" (October 11, 1886), "Robinson Crusoe" (title *rôle*, December 23, 1886), and perhaps his very best, Polydore Poupart, in "The Old Guard" (October 26, 1887). Strange to say, none of Mr. Roberts' family have at any time been connected with the stage, and, as a youth, he had but very rarely visited theatres or music halls.

An important sale will take place on Wednesday, the 10th of this month. Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis, Clark, and Co. will on that day, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, offer the National Standard Theatre for bidding. The theatre was entirely rebuilt in 1867, in a substantial manner, the principal entrance enlarged in 1876, and since then alterations in accordance with the requirements of the Metropolitan Board of Works have been made. The house affords seating accommodation for 4,200 spectators, realising at popular prices about £200. The fittings and fixtures will be included in the purchase. The scenery, wardrobe, and properties are to be taken at a valuation in the ordinary way. In addition to the theatre proper, there will be included in the sale "The Bishopsgate Hall," which is licensed for music, has a distinct entrance from High Street, Shoreditch, possesses a stage and gallery, and will seat about 800 persons. Six houses appertaining to the property are to be disposed of at the same time, the sale being ordered by the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, and possession of the premises will be given on completion of the purchase.

On Thursday afternoon, September 13, there was a representation at the Crystal Palace of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Mr. Beerbohm Tree

in the character of Sir John Falstaff. For several reasons, a notice of the performance is deferred till its repetition takes place at the Haymarket, where nearly the same cast, a remarkably strong one, will appear.

As a contrast to the splendour of "Antiope," the Alhambra management have provided a charmingly poetic ballet in "Ideala." The idea is a pastoral one, the dances graceful, and the woodland scenery beautiful. The costumes by Alias are more than attractive from the exquisite taste displayed in their design.

The evening bill at the Strand Theatre underwent a complete change on Saturday night, September 15, and Mr. Willie Edouin returned more to the former style of entertainment when the "little theatre" was ruled over by Mrs. Swanborough. The farcical comedy, "Kleptomania," by Mark Melford, was seen here at a *matinée* in June, and was then favourably received, Professor Andrew Smalley, LL.D., of Trinity College, Cambridge, on that occasion being played by the author. Mr. Edouin now takes the character of the nervous, pale-faced Don, who is brought into such trouble by the unfortunate peculiarity which his intended mother-in-law, Lady Blair, has acquired of possessing herself of other people's property. She labours under the delusion that she is in receipt of a private income, and that she purchases her various "annexations." Her mild, good-natured husband, the General, has to arrange matters with the various tradesmen, and, a companion being thought advisable for his wife, a woman of the name of Gathermoss, arriving to apply for the situation, is believed by her to be an old flame of the General's. The piece caused a great deal of genuine laughter, and was excellently represented by Mr. Edouin, who was most amusing, by Miss Susie Vaughan as Lady Blair, by Mr. Albert Chevalier as the General, who is so peacefully resigned to his fate, and by Miss Madge Johnstone as Mrs. Gathermoss, another bare-faced kleptomaniac. "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp," the burlesque by H. J. Byron, which proved such an attraction here in the '60's, has been written up to date by Albert Chevalier, and the music selected and arranged by E. Jones, and goes capitally. Without making invidious comparisons with the names of well-known favourites that filled the principal *rôle* in the past, an excellent cast has been provided. Miss Susie Vaughan's handsome presence enables her to meet all the requirements of the Sultan, and her

Mr. Edouin as Prof. Smalley

dancing is not only nimble but graceful. Miss Grace Huntley is a most insinuating Pekoe and sings very sweetly. Miss Alice Atherton with her accustomed sprightliness and vivacity is a dashing mischievous Aladdin, and has a song of "Nursery Rhymes," which brings down the house. Mr. Albert Chevalier makes of Abanazar a truculent but most comic seller of

old lamps, and cleverly burlesques the Jekyll and Hyde ideas. Mr. Willie Edouin plays the Widow Twankay with genuine humour, makes his appearance after the manner of Professor Baldwin and his parachute, has a most comic dance, and gains a double encore nightly for his "Limelight" song. Mr. J. Halliwell makes a hit as a droll grim old Vizier. The Slave of the Lamp, Mr. Herbert Sparling, is a modern masher-Mephistopheles in red, and the remaining parts are well fitted by Miss Lillie Bryer (Princess Badroulboudour), Miss Lilian Milward (the Genius of the Ring), and a number of very pretty ladies. The dresses are beautiful, and the scenery excellently painted, the music bright, and the piece goes with a swing that promises a lengthened run.

"A Fair Bigamist," by U. Burford, a lady authoress, was produced at the Royalty on Thursday, September 20, with but moderate success, though the piece would, in all probability, prove acceptable to provincial audiences. The heroine is a woman who, having married the worst of scamps, is deserted by him. After some time she is wedded again to a clergyman, and her first husband, having discovered her whereabouts, tries to make her rejoin him and act as decoy in a gambling saloon. She refuses, leaves her

home, and takes refuge in a home for Sisters of the poor, and, in the course of her duties as nurse, has to tend the man who has made her life a misery. He dies, and she goes back to her clergyman, who receives her with open arms. Miss Rose Murray acted with some power as Marion, "the fair bigamist." Miss Lilian Seccombe, a young and very bright and pretty actress, was excellent as Biddy Hannigan. Mr. Sydney Price, as the gambler James Blane, was rather extravagant in his death-bed scene, and Mr. Eille Norwood a little too didactic as the Reverend Ronald Oliver.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the author of "The Spy," produced for the first time on September 21, 1888, at the Comedy, has shown good taste in ignoring the common desire for a happy ending to a play, by concluding his with the only legitimate fate for his heroine—her death. Lizette, an artless loving girl, has enshrined in her heart the image of Antoine, the son of Mère Michaud, to whom she is a companion. The Alsatian town in which they live is besieged by the Austrians, and is likely to surrender, owing to the treason of one of the inhabitants. Public rumour has pointed to Adrienne de la Rochelle as the "Spy," and the young noblewoman seeks refuge with Lizette, whose gratitude she has gained by nursing her through a fever. Presently, Antoine, who has taken service with the Bavarian troops, arrives, and poor Lizette soon learns that he loves Adrienne. Mère Michaud, an old blind woman, whose sympathies with France make her hard and cruel, has heard whispering, and, feeling assured that the "Spy" is concealed in her house, goes to warn the authorities. Soon Captain Duval appears with orders to seek for the betrayer. Should he search the house Antoine will also be discovered, and his life forfeited. Existence has no more charms for Lizette; she can save the man she loves, and make him happy with the girl he adores, and so the brave faithful girl declares herself to be Adrienne de la Rochelle, is led forth a prisoner, presently a volley of musketry is heard, and she has sacrificed herself to ensure the safety of those dear to her. Miss Vane Featherstone, on whom fell the burden of the play, was thoroughly natural, her comedy was excellent, and in the emotional part she displayed genuine feeling. Mrs. G. Canninge was vindictive as Mère Michaud, but her physical powers were hardly great enough for the requirements of the character. Mr. A. G. Andrews was amusing and clever as the boorish lover Joseph, and Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, finished artist that he is, made much of the small part of Captain Duval. There is very considerable merit in Mr. Raleigh's work, the language is well chosen, and the piece only requires a little curtailment to rank high among dramatic productions. This littte play is strictly original, and is not derived from Erckmann-Chatrian or anyone else.

Miss Edith Woodworth's Gilberte in "Frou-Frou" was accorded such universal approval, when she appeared in the character in July last for the benefit of the Buttercup and Daisy Fund, that the management wisely

revived the play during the last seven nights of their tenure of the Globe Theatre. Miss Woodworth on these later occasions played with even greater charm and power, and established her reputation as an actress capable of sustaining parts of far more weight than she had been credited with. Mr. Arthur Elwood proved himself an excellent Henri Sartorys, Miss Marie De Grey was acceptable as Louise, and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar good as the Baron de Cambric; the rest of the cast was the same as on the original production at the *matinée.*

On Monday, September 24, Mr. Thomas Thorne returned with his company to the Vaudeville to resume their successful run of "Joseph's Sweetheart," with the original cast.

In last month's magazine there was given a description of the new "Court" Theatre. The appearance of the charming little house on the opening Monday night, September 24, surpassed all expectations. As to the bill of fare provided, an account of it is compelled to be held over till next month. Suffice it to say that Mrs. John Wood was received in the most cordial manner in the post which she has re-assumed as manageress, and also in her inimitable *rôle* in "Mamma," that Mr. Hare was also welcomed enthusiastically, and that the success of the new venture was complete. Mr. Arthur Chudleigh was indefatigable in seeing to the comfort of his crowded and fashionable audience.

Mr. John Lart's play, entitled "The Monk's Room," is to be reproduced at the Globe Theatre on October 2, having already been seen at two *matinées*. The cast is an unusually strong one, and includes Messrs. E. S. Willard, Hermann Vezin, Forbes Dawson, Stephen Caffrey, &c., Misses Alma Murray, Helen Leyton, Marion Lea, E. H. Brooke, &c. A farce by Mr. Arthur Shirley, entitled "Physic," makes up the bill.

"Dorothy" attained a two years' uninterrupted run on September 25, and goes now with as great a success as ever.

At the Opera Comique Mdme. Julia Woolf's "Carina," mounted in the most lavish manner and with an excellent cast, was to be produced on Thursday, September 27. Report speaks highly of the music. The theatre has been redecorated and beautified throughout. "Carina" will be preceded by a new comedietta, entitled "The Blacksmith's Daughter."

To-night, October 1, Mr. Richard Mansfield produces at the Lyceum "A Parisian Romance," a play in which he has achieved a great success in America as the Baron de Chevrial. Powerful as has been Mr. Mansfield's acting as Hyde, it was but a gruesome subject, and playgoers will be glad to see him in a more truly legitimate character.

The Promenade Concerts which have been so successful at Covent Garden come to an end on October 16, when Mr. W. Freeman Thomas will take his benefit, and a special programme will be provided. The house will re-open for a short season of Italian opera on October 27, under the direction of Mr. Lamperti, and at Christmas Mr. Thomas will produce the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe"

"The Old Guard" returns in full force to the Avenue on October 1, an accession having been made to its ranks in the person of Mdlle. Vanoni, who has had some fresh songs introduced for her to sing in the part of Follow-the-Drum, hitherto played by Miss Phyllis Broughton. A new operetta entitled "Quits," by Mr. John Crook, will be produced for the first time on the same night.

New plays produced and important revivals in London from August 22 to September 24, 1888.

(Revivals are marked thus.*)

Aug. 27.* "Gladys; or, The Golden Key," comedy, in three acts, by Arthur Law. Avenue.

,, 27.* "Don Juan Junior," Eastern extravaganza, written up to date by Robert Reece and Edward Righton. Avenue.

,, 30.* "Pepita," comic opera, in three acts, composed by Charles Lecocq, the libretto adapted from the French of MM. Duru and Chivot, by "Mostyn Tedde" (first time in London). Toole's.

,, 31. "Sally in Our Alley," new three-act play, by Fred Lyster and Paul Heriot. Sadler's Wells.

Sept. 1.* "Captain Swift," four-act play, by C. Haddon Chambers. Haymarket.

,, 3. "Philanthropy," one-act comedy-farce, by A. D. Livaudais (Miss Alice Chandos). Princess's.

,, 3. "The Real Case of Hide and Seekyll," musical farce, written and composed by George Grossmith. Royalty.

,, 6. "She," romantic drama, in a prologue and five acts, dramatised, by permission, from the popular novel of H. Rider Haggard, by Edward Rose, and re-written and adapted for Miss Sophie Eyre, by William Sidney and Clo Graves. Gaiety.

, 7. "White Stockings," comedietta, by George W. Harman. Stratford.

,, 8. "Pity is Akin to Love," an unfinished sketch, by Jerome K. Jerome. Olympic.

,, 8.* "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," by the late Tom Taylor. Olympic.

,, 13.* "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Shakespearean comedy. Matinée. Crystal Palace.

Sept. 15.* "Kleptomania," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Mark Melford. Strand.

„ 15.* "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Scamp," burlesque, by H. J. Byron, written up to date by Albert Chevalier. Strand.

„ 20. "A Fair Bigamist," new play in four acts, by U. Burford Royalty.

„ 21. "The Spy," new play in one act, by Cecil Raleigh. Comedy.

„ 22. "The Armada," a romance of 1588, by Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane.

„ 24. "Mamma," adapted by Sydney Grundy, from M. M. Bisson Mars' farcical comedy in three acts "*Les Surprises du Divorce.*" Court.

„ 24. "Hermine," original play in one act, by Charles Thomas. Court.

In the Provinces, from August 13 to September 17, 1888.

Aug. 27. "A Life's Debt," new and original drama, in four acts, by J. F. Graham (produced for copyright purposes, Royalty, Chester, November 17, 1887). Victoria Opera House, Burnley.

„ 27. "Strollers; or, On the Road," musical drama, in four acts, by G. W. Glenny. Athenæum Hall, Llanelly.

Sept. 3. "My Brother's Sister," new three-act musical comedy-drama (performed for copyright purposes, Alexandra, Liverpool, October 22, 1887). Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

„ 3. "Bob," comedy-drama, by Fred Marsden (first time in England). Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.

„ 7. "Fair and Square," new and original drama, in five acts, by Alexander B. Bell. T.R., Barnsley.

„ 10. "Coward Conscience," new play, in four acts, by C. A. Byrne and Arthur Wallack. Royalty Theatre, Glasgow.

„ 17. "Arcadee," new and original operetta, written by John Burton, composed by Francis Willoughby. T. R., Margate.

THE THEATRE.

In Memoriam.

J. M. L., Died October 11, 1888.

I STOOD the other morning at the grave, and saw lowered into the earth, covered with flowers from faithful and affectionate friends, the last of one who, in his lifetime, was the best friend that man ever had. No kindlier heart, no more sympathetic soul, no better guide, no truer counsellor, a man more just and honourable in all his dealings I have ever known than Mr. J. M. Levy, who honoured me for many a long year with his confidence and encouraged me with his counsel. When very young, quite unasked, he took me by the hand and promised me there and then his faithful support if I only proved to him that I was worthy of it. That promise he kept to the very letter, and from that instant never swerved in his determination to shield me in the battle, that every journalist must fight, if he be earnest in his work, and independent in his course of action. No one knows better than I do how often I have tried that trust, and in the accidents of life have tested the truth of that sincere friendship. Never once, from that day to this, did he feel bound to resent the impetuosity of youth, or to check the judgment of maturer years; he passed over in silence the errors that he most deeply felt, but he was the first to encourage and applaud the successes that soften the bitterness of daily life. At the most anxious and trying moments of a long career, when others have withdrawn their confidence owing to their own conviction or the pressure put upon them, it was

Mr. Levy who stood out and offered his hand and help. To forget such kindnesses and to ignore such invaluable support would be on my part an act of ingratitude and a proof that I had no appreciation of the finer qualities of human nature. Often and often during the conduct of this magazine, or whilst working my way in other departments of literature, I have been cordially thanked by this one or that for giving them a start, for recognising their ambition, for printing this story or that poem, for being the "literary godfather," as they call it, to this man or that woman, who, in after years, have made a success, but never forgot the accident that helped them. These are among the pleasant moments of life. It is then that I have never failed to remember my best and truest friend; it is then that I recall what he did for me; it is then that I pass in review the years gone by, and have, I trust, tried more than once to do unto others as I have been done by. No father could have given me more affectionate counsel; no friend could have been truer to a bond of mutual sympathy. With a keen sense of right and wrong, with swift and unerring judgment, with kindly heart and affectionate nature, beloved at home, universally respected abroad, a man of iron will with the sweet disposition of a woman, I shall always consider my lost friend as one of the noblest specimens of manhood I have ever met.

In the after years, when the history of the period of the drama of the nineteenth century is written, it cannot fail to be recorded what faithful encouragement and warm sympathy were bestowed on the sister arts of the drama and music by Mr. J. M. Levy. It was not only that he used his vast power and influence to do all that could be done to restore these arts—particularly that of the drama—to the niche from which they had fallen; it was not only that he determined that everything should be said that could be said of the play, and players of our day; not only that his wish was to discover talent and foster it, to elevate the tone of the stage, to depose that which was vulgar and to advance that which was true; but when the truth comes to be told it will be found that in almost all the successful dramatic enterprise of our day, be it opera or play, be it theatre or concert, there was in the background the diplomatic instinct and rare foresight of this very remarkable man. When in the long or

immediate future more biographies and reminiscences are written, it will be found that the most successful artists and actors of our day appealed to him in doubt, and never failed to receive the fruits of his unerring judgment and keen instinct. Many thousands have been saved, and many more have been won, when the individual who risked, and the man of ambition who speculated, boasted the friendship, and accepted cheerfully the advice, of this remarkable man of the world. There are few artists of the front rank now living who would not testify cheerfully to the encouragement they have received, and personal regard they have encountered, at the hands of the true friend we all so sincerely mourn.

It was by his desire that the more scanty theatrical reports of other years, and other times, were turned into essays as complete as modern journalism can afford; it was by his wish that art, in its daily story, should have a place as prominent in public regard as current politics, or social incidents. The new play, or new opera, was to become as important as the political debate or the sensation of the hour. He gave the lead and others followed it. And now, when we ask why the drama has such a prominent place in our regard, it must not be forgotten that the drama, in some form or other, is before men and women's eyes and a subject for discussion and public interest. The wonder is, that with such advantages for display, the goods in the window are not so very much better. The street has been thrown open, the shop-fronts are elaborate, the people are passing by and looking in, but the material is often very scanty, and the articles are not often very fresh. The advantages of publicity are often sadly ignored by the wholesale manufacturer, and the conscientious workman.

Of the social qualities of our lost friend, it would not be becoming here to speak. We who knew him best, and in business, shall miss him in the little room in Fleet Street, where almost to the very last he was ready to offer us advice in anxiety, encouragement in endeavour, and consolation in trouble. He invariably sunk the master in the friend, and made all connected with him believe that they were members of a happy family. His word was his bond, and a promise once given was never broken. Here in this room in the busy street, how many

a time has he not given an encouraging hand to the youngster, and welcomed back the repentant prodigal. Others, who were not privileged to meet the faithful friend in the strict man of business, will recall his face and figure in other scenes, and amidst other associations. We shall see him no more, in his box at the theatre, surrounded by his family, applauding and encouraging as in days of old, but I for one, so long as play-going is my lot, shall feel his presence there, and long for the chance of that one word that confirmed doubt, and supported conviction. To me it was ever a delight to know that "the chief" was in the house, ready at any moment to aid with swift counsel or accurate forecast. Many there are still living who can recall delightful Sunday evenings in Doughty Street or Russell Square, where friendships were cemented that death alone has severed. Many a younger generation will look back with delight at those memorable evenings, in Lancaster Gate, when all was happiness, when sorrow had not set her black seal on this united family and its honoured head, and when those privileged to be present enjoyed the society of the most cultured and delightful form of Bohemianism that chance could throw together. What brilliant conversation at the dinner-table, what beautiful music in the drawing-room, contributed to by the genius of the day in every country, what cheery fun over the parting cigar, fell to the lot of those admitted to the great house in Lancaster Gate, whose walls even yet must echo with laughter and with song! And then, as days went on, and death narrowed year by year that merry circle, and trouble more bitter than falls upon most good men and women stole down upon that patient household, the remnant of what was left gathered round in Grosvenor Street, and helped to cheer the closing days of this most faithful friend. It was on a bright cold day of this last October that I entered the little cottage in Kent where I had often been with others as guests, and walked with him in the beauteous morning, among his flowers that he loved so well. A deep sorrow hung over the little patient household, for the life that was so dear to many was ebbing fast away. It was from this sick-bed that he had sent me his last kindly message of encouragement on the last day that the paper he loved so well had been read to him. The day was fair, and the sun covered

with light the flowers that were scattered on his grave, where we left him in peace. An honourable existence has been followed by a beautiful death, and many present who knew and loved him in life must have thought

> "God grant, when all is over, there'll be one
> To kiss my memory, and breathe one prayer."

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." C. S.

Saved.

THE evening breeze swept in from seaward, bringing with it a pleasant sense of relief after the heat of a more than usually oppressive day. But to Effie Temple, as she stood on the edge of the cliff, beneath which the waves broke upon the pebbly beach with a sullen, monotonous sound, it brought no alleviation. The fever in her blood was too intense, her pulse throbbed with too great a force, to be calmed by ordinary means.

The small, ungloved hands were nervously locked together,—the face, which even anger could not rob of its beauty, was hard set, although from time to time a kind of spasm, flitting across it, betrayed the inward emotion. The whole attitude of her body evinced passionate resentment.

Presently along the path which led from the village below, the figure of a young man was seen, advancing at an easy pace. In his hand he carried a light cane, which he swung carelessly to and fro, and as he proceeded he hummed beneath his breath the air of the last popular ballad. When at length he reached the level ground, he halted, and removing his hat turned towards the sea as if to enjoy the cool breeze. The action displayed a forehead of somewhat narrow proportions surmounted by light, wavy hair. The remaining features of his face were regular and sufficiently expressive, without, however, possessing much distinction.

In the deepening twilight he did not at first perceive the girl, who stood within twenty paces of him. But as, an instant

later, he began to move onwards, he became conscious of her presence.

The cane he carried dropped to the ground, and he sprang forward precipitately. "Effie," he said, taking her burning hands in his, "what good fortune sends you to me to-night?"

She appeared hardly to hear the question. Her eyes met his, but there was in them no responsive light. "For God's sake, Effie," he cried, drawing her to him, "tell me what has happened."

The action had its effect. The girl's cheeks flushed, and her hands began to work convulsively. With an effort she disengaged herself from the other's embrace. Then of a sudden the tide of memory swept over her, and, in a voice in which anger and despair struggled for mastery, she sobbed, "He has driven me from him."

"He?" repeated the young man interrogatively; "your husband?"

She bowed her head silently. There was something in the movement indescribably pathetic.

"Effie, he has sent you to me. It is not I who have provoked this. The blame is his alone. Ah, dear," her companion went on in a softer tone, "you know how I have loved you, and yet been silent at your bidding. Now I am free to speak. It is your husband who has cast down the barrier which separated us, never to be raised again. Come to me—we will go where you will. We will live our lives alone, away from the heartless world. Effie, say it shall be so."

She looked at him eagerly. "You mean what you say, Bertie. Ah, you think you love me, but you do not know."

He took her again in his arms, and began to stroke her hair gently. "My darling, can you doubt it? Did I not worship you before you married *him*—do you forget the days when——?"

She suddenly broke from him. "Don't speak of them," she cried in a horrified whisper, "or you will remind me that I loved him once." She drew her hand across her eyes as though to brush away the remembrance. "But he has killed all love within me by his coldness and neglect. Scarcely two years married, and already I am less to him than the meanest servant in the place."

Bertie drew her once more unresistingly towards him. "Tell me what has occurred," he said.

She did not reply at once, as though taking time to collect her thoughts. When again she spoke it was with a calmness which contrasted strangely with her former passion.

"Since the day, three months ago, on which he forbade me to invite you to the house, my life has been miserable. The very dogs receive more notice than I. Ah, Bertie, if I had not had the consolation of seeing *you* from time to time I think I should have killed myself."

"The brute," exclaimed Bertie, feeling a moment later that the remark hardly rose to the level of the occasion. But he capped it by murmuring, "My poor darling."

"To-night I told him I would suffer such treatment no longer —that I would quit his house rather than remain in it the object of his contempt."

"And he——?"

"His look frightened me. It was so stern, and yet there was something more than sternness in it. Oh, Bertie, why did I ever marry him?"

That was a question which had frequently puzzled the not too astute brain of Mr. Herbert Leyton. And, considering that he himself had offered to her an alternative course, it is hardly surprising that until now he had failed to discover a satisfactory solution to the enigma.

"Let us forget all that," he rejoined, "there are still many happy years before us. We will leave England,—go where no one knows us, and there lead a life devoted to our love alone. Effie, you will come?"

"What can I do? He has forced me from him by his cruelty!" She repeated the words as if she found in them an excuse,—a justification for her acceptance. "Bertie," she exclaimed an instant afterwards, looking up into the other's face, "if I make this sacrifice for you, swear you will never give me cause to regret it—that your love shall never grow cold as his has done. Swear it," she cried with a passionate ring in her voice.

I am afraid the ludicrous side of the situation was not entirely absent from the young man's mind as he gave the necessary assurance. Even his companion's unmistakable

earnestness could not quite convince him of the gravity of his promise.

"Take me back now," she said. He was about to interrupt, fearful that she might already be wavering in her purpose. But, as though she read his thought intuitively, Effie continued, "Have no fear, I shall not fail. But there are some things I must first do."

They turned away from the sea and walked inland. Presently they struck the high road, and a few minutes subsequently found themselves standing before the gate of an old and picturesque house, almost hidden by ivy and creeping plants.

"Come in," said Effie, "and wait for me."

The young man pushed back the gate, and they advanced towards the house, Bertie, however, being careful to walk on the lawn, the springy turf of which deadened the sound of his footsteps. As they reached the entrance, Effie placed her finger upon her lips, and then silently advanced into the hall, leaving Bertie without.

To gain her own room, it was necessary to pass her husband's study, the door of which, she noticed, stood open. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to go boldly forward. But she had proceeded only a few steps when the sound of his voice arrested her.

"Effie," he said, "come here."

She would have given the world at that moment to have had the courage to disobey. But her strength failed her. With a faltering step she moved into the room, and stood there with something of the air of a disobedient child.

Her husband had been writing, but now he rose from the table at which he had been seated, and faced her.

"Where have you been, Effie?" he asked in a tone whose coldness might have struck one as forced rather than natural.

"To the cliff," she answered shortly.

"It is too late for you to be out alone. You should have taken one of the maids with you."

She looked at him with a vague expression of surprise.

"Why should you trouble yourself about my coming or going?" she returned.

"For the simple reason that you are my wife."

"It is surely a little late in the day for you to remember the fact," she retorted with some bitterness.

"I have never forgotten it," he replied. Then, after a momentary pause, "although you have sometimes tempted me to do so."

"Ah," she cried, her face flushing angrily, "it well becomes *you* to remind me of my duties. But would it not be better to consider first if you have performed your own?"

Her quick ear caught the noise of a step upon the gravel path without. She involuntarily glanced towards the window, but the sound was not repeated. Swift as thought she turned again and faced her husband. His eyes were upon her. Had *he* too heard something? The doubt sent a thrill of terror to her heart, and she felt the blood flow back from her cheeks. For an instant he did not reply to the accusation, and the interval appeared to her like an eternity.

"You are not well," he said at last in an unmoved voice, "the heat of the room is too much for you. Let me open the window."

He moved forward, but she threw herself before him.

"No, no," she cried, "it is nothing. I am quite well—feel my hands, they are as cold as ice, and I—I am almost shivering. The night was damp, and I took with me only a light shawl. Philip, let me go to my own room. To-morrow we can——"

He put his hand to her cheek. "Your face is burning. The fresh air will do you good."

She fell back from him as one struck dumb. At the further end of the study was a French window, opening upon the lawn. Towards this her husband moved with a deliberation which seemed to her the very refinement of cruelty. When at length he reached the extremity of the room, he thrust the curtains suddenly apart and threw open the window.

Effie scarcely breathed. The place seemed to go round, and only a supreme effort saved her from falling to the ground. She put out her hand and caught convulsively at a chair standing near. At that moment the sound of her husband's voice came to her, indistinctly, vaguely, as to one who is half asleep.

"Come in," she heard him say quietly, "we can speak more freely in-doors."

Looking up she saw Bertie enter, Mr. Temple carefully closing the window behind him, and drawing the curtains together again. It was strange, Effie found herself saying beneath her breath, how calm he was.

"Mr. Herbert Leyton, I think?" said Philip interrogatively. The other bowed slightly. So far he had not trusted himself to glance towards Effie.

"May I ask to what I owe the honour of your presence in my garden?" Philip continued.

The young man hesitated an instant and then,

"I met Mrs. Temple accidentally on the cliff," he said, "and as it was growing late offered to escort her home."

Philip looked from one to the other. "It was very good of you. In my wife's name, and in my own, I thank you. Had I known that she was in such safe hands it might have saved me some anxiety." The statement seemed to be spoken in perfect good faith. Effie felt her courage rise. But her husband's next words dashed it to the ground once more.

"Your task, however, was not concluded?"

Bertie glanced at the tall grey figure before him, and the defiant answer he was about to give died upon his lips.

"I—I don't understand," he faltered at length.

"I am sorry that you should force me to explain myself more clearly. You were waiting outside until my—" the word appeared to come with difficulty from him—"my wife rejoined you."

An exclamation of horror burst from Effie. "Philip," she cried, "you are cruel, unjust, how can you doubt me so?"

He put up his hand quietly. "Hush," he said, "let Mr. Leyton speak for himself."

It was then, Bertie reflected, to be war to the knife. For his own part he was rather glad of it. At any rate Effie should learn that he was no coward. "And if it were so," he exclaimed, "who is to blame? Rather the husband who by his neglect drove her from home than the man who offered the protection of his love to a despairing woman."

A strange expression, partly of pain and partly of wonder, showed on Philip's face. He advanced to his wife, and, laying

his hand on her arm, asked, "Effie, is it true what this fellow says?" Her only reply was to sink, sobbing, into the chair.

Philip turned to the other sternly. "Now, Mr. Leyton, I will answer you. You offer to *my* wife the protection of your love. The word is polluted by your lips. You do not even understand its meaning. What you do offer to her is the dishonour of her own and her husband's name—a life of shame, of bitter regret and self-reproach. These are the gifts you bring—these the bribes with which you would tempt her from her husband's side."

"It is untrue," the other burst out, "heaven knows, had not you yourself forced her to the step——"

"One moment," interrupted Philip, "I have something to say on that point. I am not of those who wear their hearts upon their sleeves. It is my fault perhaps. I know it to be my misfortune. When, two years ago, I married Effie"—his voice in uttering the words took an inflection of gentleness which was singularly touching—"I was aware of her intimacy with you—her near relation. But the fact did not trouble me. My faith in her prevented that. As the days became weeks, and the weeks months, I saw the renewal of that intimacy, still without any sense of alarm. My work engrossed me. I had need of all my strength to complete it. But three months ago my eyes were opened." He crossed to his writing table, took from one of the drawers a folded paper, and held it up. "I found this letter addressed by you to my wife on the floor of her room."

Bertie retreated a pace. "And you——"

The other continued calmly, "It is not in my nature to make a scene, or to invite confidences which are withheld. I simply asked my wife to refrain for the future from inviting you here. Had my trust in her been less great I might have acted otherwise."

With a great cry Effie fell upon her knees. "Philip," she sobbed, "can you forgive me?"

He took her hands and gently raised her. "Effie," he replied, "if you are to me what you were upon our wedding day, look into my face as you did then."

She turned her eyes upwards to his and met them un-

flinchingly. With infinite tenderness he bent his head and kissed her.

Bertie moved to the door. The scene jarred upon his feelings. Clearly he had been played with—made a tool of. The whole thing was distasteful to one of his delicate instincts. And, besides, he experienced a distinct sense of personal injury. If this was what woman's boasted constancy meant, the less he experienced of it the better. For the future he would leave chivalry alone, and confine himself to the pursuit of his own individual pleasure.

As he opened the door Philip's voice accosted him. "Do not think me ungrateful," it said. "You have taught me a necessary lesson." Then, with a little laugh which somehow struck Bertie as peculiarly offensive, "But the price is too great to admit of its repetition. This one shall last me a lifetime." Bertie slammed the door behind him. There was no doubt about it. He had been shamefully ill-used.

MALCOLM WATSON.

Acrostic.

WE'LL laurel twine in wreath for you,
I mperial artist, strong and true.
L et highest praise be yours alone,
S ince highest art is all your own.
O ur praise we give in lavish-wise,
N or fear at all to over-prize;
B ut rather fear no words of ours
A re fit to paint your master-powers.
R eal in each part your genius plays,
R each out and take these flow'rs of praise,
E ach from your seeds of genius grown,
T hat solves with power of poet breath
T he mysteries of Life—and Death.

MARION ELLIS.

Grammar of the "Upper Ten."

By the late J. Palgrave Simpson.

THERE is a remarkable difference between the results of early education in the higher and (so called) aristocratic classes in France and England, a difference all the more remarkable as it is universally to be found. To endeavour to fathom the causes which have led to these results, whether they arise from national idiosyncrasies or details in the training of the young mind in the way it should go, is a task which the present writer will not venture to undertake. They must be accepted as marked characteristics without any attempt to elucidate the whys or wherefores of their existence.

The difference here alluded to I will now point out. It is most simple.

The French lady of rank is generally correct enough in her grammar, but her orthography, when putting pen to paper, is often ludicrously bad. On the contrary, our English lady of high position is, ordinarily, sufficiently accurate in her spelling, although, it must be admitted, orthographical errors will sometimes occur in the correspondence of those supposed to enjoy the best of educations. But the grammar of our upper classes —I am not alluding here to the less privileged in a lower grade of society—is defective to an almost incredible degree, as well in speaking as in writing. And what is stated of our *grandes dames* is equally applicable to members of the other sex among the "Upper Ten," however well educated they may be according to the lights of the present day. In fact, grammatical correctness is at a lamentably low ebb among the more highly cultured of the period. Not that I mean by this statement to intimate that it had ever attained a higher standard in the past, and that education in this respect has degenerated. On the contrary, our ancestors were notorious for setting all rules or obligations of grammar at defiance.

Of course, so sweeping an assertion as that I have ventured to make regarding the shortcomings of our upper

classes in education, imbued, as they are supposed to be at the present time, with the highest principles of supreme æstheticism in art, will be naturally looked on as ridiculously absurd, false, wicked, malicious, and—well, a whole host of other denouncing epithets. It were as well, then, perhaps, to plunge at once into a few illustrations in the way of justification of the atrocity.

To take a very obvious and perfectly simple one. A *grande dame*—it may be a duchess—why not?—is sitting with an intimate friend. She is about to make a confidential communication to her—tell her a piece of pet scandal, perhaps. "Between you and I," she begins, in total ignorance of the fact that she is speaking abominably bad grammar, and that "between you and *me*" would be correct English. So common is this error, and so widely spread the absurd persistence in it, that, not long ago, as I was credibly informed, a "fine lady," "sitting at a play," but not a "guilty creature," except in ignorance of her own language, on hearing an actress on the stage use the words "between you and me," exclaimed to a gentleman companion "Did you hear what that vulgar creature said?—'Between you and me,' indeed! That shows how ill-educated these actress women are."

Our *grande dame* again has been informed that some rival mother in society has at last "got rid" of a daughter, hanging on hand, to a wealthy "catch," maybe a plebeian in trade. "And who did the girl marry?" she asks, with curiosity, and some natural acrimony. It is not the little spite which has occasioned the slip of the tongue in correct grammar. My lady thinks—if she thinks at all—that she is speaking the very essence of pure English; and she would be indignant if she were told that she—great lady as she is—did not know her own language, and, if she had done so, would assuredly have said, "*whom* did the girl marry?"

I myself have heard a lady in a high position in society, when a friend, whom she attacked for some indiscretion, meekly said "I can assure you I was not to blame," retort with some vehemence, "Yes you *was!*" But this latter little delinquency in grammar, I must admit, went beyond the usual run of customary errors in high quarters.

The perpetual use of the adjective for the adverb, which has gained such ground in the fashionable parlance of the day

as almost to be established as pure English undefiled, is another constantly recurring ear-sore to any person of nice grammatical susceptibilities, and jars on the offended sense as much as the false note in singing which makes a musician writhe. "It was awful jolly!" says little Lady Lavinia, enthusiastically, to a friend on her return from a garden party. The phrase is objectionable in any shape. But little Lady Lavinia ought to be made aware that, in addition to very reprehensible slang, she is talking very bad grammar. She would be nearer the mark in saying "awfully jolly," ridiculous and incongruous as the expression may be. Examples, however, of this pet grammatical aberration might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

Without being considered a too rigid purist, I think I may be allowed—although, probably, less generally than I could wish—to denounce another little error in constant use. A rap is heard at the boudoir door. "Who is there?" is asked. A weak, girlish voice is almost sure to answer "It is *me*." If the visitor declines to pursue the direct and sensible course of answering "It is"—so-and-so—giving her name, as the most obvious information required, surely it would be no great task to answer, in correct English, "It is I." This common, and it may be almost said universal, slip in grammar has taken such deep root that many people of education will argue stoutly in favour of its correctness. One of their favourite points on which they most insist is, that the French use the expression "C'est moi!" "It is obvious, then," they say, triumphantly, "that 'it's me' is correct in English." "Not quite," I should answer. This ungrammatical form is the only instance, in the French language, of a marked departure from grammatical rules. The exceptional idiom has been adopted simply for the sake of euphony—the expression, "C'est je!" being almost impossible of pronunciation. The same cannot be said of the English, "It is I!"

Another strange mistake—although this may be considered a matter of idiom rather than grammar—seems to have crept so commonly into English forms of speech lately as to be almost universally accepted. I refer to the use of the word "like" for "as." "If you would only do *like* I do," says the Honourable Miss Pine, when reproving a young friend for some delinquency. "If you would only do *as* I do" is what she

means; so constantly is the erroneous expression used now-a-days that our poor little "as" seems likely to be shunted out of the English language altogether in modern fashionable phraseology.

Perhaps I have been severe on our female "upper ten" in citing their little grammatical delinquencies. I am bound to give the gentlemen their turn. Some time ago I happened to be on what might be considered business, or was not, in a room of a "crack" Government office; chance brought the subject of correct grammar to the fore; and great was the surprise and indignation of the young official "swells" when I had the effrontery to assert that not one of them knew how to speak his own language. I recoiled abashed before the outburst. Immediately afterwards one of the "outraged" made use of the expression "If I *was him.*" "Stop!" I cried. "Here's a case in point! Another time, if you wish to speak English, you will be good enough to say 'If I *were he.*'" But my pedantic observation was utterly lost on the offender against the proprieties of grammar and all his surroundings; and, backed by his friends, he actually argued with me that he was right and I was wrong, to such a depth of perversity had the knowledge of true English sunk in the —— Office.

But the citations of examples of defective grammar to be found among our "upper ten" mostly lead me into unpardonable prolixity. They are as the sands of the sea!

I am tempted, however, to give one more specimen, as the strongest which has ever come to my own ears. The scene is laid in a fashionable club. A member, not perhaps entitled to rank among the "upper ten," but holding a high position, due to his great wealth and interest, was asked whether he was going to the opera with a friend. "Yes," he answered; "*him and me has took stalls!*" The force of ignorance in grammar can no further go!

Could but the World Stand Still!

IMAGINE, while I whisper, your hand still clasped in mine,
That Light like this for ever on seas as blue could shine!
Conceive an endless summer, no winter time or frost,
Where flowers never faded, and Love were never lost.
Bend closer, dear, and picture, despite the parted past,
That nothing was, that has been: and only this could last!
That you were as I see you; and I as full of pow'r
Just as we are, united, in this delicious hour.
Think of the exultation, the hope, the rest, the thrill!
Now would be our "*for ever*"—could but the world stand still!

Look at the life around us—here as we rest and dream
We are not what we have been: we may be what we seem!
Through all the pain we've suffered, in patience, you and I,
Some dream, however distant, rose of Eternity!
See o'er the distant landscape the promised sunlight play,
The past has sown the present: our future is to-day!
I would not change one feature, for I can fondly trace
My pardon in your eyes, dear; our heaven in your face!
Let's take love for our shelter: let's drink of life our fill,
Now would be our "*for ever*"—could but the world stand still!

October, 1888. C. S.

Talma.

SURROUNDING the great actor, Francois Joseph Talma, whose genius irradiated the artistic world existing at the end of one and the commencement of the succeeding century, there are memories not easily to be forgotten. Born in a humble sphere of life, the son of a dentist who had previously been a domestic, he rose through the possession of extraordinary talent to be the friend and companion of some of the most illustrious of his countrymen. He had heard and had applauded the marvellous eloquence of Mirabeau, and he claimed the honour of his distinguished friendship. A humble dwelling in Paris had known him as the frequent associate of a Corsican officer of artillery, who subsequently became an emperor, and who, when emperor, bestowed on him imperial hospitality. Voltaire and Beaumarchais were for him no mere figures of history, for he had seen them both, and likewise that eloquent dreamer of the impossible, Rousseau, and that at a time when one half of the world would have worshipped, and the other half would have hanged him.

Talma was born in Paris, in the Rue de Ménétriers, on the 15th of January, 1766, and, as previously stated, his father practised the profession of a dentist. To draw teeth, however, and to do nothing more was not altogether in accordance with this worthy's tastes, so he cultivated, along with his dentistry, something of the atheism of the new régime, and something of the *haute politesse* of the old. Shortly after the birth of his distinguished son, he secured the patronage of Lord Harcourt, who advised him to go to London. This he did, setting up an establishment in Cavendish Street, Cavendish Square, and obtaining in a short time a very considerable practise. His son remained with him for some years, and acquired that mastery over the English tongue which he never afterwards lost. He was then sent to a school in Paris kept by one Monsieur Verdier,

a *dilettante* in his way, for he wrote a composition which he thought a tragedy, and composed verses which he said were elegant. Whether young Talma became proficient in his studies we have no exact means of knowing, but certain it is that he was ultimately expelled. The cause of his expulsion is said to have been due to his endeavours to win over his fellow pupils to his own atheistical ideas. It appears that Monsieur le Curé had been preparing the young gentlemen for their first communion, and it was, therefore, deemed unbecoming, not to say unfair, on the part of Talma to deliver in his absence a lively tirade against sacerdotalism, and a discourse on the respective merits of Messieurs the Encyclopœdists and the Holy Apostles, in which the former gentlemen had all the advantage. This melancholy incident brought his schooldays to a close, and he returned forthwith to London. Upon his arrival there a family conclave assembled, when it was decided that Talma should study dentistry under his father, but, much to the young man's credit be it said, he preferred the study of Shakespeare, Racine, and Corneille. It so happened that about this time there was in London a Frenchman named Jean Mounet, with whom Talma and other young compatriots, his companions, were acquainted. This gentleman conceived the idea of establishing in our Metropolis a theatre devoted to the French drama, and he obtained considerable encouragement and promise of support from members of the educated classes. The project, however, had to be abandoned, owing to a determined set made against it by a large section of theatre-goers. Mounet, however, was not altogether defeated, for shortly afterwards he formed a club comprising such Frenchmen in London who, with a taste for acting, were venturesome enough to undertake the occasional representation of French plays. Talma became a member, and it was soon seen that the club possessed in him a young actor of extraordinary promise. He was allotted most of the leading *rôles*, and there came to witness his performances some of the most fashionable people of the day. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Harcourt, Miss Burney, Hayley, Fox, and Sheridan figured among the audiences, and so impressed were many with his ability that they offered to arrange a *début* for him at the Drury Lane Theatre. This, however, was not to be, for his father would not

hear of his son turning actor, and so sent him without delay to Paris. Here Talma arrived with his case of instruments, and a letter of introduction to Môlé, of the Comédie Française. The letter he lost no time in presenting, and it led to his acquaintance with Fleury and the celebrated Dugazon. It was about this time that Beaumarchais' "Marriage de Figaro," with Môlé in the character of Almaviva, was produced at the Comédie Française with such conspicuous success. That the production led to Beaumarchais being flung into a felon's gaol by a dull-minded despot, for no better reason than that he had dared to trifle with royal sensibilities, is a fact generally known. And it is only probable that during his enforced retirement this accomplished writer foresaw the inevitable fate of a Government that had for its basis the arbitrary principle of all men being unequal by birth, and in the eye of the law.

In the meanwhile Talma was by no means remiss in his efforts to advance himself; he drew teeth in the daytime, and recited at night; and it was as a young dentist, who declaimed very admirably certain passages from Shakespeare and Corneille, that he was introduced to Madame de Genlis, the governess to the Duc de Chartres. This lady interested herself so far in his behalf that he was offered the appointment of dentist in ordinary to the duke. This honour, however, he very respectfully declined; for his father, whom he consulted in the matter, urged him, in the interests of good morals, to have as little to do with priests and princes as possible. But the worthy man's advice, though taken in this instance, was followed no further; and it must have been with some degree of surprise that he learnt his son's intention to forsake dentistry for the stage. Yet so it was; the step that Talma had for a long time been contemplating was at last to be taken. He had weighed his chances of success, his own natural resources he had improved by study and careful training, and, with the knowledge that he had time and youth for his allies, he was prepared at any moment to cross the Rubicon. On the night of the 21st November, 1787, under favourable auspices he entered upon his new career. The part selected for him was that of Seide, in Voltaire's "Mahomet," a small one by the way, but one in which he did not fail to achieve a very gratifying success. The follow-

ing criticism of his performance is taken from the columns of the *Journal de Paris*:—"The young man who made his *début* last night in the *rôle* of Seide gave unmistakable evidence of dramatic genius. He possesses, besides, all those natural advantages so necessary for the interpretation of heroic parts—expressive features, a good figure, and a good voice, and it was with justice that the public applauded him." For some time after this his efforts were confined to minor *rôles*, and it was not till two years had elapsed that any great opportunity for the display of his talents presented itself. But the opportunity did at last occur, and in the following manner:—"Charles IX.," a tragedy, by Marie Joseph Chénier, had been in course of rehearsal at the Comédie Française, with a M. St. Phal in the title-*rôle*. This gentleman, with rare modesty, informed the management that the part was entirely out of his line, and that he was quite unequal to it. A change had therefore to be made, and after some deliberation it was decided that Talma should play the part of Charles IX., and St. Phal that of the King of Navarre. But the difficulty did not end here. The play itself had in it many incidents that were likely in a period of popular excitement to imbue plebeian audiences with a lively disgust for royalty, and everything connected with it. The "sensation" was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and there was no knowing what the pit and gallery might think of Sovereigns in general, and Louis XVI. in particular, when they beheld one of his illustrious progenitors in the light of an assassin, and the Church, in the person of Cardinal Lorraine, invoking the aid of the Most High in the cause of wholesale murder. These very important considerations led to the performance of the play being forbidden. But it was not for long that the Comédie Française heeded the restriction. The general public had been led to expect great things of the play, and were not to be disappointed. And M. Chénier himself had quietly resolved that, come what might, they should be living witnesses of a picture in which the mitre and the crown were limned in the common fellowship of murder, a picture whose clearness of outline time had somewhat dimmed, but which he with his own republican hands had vividly restored. The tragedy was produced with great *éclat* on the 4th November, 1789, and Talma's reputation as a consummate actor may be said to have dated from

its production. The following appeared as a criticism of his performance:—"The art with which Talma expressed the feebleness, the cruelty, the hypocrisy, which qualities in a frightful combination formed the character of the assassin of Coligny; the scrupulous exactitude of his dress, and, above all, his by-play, produced on all present a profound impression. He has not, however, succeeded in ridding himself of certain defects which are closely and necessarily allied to his excellences. He is occasionally monotonous, and he has recourse to shouting, a resource which he should leave to mediocrity, but which in his case is probably the effect of inexperience." Whatever the critics might have written or thought of the performance, and even in those days critics did not always write and think the same, there were two men standing clear of the common ruck who spoke of it with enthusiasm. Napoleon Bonaparte was the one, and Jacques Louis David the other. The painter, David, with features repellent, and exterior exciting contempt, but with a soul sublimated by glorious visions of a beautiful antiquity, David, the Praxiteles of the canvas, declared that Talma possessed the air of a portrait in the galleries of the Louvre. The tragedy ran for thirty-three consecutive nights, and was then withdrawn. But its withdrawal was occasioned by no want of public support, but by royal and ministerial pressure. The king, it appeared, had politely notified to "*messieurs les comédiens*" that for sundry reasons of his own he would no longer bestow on them his patronage, and that they might dispose of his private box. To many of the gentlemen addressed this message came with sudden and painful surprise, and it soon was manifest that after their independent, not to say hostile attitude, they were sorely inclined to make a movement to the rear. And such turned out to be the case. So long as the king remained passive and unmoved these gentlemen, imitating the example of a flock of turkeys, gobbled and flapped their wings a good deal, but the moment he raised a threatening hand against them there was but a momentary deliberation, and then an incontinent retreat. It is comforting to know that they were not permitted to go very far. The public would hear of nothing but "Charles IX.," and interrupted again and again the performances of other pieces with loud cries of "'Charles IX.'; we want 'Charles IX.'" In the

end they had what they wanted, for the tragedy was restored to the bills after a withdrawal of but a few weeks. It was about this time that Talma became acquainted with Mirabeau, with Mirabeau turned royalist, vainly steadying a throne he had shaken to its centre, and with Death among the creditors clamouring at his doors. It was to the active part taken by Mirabeau, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins, in bringing the Comédie Française to a sense of their duty to the public and to themselves, that Talma stood indebted for the resumption of the title-*rôle* of Chénier's play. But, though his success in the part had raised him very considerably in public estimation, it had sunk him to zero in that of the majority of his *confrères*. They refused to have anything to do with him, and carried their intolerance so far, such being the force of their despicable jealousy, that the Mayor of Paris was compelled to interfere on his behalf. He told them very plainly that Talma possessed certain rights they were bound to respect, and that they would have to associate with him in all matters connected with their profession. This, with a very ill-grace, they agreed to do, and "Charles IX." having been withdrawn it was arranged that Talma should appear as the tribune Proculus in the tragedy of "Brutus." The part was a minor one, but Talma was determined to make a sensation in it notwithstanding. He had devoted much time to the study of historical costume, and he saw how utterly absurd it was to dress a part without any regard to time, place, or person. A Roman tribune should be dressed like a Roman tribune, and not like a courtier or a scarecrow. Satin coats and powdered periwigs were all very well in their way, but they were hardly the things to be worn in the Forum at Rome, or in the Parthenon at Athens. Talma's own account of the scene that ensued upon his presenting himself in the garb of antiquity is amusing:

"Mon apparition produisit un effet immense; ah venez donc s'écria Mademoiselle Contat, il a l'air d'une statue. Madame Vestris qui était en scène, me regarda des pieds à tête.

"Mais dit-elle, tout en débitant son rôle, vous avez des bras nus, Talma;

"Je les ai comme les avaient les Romains;

"Mais, Talma, vous n'avez pas de culotte;

"Les Romains n'en portaient pas;

"Cochon, s'écria-t'elle."

After a brief lull the old dissension and strife re-appeared, and things came to such a pass that Talma and others who sided with him severed their connection with the Comédie Française, and attached themselves in a body to Le Théatre de la Rue de Richelieu, subsequently called Le Théatre de la Nation. At this house Talma appeared for the first time in several important *rôles*, and among them in the following:—Henry VIII. in Chénier's tragedy of that name; Abdelazis, in "Abdelazis and Zuleema," October 3, 1791; Othello, in Ducis' adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy, February 26, 1792; and Nero in "Epicharis and Nero," February 3, 1796.

We now come to the period of Talma's acquaintance with Napoleon, and we quote Talma's own account of the way it commenced:—

"On June 18, 1792, we played for the first time a three-act piece, called 'The Three Cousins,' by a M. Champrions. I call it to mind, not on account of its importance, but because there is a great remembrance attaching to its first representation. I happened to be in the green-room at the conclusion of the play, and observed my friend M. Michaut in the company of a young man. The latter was short, thin, and very dark, with long hair falling straight and close from the temples to the shoulders. His eyes were ardent and sparkling, and occasionally would fix themselves upon an object, not for the purpose of superficial regard, but for close and searching penetration. Michaut appeared for the moment to be looking for some one, but, seeing me, he motioned to his companion and they both advanced to where I was standing. 'Talma,' said Michaut, 'here is a friend of mine, Captain Bonaparte, who desires to be introduced to you in order that he may offer you his compliments. He saw you as Charles IX., and was enchanted with your performance.' I bowed, 'Monsieur is an Italian,' I ventured. 'No,' said he briskly, 'I am from Corsica.' We then fell to talking about the political aspect of the play, and he astonished me with his profound knowledge of history. 'You have read extensively,' I said. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I have read much, and above all I have reflected much.' 'Are you in garrison?' I asked. 'No, I am here at the disposition of the Government.' 'You are staying then in Paris?' 'Yes, at the Hôtel de Metz, Rue de Mail.'

'May I give myself the pleasure of visiting you?' 'Certainly, it will give me great pleasure. I delight in the society of artists.'" The friendship thus begun lasted many years, but it is incorrect to suppose that there was in it any element of familiarity. "The emperor," said Talma, to M. Lemercier, "has always shown me the greatest goodwill, because I have ever ordered my conduct towards him with the progress of his fortunes."

With regard to Talma himself, a contemporary critic has written the following:—"The nature of his talent was adapted to the expression of strong and concentrated passions, but it was not until the middle of his career that he was able to distance all competitors. We have not forgotten the effect he produced in such parts as Sylla, Richard III., and Joad, in which characters he became, by dint of his art, a model of simplicity. But his voice was hard, and cavernous, and not always in accord with the characters he impersonated. Moreover, his delivery left much to be desired; he would sometimes be inaudible, and then of a sudden, when seized by a transport of passion, his voice would be raised to the pitch of shouting, and thus his recitation would be marred by a harsh and unnecessary contrast. But towards the end of his career he corrected himself almost entirely of these defects."

During the period of the Terror it was a matter of considerable danger for actors to pursue their calling, and it was as much as many of them could do to keep their heads upon their shoulders. This was more especially the case in Paris, as among the terrorists was Collot d'Herbois, the *ci-devant* comedian, who, knowing a good deal about actors, and having a very deep dislike for them, was peculiarly qualified to denounce them, and secure their condign punishment. But apart from these drawbacks, and they certainly were considerable, an actor must have had priceless opportunities for the study of his art. With the merciful callousness of the surgeon, his rapid observation, and his dispassionate concern, he could have followed to his incalculable advantage the awful spectacles in the Place de la Revolution. There would he have beheld Charlotte Corday, calm and beautiful as the heavens that were waiting to receive her; André Chénier, the poet, ardent and impassioned, leaving the world with the sorrowful

knowledge that he was bearing away with him half of his greatness and half of his fame; Phillipe Egalité, the epicurean, the man of pleasure, sometimes citizen, always patrician, drinking the cup of death with the same coolness and unconcern as he would have drunk his Burgundy or liqueur. He, too, would have seen Danton, bullying, blustering, and audacious to the last, gazing across the vast multitude that had come to see him die; with streaming hair, flashing eyes, and a voice like a thunder-clap, jesting at the supreme moment in his irreverence of God and of the world, and looking to the excited eye like a gigantic figure of Anarchy, with a scaffold for his pedestal. When order was restored to France it was with leaps and bounds that Talma advanced to the head of his profession. His success was constant, and his popularity ever increasing. Napoleon made him welcome at the Tuileries, treating him with great friendliness and distinction. On one occasion, speaking of his performance in the part of Nero, the Emperor told him that he thought his by-play did not sufficiently indicate the contest between a bad nature and a good education; it was excessive; such a nature as Nero's being, he thought, more concentrated and less diffuse. In the year 1808 Talma went to Erfürt and played "The Death of Cæsar" to a parterre of kings. And it is recorded that Napoleon surveyed with grim amusement the occasional dismay imprinted on the faces of the audience: It is possible that they were reminded of the time when an emancipated people had hurled down the head of a king as a challenge to the potentates of the world. Three years after the downfall of the empire Talma came to London, and appeared for a few nights at the Opera House, Covent Garden. The *Courier* of June 20, 1817, had the following notice:—"Talma bears with incontestable superiority the tragic sceptre of the stage. It is in the *rôle* of Orestes that he is perfect. All expression is weak to convey an adequate idea of it. His madness is not the disgusting horror of a malady represented in all its hideousness. It is a fine combination of frenzy and inspiration. His madness is in his heart, and not in his nerves. And the spectator stands amazed at the facility with which he passes from the emotions that distort the features to the despair where tears are unshed, and then on to delirium." To the closing years of his life belong

MRS. JOHN WOOD.

"I was born to speak all mirth."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act iii., Sc. 1.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL

the following impersonations:—Leicester, March 6, 1820; Sylla, December 27, 1821; Leonidas, November 26, 1825; and Charles VI., March 6, 1826. But it was in the last of these characters that Talma was supposed to have eclipsed all his previous efforts; it was a performance that raised him to the proud summit of his art, and before which the voice of criticism hushed itself in wonder and admiration. His end was as dramatic as his life; a vast concourse of people gathered about his doors to hear the latest news of their dying favourite; the Archbishop of Paris sought his side, to administer the supreme consolation of the Church; and he heard the respectful murmurs of the populace with pleasure, but repelled with a kindly grace the pious offices of the zealous priest. On October 19, 1826, his great spirit confronted eternity; and the remains of his humanity, borne to their last resting-place with every circumstance of a sombre distinction, received in the presence of assembled thousands a noble and imposing burial.

HAMILTON PIFFARD.

Our Play-Box.

"MAMMA."

Farcical Comedy, in three acts; a translation by Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY of "Les Surprises du Divorce."

First produced at the Court Theatre, September 24, 1888.

Jack Pontifex	Mr. JOHN HARE.	Diana	Miss FILIPPI.
Mr. Miles Henniker	Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.	Winifred	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Tom Shadbolt	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.	Watson	Miss CALDWELL.
Captain Cochrane	Mr. CHARLES GROVES.	Jane	Miss M. BROUGH.
Mrs. Jannaway	Mrs. JOHN WOOD.		

The new Court Theatre, designed by Mr. Walter Emden, appears to be about the same size as its predecessor, and is one of that pattern of small theatres of which it is likely enough we shall see many in London. This is really the outcome of the new "manager-actor" system; for it follows logically that if a single performer be sufficient as an attraction, the expenses of a large establishment become superfluous, and small, steady audiences, with *ma femme et cinq poupées*, are far more remunerative than a full corps of talent and a large house. Here indeed the company may be called strong, though small, and there are no *poupées*; but all the same the principle is beginning to tell, and it is felt that competitions can only be

successfully carried out by those compact and manageable little tabernacles of the drama. The house is an elegant little structure, and the decorations

neat and appropriate. Of nights there is quite a blaze of light outside, and the half rural denizens of the district gather in the square to see the fine company arrive.

By this time every one knows the diverting story of the ingenious turn by which the hero, having procured a divorce in order to be released from his mother-in-law, finds out that his new father-in-law has married his former wife. This absurdity is so naturally treated by the actors and author as not to appear *very* forced. But the three successive divorces, great Hannen! seem certainly *trop fort*, and cannot be carried off even as a piece of burlesque. Mr. Hare has deservedly been praised for the spirit with which he played this part. We can praise him more for the judicious reserve and the simulated earnestness he infused into it. Another would have been tempted into being rattling and boisterous. He was exactly the man he personated: "natural, easy, affecting," snappish at times, good humoured, and occasionally driven to frenzy. This variety is found in

nature, which is often, if not always, inconsistent. Mrs. Wood, who was delightful, showed a sort of reserve, which is one of the true comedian's arts, and the only departure from which was the appearance as the ballet dancer, which is rather out of key, and is a mere farcical excrescence, for which the original author is responsible. There was acting in her eye—her walk—an air of suspicion in every movement. The general tone of criticism of Mr. Arthur Cecil has been as though he were not quite up to his usual mark; yet it seemed to me as though he were more easy and natural. There was a pleasant, unforced querulousness, and some passages—as where he explains his device for obtaining shelter in the rain—were diverting to a degree. Another performer who gave great pleasure from his representation of a condition of natural bewilderment was Mr. Eric Lewis. No better performer was wanted for the situations, and he supplied all that was desired—in short, any one in search of an hour's or so harmless pleasure could not do better than repair to this bright little theatre, now starting on what is likely to be a long and lively career.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

"HERMINE."

An Original Play, in one act, by CHARLES THOMAS.

First produced at the Court Theatre, September 24, 1888.

Marquis D'Aurigny	Mr. R. CATHCART.	Sergeant Pigeot ..	Mr. W. H. QUINTON.
Vicomte Henri D'Aurigny	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.	Hermine D'Aurigny	Miss FLORENCE WOOD.
Pierre Brunnier ..	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH.	Babette	Miss MARIANNE CALDWELL

Though on the first night of its performance the greater portion of Mr. Charles Thomas's pretty *lever de rideau* was inaudible on account of the growlings of the malcontents in the cheaper parts of the house, a subsequent visit convinced me that it was well worth listening to, for the dialogue is good and the situation fresh.

Pierre Brunnier, a young fellow of good means but of humble extraction, loves Hermine D'Aurigny, the grand-daughter of a marquis of that name, but has hesitated to propose, on account of the difference in their social position. He, however, at length summons up courage, and receives such encouragement from the young lady that he offers her his hand and is joyfully accepted. This is gall and wormwood to the Vicomte, her cousin, who has, with the consent of their grandfather, looked upon her as his future wife. Pierre is under twenty-five years of age, and therefore really liable to be called out as a conscript, but by the register he appears as exempt. From motives of honour, however, he has written to the mayor stating the facts of the case, but on being accepted by Hermine, has crumpled up the letter and thrown it on one side. The Vicomte picks it up, and using the knowledge gained from it, anonymously informs the authorities, with the result that Pierre is drawn for service. All his attempts to obtain a substitute are unavailing, and he is taking leave of his *fiancée* on hearing the roll of the drum announcing the march of the recruits, when he discovers that the Vicomte has taken his place in the

ranks. This has been brought about by Hermine, who, having discovered the baseness of which her cousin has been guilty, so upbraids him and makes him feel how contemptibly he has acted, that the spirit of the nobleman is aroused within him, and he makes the one reparation that is in his power.

Miss Florence Wood was very attractive as Hermine, and retained her self-possession under a most trying ordeal, acting with ease and spirit. Mr. Eric Lewis—in the strictly correct, but, to unaccustomed eyes, very unbecoming dress of the Directoire—played with ease and incisiveness an unsympathetic character, and Mr. Sydney Brough was a fine, honest-hearted, modest young fellow, as Pierre Brunnier. Miss Marianne Caldwell made a decided hit in the small part of Babette, which she played with infinite humour, and with a perfect French accent. C. H.

"A PARISIAN ROMANCE."

A translation of Mons. OCTAVE FEUILLET'S play, in five acts.
First produced in England at the Lyceum Theatre, October 1, 1888.

Henri de Targy ..	Mr. JOHN T. SULLIVAN.
Dr. Chesnel	Mr. D. H. HARKINS.
Baron Chevrial ..	Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.
Signor Juliani ..	Mr. JOSEPH FRANKAU.
M. Tirandel.. ..	Mr. JOHN BUCKSTONE.
M. Vaumartin ..	Mr. JOHN PARRY.
M. Labauniere ..	Mr. W. H. CROMPTON.
M. Suraise	Mr. J. B. BOOTH.
Ambroise	Mr. J. BURROWS.
Major-Domo ..	Mr. VIVIAN.
Madame de Targy	Mrs. SOL-SMITH.
Marcelle	Miss BEATRICE CAMERON.
Therese, the Baroness Chevrial	Miss EMMA SHERIDAN.
Mlle. Rosa Guerin	Miss MAUDE WHITE.
Madame de Valmery	Miss JOHNSTONE BENNETT.
Madame de Luce	Mrs. ADA MARSH.
Mlle. Estelle de Paignac	Miss ADELAIDE EMERSON.
Mlle. Gillete, prima	Miss VINEY.
Mlle. Gillete, seconda	Miss DE CANE.
Mlle. Bertholdo ..	Miss MOSTON.
Mlle. Lombardi ..	Miss CLARKE.
Maria	Miss HELEN GLIDDEN.

This drama sets forth a sort of anatomical study of a very repulsive old gentleman, who is what is called a votary of pleasure. There is matter of subsidiary interest in the sufferings of a meritorious husband and wife—the former passionately devoted to *ma mère*. Though this portly lady has indirectly caused the ruin of her son, his affection stands even this rude test. Mr. Mansfield's sketch of the old *roué* is exceedingly elaborate, and, as a minute Denner-like piece of work, deserves the highest praise. The painted and repaired face, the dyed and ragged moustache, the stiff, tottering gait, even the jerky mode of buttoning his frock coat, all show a minute and careful observation and finish that is extraordinary. But, as in his other personation, he has not been quite fortunate in reaching what is more important—viz., the "make-up" that is within, and what the poet has called "the mind breathing in the face." Without this—that is, without *acting*—all external "make-up" and detail of expression becomes lifeless. Nothing, it may be said, is more worthy of study by the actor than the relation between external methods of expression and the interior motive inspiration. The former—which includes "make-up," facial, and other expressions—should all be automatic, as it were; an accident of the internal force; any development of "make-up" and expression, which is unsupported by internal force, falls flat, nay, injures the effect intended.

Indeed, actors distinguished for success in this "art" of making-up now almost distort the relation alluded to; for they start from the "make-up" and its accidents and work backwards to supply emotions that will correspond—they should reverse the process, a habit indeed of causing surprise by startling "makes-up" ends in enfeebling the essential acting power, and Bishop Butler has shown how this principle holds in the solemn domain of morals. An indulgence in sentiment enfeebles a habit of action, while indulgence in action destroys sentiment. The thoughtful actor will find these truths well worth pondering over, inwardly digesting, and developing for himself. Towards the close there was a painful picture of the approaches and final attack of a stroke of paralysis; the mouth was

drawn aside painfully, the muscles worked, the victim struggled to vanquish the enemy, and finally succumbed. All this was presented with infinite reality, or "actuality" and horror. It was admirably done; but was it worth the doing, or in its proper place? Elia lays it down that pain, infirmities of old age, &c., should never be presented on the stage, for such level the higher poetry of the drama, and make the actor one of his audience. A more forcible reason would be that the exhibition of paralysis would be only too disagreeable a suggestion, coming home too nearly, as it were. Most of the audience have had relatives thus afflicted, and painful memories are stirred; many are themselves within measurable distance of the same infirmity.

It may be said that the play was well rehearsed and well stage-managed, and the supper scene, bating its general coarseness, was better arranged

than it would have been in most of our theatres. The acting, too, if a little rough in places, was generally spirited. PERCY FITZGERALD.

"LESBIA."

A Classical Comedy in one act, by RICHARD DAVEY.
First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, September 17, 1888.

Lesbia..	Miss BEATRICE CAMERON.	Affra..	Miss BENNETT.
Catullus	Mr. JOHN T. SULLIVAN.	Claudia	Miss WHITE.
Sibilla..	Mrs. SOL-SMITH.		

If we are to judge of poets as they are represented on the stage they are but poor contemptible fellows for the most part; certainly Catullus, the hero of Mr. Davey's comedy, will come under the category. After professing undying love for Lesbia and living on her bounty, he determines to throw her over for a rich widow who will marry him and so open up to him fresh paths to greatness. Lesbia cannot evidently see through the meanness of his character, she is inconsolable at the loss of him, and so plots with her attendant, Sibilla, that, in order to regain him, she shall feign the most poignant grief at the supposed death of her sparrow, the gift of Catullus in happier days, and shall treat but lightly her lover's defection. The ruse succeeds, for the poet, on his way to join his ancient

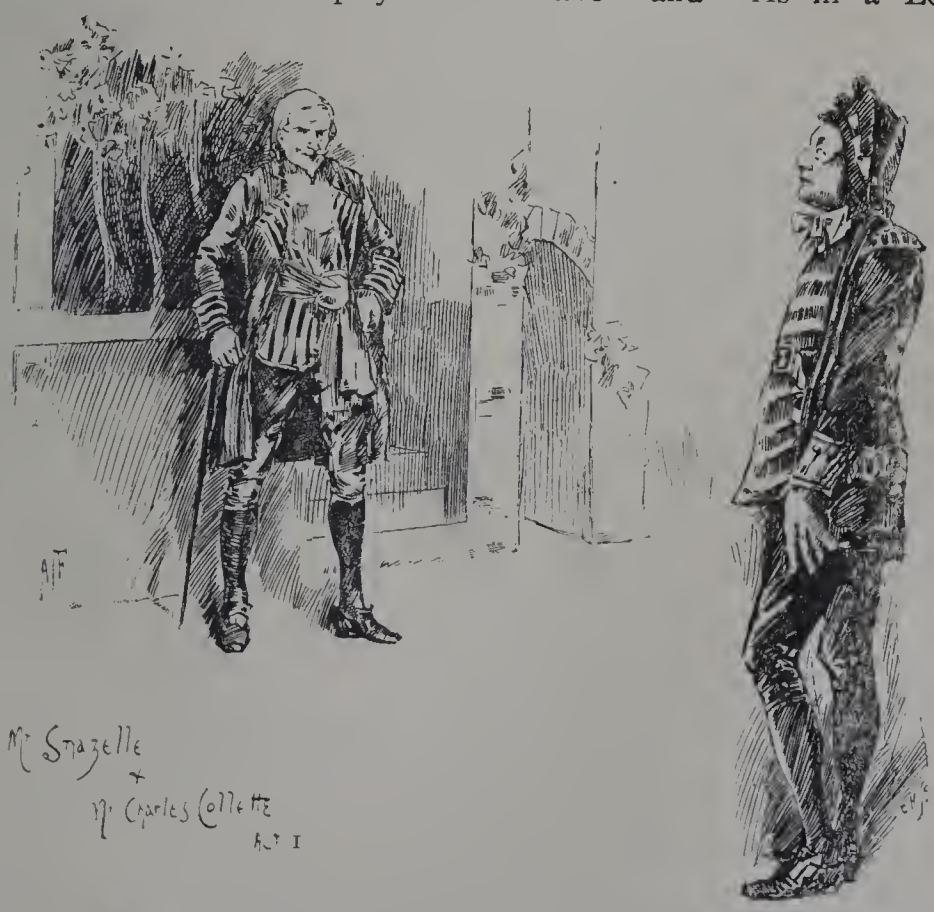
dame, is stopped by a thunderstorm, and, returning to Lesbia's house, from the porch overhears the little scene she is enacting. It rekindles in him the flame of love, and so the two are reconciled. It seems strange that a gentle tender creature, as Lesbia is represented to be, should waste her affection on a selfish egotist like Catullus, but we suppose it must be taken as one of the anomalies of love, though it can hardly give us much sympathy with the heroine. Mr. Davey's work was scarcely done justice to; the lines appeared to be smoothly written and not deficient in point; but Mr. J. T. Sullivan delivered them only indifferently and lacked earnestness. Miss Beatrice Cameron was also wanting in inspiration and fervour in the more tender passages; in the lighter ones this pretty young actress more fully realised the character. Mrs. Sol-Smith, as Sibilla, played in a modern melodramatic style.

"CARINA."

Comic Opera, Libretto by E. L. BLANCHARD and CUNNINGHAM BRIDGMAN, Music by JULIA WOOLF.
First produced at the Opera Comique, September 27, 1888.

Don Felix de Tornado	Mr. DURWARD LELY.	Zara	Miss JOSEPHINE FINDLAY.
Cadrillo	Mr. E. D. WARD.	Leonina	Mdme. ADA DOREE.
General Bobadillo de Barcelona	Mr. G. H. SNAZELLE.	Ella	Miss FLORA WILMOS.
Patricho	Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE.	Vea	Miss JESSICA DENE.
Sancho	Mr. W. GUISE.	Zeta	Miss BLANCHE MURRAY.
Grimaldo	Mr. ERIC THORNE.	Panzo	Miss MARY MARDEN.
Olla Podrida	Mr. HARRY HALLEY.	Tarella	Miss ALICE LETHBRIDGE.
		Carina	Miss CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.

From such "intense" plays as "Ariane" and "As in a Looking



Glass" to "comic operatic romance" appears an extraordinary leap,

but as it was at the Opera Comique that the Gilbert-Sullivan productions first made their mark, given that an equally good class of entertainment be supplied, there is no reason why this theatre should not once more be successful as a musical house. The management have certainly started well. Mdme. Julia Woolf, the composer of "Carina," had previously afforded excellent proofs of her capabilities, and in this her first opera has given us not only tuneful but characteristic music, aptly fitted, and, if occasionally reminding us of favourite airs, for the most part original, and the orchestral colouring of which is highly to be commended. The libretto comprises some charming lyrics from the practised pens of E. L. Blanchard and Cunningham Bridgman, the story being suggested by an old French drama, "Guerre Ouverte ou Ruse contre Ruse," by M. Damaniant, produced in Paris in 1786, and which had the then unprecedented run of seventy nights. The scene is laid in Barcelona, in which town resides an old General Bobadillo, who has determined that his pretty niece Carina shall marry a wealthy Cuban merchant. She, however, has a lover in Don Felix de Tornado, whom her uncle has refused on account of his poverty, but just when Don Lago is expected Don Felix returns, and having inherited a fortune claims his bride. But the miserly old General will have nothing to say to him, and is so convinced that he has taken every precaution to guard his niece that he wagers a heavy sum with Don Felix that, should he be able to carry her off before midnight, he will give his consent to their marriage. Of course Carina has a confidential waiting-maid, Zara, who is as naturally in love with Cadrillo, valet to Don Felix; these plot to aid the course of true love, the lacquey figuring for a time as the merchant, who is personally unknown to the General. Then, the fidelity of Leonina the duenna being suspected by the General, she is dismissed, and at once goes over to the enemy, and eventually renders him efficient aid in bribing

Miss Camille D'Arville

Mr Durward Lely

the priest to keep out of the way, and allow Don Felix to assume his robes. The General's three half-starved servants, Patricho, Sancho, and Grimaldo, are set to watch the house, and prevent the entry of the lover, but, being thirsty knaves, are easily persuaded to drink by Ella, Vea, and Zeta, the three pretty daughters of the innkeeper, Olla Podrida, and leave the course clear. After a series of adventures, in which sometimes the General and sometimes Don Felix score a success, Carina is ordered to her room, but, Zara being allowed to accompany her, they exchange dresses, the mistress escapes, and is married to Don Felix "before" midnight, so that the happy bridegroom wins his wife and his wager. The merchant sends a message that he has retired from the field on learning that Carina's affections are engaged to another, and leaves her all the handsome wedding presents which he had brought for her acceptance.

Miss Camille D'Arville sings the several numbers allotted to her most artistically, and with an archness and feeling that make her representation a most successful one. Her rendering of the ballad, "So brightly gleams at Dawn of Day," gains her a nightly encore. Mr. Durward Lely as the lover is an able supporter, and a like compliment is paid to his singing of "Within the Halls of Memory," and the two vocalists are equally happy in their duets. Mr. E. D. Ward, as the valet, has a Leporello-like part, which he plays with excellent go and spirit, and sings a most amusing duet with Patricho, an Irish servant, into which character Mr. Charles Collette infuses a great deal of fun, and in which is an amusing topical song. Both of these lively ditties are written by Mr. F. Bowyer. Mr. Snazelle gives an original and very clever reading of the miserly General, and plays it with a quiet humour that is much relished. As Zara, the faithful yet intriguing waiting-maid, Miss Josephine Findlay achieved a success; her playing is full of vivacity and good humour, and her singing most tasteful, the repetition of one song in particular, "Let the little Moorish Maiden," being nightly insisted on.

There is a quaint and very catchy chorus of duennas in the first act

that is received with much favour, and for the laughable details of which Mr. Charles Harris is responsible, as he is for the excellent general stage management and grouping. In the second act a very graceful ballet is introduced, and Miss Alice Lethbridge distinguishes herself in a characteristic dance.

The costumes, by Alias and others, are very rich, and in the most exquisite taste, the colours harmonising perfectly with the well-painted and beautiful scenery. The orchestra, a strong one, was, at first, ably conducted by Mr. Auguste Van Biene, but he has been succeeded by Mr. F. Stanislaus, who is equally at home in his duties.

The house has been redecorated throughout, the upholstery being again blue, the colour that ruled in the theatre when it was such a successful one. The present production certainly deserves to secure an even more emphatic expression of public favour.

"THE MONK'S ROOM."

A new Romantic Play, of modern interest, in a prologue and three acts, by JOHN LART.
Placed in the evening bill at the Globe, October 2, 1888.

Sir Darrell Erne	Mr. E. S. WILLARD.	Geoffrey Daunt	Mr. A. J. BYDE.
Conrad Lazinski	Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.	Jabez Kulp	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY
George Hargrave	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.	Eleanor Brandon ..	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Count Zoroff	Mr. IVAN WATSON.	Sophie Orme	Miss HELEN LEYTON.
Cornelius Potter	Mr. EDWARD ROSE.	Clotilde	Miss MARION LEA.
Mr. Brandon	Mr. EDWIN SHEPHERD.	Mrs. Kulp	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.

"The Monk's Room" had already been seen at two *matinées* before its author became the lessee of a theatre with a view to its forming the amusement for an evening. The play was first acted at the Prince of Wales's on December 20, 1887, when Mr. Felix Pitt represented Sir Darrell Erne, Mr. J. H. Clynds Conrad Lazinski, the two most important male *rôles*, and was then played in a prologue and four acts. On its second production at the Olympic, April 18, 1888, Mr. Charles Charrington took the part of Sir Darrell Erne, and Mr. Hermann Vezin that of Conrad Lazinski. Miss Alma Murray has from the first sustained the character of Eleanor Brandon, Mr. Stephen Caffrey that of Jabez Kulp, and Mr. Ivan Watson that of Count Zoroff. I have thought it advisable to note these particulars of the cast, as, from the great merit of Mr. Lart's work, it will always be regarded with interest in dramatic literature, though its subject is rather weird and sombre in these days of more frivolous entertainment. Without going thoroughly into the plot, I may say that Hood's lines, which the author quotes, fitly convey the idea of the room in which the principal incidents take place—

> "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted."

This room was a very chamber of horrors. Centuries before a monk has been slain in it, and has called down on the descendants of his murderer a curse. Twenty-five years before the story opens, a grandfather of Sir Darrell Erne

has brought home with him a young girl, whom he almost immediately stabs, and the body is hidden away in a neighbouring shrubbery. Sir Darrell has been travelling in Russia; there he has fallen in love with and married a worthless creature, Clotilde, who, leagued with the Nihilists, endeavours to draw him into their conspiracies, and finally leaves him for a lover. Sir Darrell comes to England to take up his patrimony, and she follows him to claim to be recognised as his wife. As he refuses to acknowledge her, she becomes furious, and, seizing the knife with which the second of the murders has been committed, and which Sir Darrell has just taken from an old muniment chest, she endeavours to stab her husband. In his struggle to disarm her she is wounded, apparently mortally, and Sir Darrell, under the excitement and sudden horror, places her body in this chest, and leaves Erne Abbey, giving instructions that the room shall be kept closed. As Clotilde is seemingly dying, she revengefully swears that her spirit shall haunt him. Lazinski, her father, has witnessed all this, nurses his daughter back to life, and, from his desire to gain a power over Sir Darrell's wealth, lets him know that he is in possession of his secret. The baronet, six years after, marries Eleanor Brandon, and returns to Erne Abbey. Contrary to his orders, the room has been opened and refurnished, but the chest remains in its old place. Lazinski so constantly works upon his imagination, by daily recurrence to the crime committed, that Sir Darrell gets into a morbid frame of mind, and, when alone in the "monk's room" at midnight, he fancies he hears Clotilde's voice, and then that he sees her spirit. This is of course Clotilde herself, who is aiding in her father's plans. Eleanor discovers that Lazinski has some hold over her husband, pits herself against him, and clears up the mystery by herself opening the chest which is said to contain the remains of the murdered woman. Clotilde is disposed of through Count Zoroff, an agent of the Russian secret police, who claims her as a prisoner (under the extradition treaty, I suppose) for crimes committed in her own country, and also proves that she had been guilty of bigamy. Lazinski learns from the old servant, Jabez Kulp, that the woman who had been brought to the Abbey, and killed by a former Erne, was his wife, who had fled with an Englishman, and the excitement of the discovery brings on an attack of heart disease, to which he is subject, and to which he succumbs. There are some lighter love scenes between Sophie Orme and George Hargrave, which are excellently played by Miss Helen Leyton and Mr. Forbes Dawson. Mr. E. S. Willard has, in the character of Sir Darrell Erne, proved his right to take front rank in his profession, not only from his earnestness in the depiction of melancholy horror which possesses him, but from the charm of his love-making to Eleanor Brandon. Miss Alma Murray is intensely womanly in this character. Mr. Hermann Vezin's noble elocutionary gifts do full justice to the declamatory speeches of the misguided but zealous and iron-willed patriot, Lazinski. Mr. Stephen Caffrey draws an excellent picture of the half-crazed old servant, Jabez Kulp. One of his scenes completely held the house in a risky situation. Miss Marion Lea displayed great power as the intriguing,

vengeful Clotilde, and Mrs. E. H. Brooke was amusing as the chattering, nagging Mrs. Kulp. The rest of the cast was thoroughly efficient; in fact, seldom has a piece been so well represented all round. The scenery, too, is beautifully painted, and all the appointments in the best taste. "The Monk's Room" was most favourably received at the Globe, and the author had to respond to an unanimous call.

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD; OR, THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID."

New and original Opera in two acts, written by W. S. GILBERT, composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
Produced for the first time at the Savoy Theatre, October 3, 1888.

Sir Richard Cholmondeley	Mr. WALLACE BROWNLOW.	First Yeoman	Mr. WILBRAHAM.
Colonel Fairfax ..	Mr. COURTICE POUNDS.	Second Yeoman ..	Mr. MEDCALF.
Sergeant Meryll ..	Mr. RICHARD TEMPLE.	First Citizen	Mr. REDMOND.
Leonard Meryll ..	Mr. W. R. SHIRLEY.	Second Citizen	Mr. BOYD.
Jack Point	Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH.	Elsie Maynard	Miss GERALDINE ULMAR.
Wilfred Shadbolt ..	Mr. W. D. DENNY.	Phœbe Meryll	Miss JESSIE BOND.
The Headsman ..	Mr. RICHARDS.	Dame Carruthers ..	Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM.
		Kate	Miss ROSE HERVEY.

In "The Yeomen of the Guard," both author and composer have made a fresh departure—the first in giving us a book denuded of the spirit of "topsy-turvydom" which he himself created, but yet not devoid of that sarcastic humour which so distinguishes his writings; replete with a quaint pathos that is often very tender, and breathing throughout a poetic vein of fancy. Sir Arthur Sullivan, without altogether changing his method, has adapted his music to the new conditions; it is melodious and attractive as ever, but it is of a higher form; the orchestral accompaniments exhibit even greater fertility of resource, and the overture itself, though embodying the principal themes, has a distinct "motive" of its own, and is not a mere recapitulation of the airs subsequently heard in the opera. That the collaborators have succeeded beyond the wildest expectations that had been formed of the work is now a well-known fact. The result was but in little doubt early in the evening, but at its close the acclamation and applause that greeted them must have rendered it patent to all that the programme at the Savoy would remain unchanged for many a long day to come. If Mr. Gilbert has utilised an incident that occurs in "Maritana," he has done so under a fresh aspect, and the coincidence may have been pure accident. Colonel Fairfax is imprisoned in the Tower under a charge of witchcraft laid against him by an avaricious relative. Condemned to die, and wishing to prevent his estates from falling into the hands of his persecutor, Fairfax

induces the Governor to allow him to wed a young girl, Elsie Maynard, who, a singer in the streets, consents to be blindfolded and go through the ceremony on the understanding that she shall receive one hundred crowns, and believing that she will soon be free again. She is the more persuaded to this by her companion, Jack Point, who, loving her well, hopes soon to marry her, and looks upon the money as an agreeable marriage portion. But Fairfax has friends within the prison: he has saved the life of Sergeant Meryll (of the Yeomen of the Guard), and the old soldier determines to effect his benefactor's escape. Leonard Meryll, his son, has just been appointed one of the yeomen, and has arrived at the Tower, but has only been seen by his father and sister Phœbe. She has an ardent lover in Wilfred Shadbolt, the gaoler. She steals the keys from him whilst he is making love to her. Leonard's uniform is conveyed to Fairfax's cell, and when the guards arrive to lead forth the prisoner for execution, the headsman, grim and masked, ready to perform his office under the gaze of the expectant crowd on Tower Hill, the prisoner is not to be found, and Fairfax himself, who has taken Leonard Meryll's place in the ranks, is one of the most persevering in the search after the escaped man. In the second act Elsie falls in love with Fairfax, and in the disguise of Leonard he returns her affection, and she now bewails her being tied to a man whom she has never seen. A pardon arrives for Fairfax, he reveals his identity, and she is made happy. Phœbe rewards Shadbolt for his constancy, and Sergeant Meryll pairs off with Dame Carruthers, poor Jack Point being the only one who has to suffer from the pangs of unrequited love. To particularise any special numbers would be almost useless, for they are all so excellent, though, of course, some of the choruses and solos will become greater favourites than others. It is better perhaps to devote the space to those who rendered them so efficiently. Mr. Courtice Pounds is a most valuable acquisition; not only is his voice, a tenor one, sympathetic and pure, but he is a finished actor. Miss Geraldine Ulmar sings well and attractively as Elsie Maynard. Miss Brandram is, as usual, excellent as Dame Carruthers, and Miss Rose Hervey pleasing as Kate. Miss Jessie Bond invests the character of Phœbe, a most important one, with a vivacity and charm that can scarcely be surpassed. Mr. Richard Temple is admirable as the Sergeant, fittingly sententious and ponderous, and sings with taste. Mr. Shirley is good as Leonard Meryll, and Mr. Denny displays much grim, and thoroughly appreciated, humour as Wilfred Shadbolt. The Jack Point of Mr. George Grossmith will be remembered as one of his best performances; he has divested himself from any approach to burlesque,

and conveys that, though the jest may be on the lip and the clown may be the source of laughter to others, he may carry within him a heavy heart and a bitter sorrow. Though there is but one set, The Tower, as seen by day and in the moonlight, it is beautifully painted, and "built up" as to amply satisfy the eye, while the stirring scenes that take place under its shadow, with the moving and picturesque crowds and the gorgeous "beefeaters" of Bluff King Hal's time, present pictures that are both tasteful and attractive.

"THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER."

A new and original Play in four acts, by SYDNEY GRUNDY and F. C. PHILIPS.
First produced at the St. James's Theatre, October 13, 1888.

Mrs. Fortescue ..	Miss CAROLINE HILL.	Col. Vandeleur ..	Mr. M. NEWALL.
Miriam St. Aubyn .	Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE.	Arthur Thornhill..	Mr. S. DIXON.
Elise..	Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLLES.	Henry Chetwynd ..	Mr. DUNCAN FLEET.
Mrs. Peel	Miss MARY BARTON.	Mr. Twentyman ..	Mr. CHARLES DODSWORTH.
Lady Ashwell . ..	Miss EMILY CROSS.	Mr. Slark..	Mr. GILBERT TRENT.
Sir Henry Craven..	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Valet to Sir Henry	Mr. MONTAGU.
Prince Balanikoff..	Mr. EDWARD SASS.	Rev. Augustus St. Aubyn	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
George Sabine ..	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.		
Lord Ashwell ..	Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.		

Habitués of the St. James's who may have chanced to be present on the reopening night must have felt that there was a change in the class of entertainment to which they had hitherto been accustomed. The company engaged was an excellent one, the mounting of the piece quite equal to anything under the Hare and Kendal management, and as Mr. Carl Ambruster conducted the orchestra, there could be no question as to the quality of the music. But in "The Dean's Daughter" the audience had to witness a play which held up to them aristocratic failings, which, if such things be, must have made them feel a little ashamed of their order and of their Church dignitary. Interesting it could not fail to be, with Mr. Sydney Grundy's smart and clever dialogue, his cynical stabs at the worldliness of the present day, and with Mr. Philip's story, which exhibited a good woman's struggles to remain pure, and her sufferings at the hands of a husband who, having bought her, does not hesitate to free himself from her on account of her assumed guilt, though he all the while has brought himself within the jurisdiction of the Divorce Court. It is fortunate for the Church that there can be few such clergymen as the Rev. Augustus St. Aubyn. Overwhelmed with debt, dunned at every moment, by his canting hypocrisy, interlarding his sentences with Scriptural phrases, he prevails upon his tradesmen to supply him with the means of gratifying his love of eating and drinking (the latter he indulges in and calls "meditation"). Further, he is able to announce to them that he will shortly be preferred to a rich deanery. This is brought about by the influence of Sir Henry Craven, a wealthy diplomatist, who as a return asks for the hand of the Dean's daughter Miriam. The poor girl does all she can to prevent herself from being bargained for in this way, but she has a wretched home, she sees through the contemptibly mean nature of her father, and is persuaded to accept the old ambassador by Mrs. Fortescue, a worldly, good-natured woman, who thinks money and position the *summum bonum* of human bliss. Married, Miriam soon finds herself neglected; her

beauty has already palled on her *roué* husband; we learn that he bestows his attention on a Mrs. Montressor, whom he takes with him to Constantinople (the seat of his embassy), notwithstanding his wife's entreaties that she may be allowed to accompany him. Left alone, Miriam receives much attention from a noble fellow, George Sabine, and finding that she will shortly be unable to control her affection for him, sends him from her. They have just parted, when Prince Balanikoff, a libertine, who much admires her, obtains admittance to the room by the aid of Elise (Miriam's maid), who is in his pay. He forces his love upon Miriam; she screams, and George Sabine rushes in and rescues her; she has fainted in his arms, when Sir Henry Craven and her father enter. They have been watching, instigated by Elise, and the Dean, to secure the good graces of his wealthy son-in-law, becomes actually the accuser of his own daughter. In the last act Miriam, under the name of Mrs. Gascoyne, is at a ball at Lady Ashwell's. Her son, a very young fellow, is much smitten with her, and proposes marriage. Miriam tells him there is a mystery, that she has deeply loved one who is dead (for Sabine is supposed to have been killed in a duel with Prince Balanikoff). The young lord still urges his suit, and she accepts him. His mother gives her consent, and announces that she is shortly to be married again, and presently introduces the Reverend Dean as her future husband. He immediately denounces his daughter as a divorced woman, but even then Lord Ashwell will not believe that she can be in fault, and determines to lay the matter before his guardian, who is momentarily expected. When he appears, he proves to be Miriam's former husband; he of course does not spare her; and she is just being driven from the house in disgrace and contempt, when Sabine rushes in, folds her in his arms, and the curtain falls.

Certainly Miss Olga Nethersole, who represented Miriam St. Aubyn, saved the piece at several critical moments by her sympathetic charm and grace. For so young an actress her performance was deserving of the greatest praise; she also possesses considerable power, but must control its expression within due limits. Miss Nethersole must also divest herself of a habit of "star-gazing," which at times gives her an awkward appearance. Miss Caroline Hill was bright and sparkling as the worldly, handsome widow, Mrs. Fortescue, and Miss Adrienne Dairolles was excellent as the crafty, money-loving Elise. Mr. Rutland Barrington, with all his dry humour, could not make the character of the Rev. Augustus St. Aubyn anything but a most repulsive one—the incarnation of selfish meanness. Mr. John Beauchamp, both in make-up and in conception of the character, realised the cold sensualist Sir Henry Craven, a high-bred gentleman in appearance, but vicious and heartless. Mr. Lewis Waller achieved another success as George Sabine. One of the best-acted parts was that of Lord Ashwell, taken by a new-comer, Mr. Allan Aynesworth. In a most trying situation he acquitted himself admirably, and showed the greatest promise. Mr. Edward Sass played with judgment the profligate Russian Prince, and Mr. Duncan Fleet and Mr. Charles

Dodsworth were amusing as a pair of dunning tradesmen. As I have before mentioned, the scenery was exquisite, and the ladies' dresses very rich and fashionable.

The interval between the acts may be agreeably occupied by looking over a collection of etchings by David Law, which are exhibited in the foyer by Messrs. Dowdeswell. "The Dean's Daughter" was received with every mark of approval, and the new lessee and Miss Nethersole were favoured with a special call.

"A PATRON SAINT."

Comedy in one act, by CHARLES THOMAS.

First produced at the St. James's Theatre, October 17, 1888.

Lilian Trevor.. ..	Miss GEORGINA HERMON.	Servant	Mr. FRANK LACY.
Mrs. Helmsley ..	Miss ELEANORE LEYSHON.	Arthur Melton ..	Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON.
Lady Petersfield ..	Miss MILLICENT MILDMAY.	Lord Petersfield ..	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD.

Although the author admits that he has taken his motive from E. About's "Le Chapeau de St. Catherine," he has conveyed it to us in such bright crisp dialogue that beyond the idea he can be but little indebted to the foreign source. When a French young lady arrives at twenty-six years of age she admits that she must look upon herself as having joined the ranks of the old maids, and so deposits at the shrine of St. Catherine a garlanded *chapeau*, at least so we are told. Within but a few moments Lilian Trevor has reached this momentous age: offers she has had in plenty, especially from one man whom she likes very much, Arthur Melton, but as they both belong to the upper ten, his means are too small for a well-ordered *ménage*. A lucrative appointment in Vienna is in the gift of Lord Petersfield, a platonic admirer of Miss Lilian's. She determines that she will obtain this post for her lover, so she entangles "my lord" in a close *tête-a-tête*, which comes to the knowledge of Lady Petersfield. The wife thinks it advisable that such a very dangerous young person should be got rid of. Lady Petersfield wishes to regain her husband's affection, which has only cooled a very little, and so, to pique his jealousy, whilst she is waiting for Lilian, who is to accompany her to the Greek embassy, she throws herself on the sofa, and pretends to be asleep, holding in her hands a portrait of Arthur Melton. Lord Petersfield thinks how beautiful she looks, and is just about to kiss her when he spies Melton's portrait, and Lady Petersfield whispers his name. Decidedly such an objectionable young man must be sent away, and so he is offered the Vienna appointment, and when Lilian returns it is to convince Lord and Lady Petersfield that she does not care for the gentleman or Melton for the lady, as they care only for each other.

Miss Georgina Hermon was delightful as Lilian; fresh and unconventional, she spoke and acted admirably. Miss Millicent Mildmay, too, was excellent as Lady Petersfield; and Mr. Nutcombe Gould was thoroughly at ease as the aristocratic Lord Petersfield. Miss Leyshon and Mr. Blakiston also rendered valuable assistance, so that the little piece went capitally,

and as the scene was laid in a very pretty boudoir, and the ladies wore some very charming ball-dresses, nothing was wanting to ensure success. "A Patron Saint" is decidedly worth the forwarding of one's dinner hour.

"PRINCE KARL."

A Comedy, in four acts, by ARCHIBALD C. GUNTER.

Produced for the first time in England at the Lyceum Theatre, Friday, October 19, 1888.

Karl von Arnheim, Prince of the German Empire, &c.	Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.	Gustavus	Mr. VIVIAN.
Spartan Spots	Mr. COMPTON.	Mrs. Daphne Dobury Lowell	Mme. CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
Markey Davis	Mr. BURROWS.	Alicia Euclide Lowell	Miss EMMA SHERIDAN.
Howard Algernon Briggs	Mr. PARRY.	Maggie McDowell ..	Miss EMERSON.
I. Cool Dragoon	Mr. FRANKAU.	Florence Armin Lowell	Miss BEATRICE CAMERON.

Mr. Mansfield very generously gave the proceeds of this Friday night's performance for the benefit of the Bishop of Bedford's Home and Refuge Fund for the Poor of the East End of London—a district that is now specially in need of assistance. "Prince Karl" was written expressly for Mr. Mansfield, and certainly gives him the opportunity of showing his very great powers as a comedian. As a play, except for its amusing situations not a great deal can be said for it; but, though utterly improbable, the dilemmas into which the impecunious prince falls produce much merriment, thanks to the thoroughly humorous spirit in which Mr. Mansfield treats them. The young potentate is reduced to beggary through the extravagance of his ancestors; a marriage with a wealthy elderly widow, Mrs. Daphne Lowell, appears likely to rehabilitate him, but, as he has seen Florence and fallen desperately in love with her, his fresh rencontre with her renders the old lady distasteful to him. To escape the marriage he feigns madness and is confined in a lunatic asylum, from which he escapes, pretends to drown himself, and then passes himself off as his own foster-brother. Under this semblance he is engaged by Florence as her courier, and, from his great likeness to the supposed deceased prince, she transfers to him her affections. Florence is looked upon as a great heiress, but her wealth comes to her through the will of one Arnim, failing the discovery of heirs male. Dragoon, a lawyer, ferrets out the fact that Prince Karl is the nearest relative, and when this becomes known to the Prince, in his capacity of courier, he, the Prince being dead, produces a will leaving everything to the courier, and, when he learns that by this Florence is beggared, brings forward a codicil making her the heiress. Of course she discovers the ruse, and gives herself to the man who has won her heart.

Mr. Mansfield hit off the character in the happiest vein; his mock heroics, his broken German, and his most pleasant singing to his own accompaniment, kept the house thoroughly amused whenever he occupied the stage, and evoked the most favourable criticisms from an appreciative and critical audience. Miss Beatrice Cameron was excessively bright and winning as Florence. Madame Leclercq was of the most valuable assistance as the gushing widow, Mrs. Daphne Lowell; and Miss Emma

Sheridan acted charmingly as the smart but captivating "young lady from Boston," Alicia. Mr. Compton and Mr. Frankau were good as two scheming speculators trying to overreach each other, and Mr. Burrows gave a clever sketch of the deaf hotelkeeper.

"Prince Karl" was preceded by Horace Wigan's one-act comedy "Always Intended," in which Miss Maud White proved a very pretty and agreeable *ingenue* as Mary, and Miss Sheridan shone as the coquettish widow, Mrs. Markwell.

"Prince Karl" was so thoroughly appreciated as to cause it to be placed in the evening bill on Monday, October 22.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Produced on the opening of the Shaftesbury Theatre, October 20, 1888.

Duke	Mr. J. R. Crauford.	Touchstone	Mr. Mackintosh.
First Lord	Mr. Ferguson.	Corin	Mr. Allen Thomas.
Second Lord	Mr. Herberte Basing.	Sylvius	Mr. Matthew Brodie.
Amiens	Mr. Seymour Jackson.	William	Mr. Sidney Harcourt.
Jaques	Mr. Arthur Stirling.	Pages	Miss Felix. Miss Lamballe.
Duke Frederick	Mr. C. Arnold.	Rosalind	Miss Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster).
Le Beau	Mr. John Buckstone.	Celia	Miss Annie Rose (Mrs. Horace Nevill).
Charles	Mr. Arthur Fenwicke.	Phœbe	Miss Kate Fayne.
Oliver	Mr. Charles Cooper.	Audrey	Mrs. Edward Saker.
Jaques de Bois	Mr. George Seldon.		
Orlando	Mr. Forbes Robertson.		
Adam	Mr. William Farren.		

Pastoral Dance by Miss Edith Charteris.

Miss Wallis, besides creating a very favourable impression as Rosalind a few years ago in London, has established herself as such a favourite in the character throughout the provinces that it was no matter of surprise that she should elect to make her first appearance at her husband's theatre in "As You Like It." The actress may be commended for her choice, for her performance was more than merely intelligent and engaging, it exhibited conscientious study and a delicate conception of the character. In her bantering of Orlando Miss Wallis was inimitable, and was excellent in her chiding of Phœbe, and the more tender attributes of Rosalind were delicate if not always as poetical as they might have been; but it was a bright and charming performance. Mr. Forbes Robertson was excellent as Orlando, more particularly where he consents to woo Ganymede; this was played in a true spirit of comedy. The Jaques of Mr. Arthur Stirling was disappointing; even in the close of the great speech he betrayed the cynicism

of his idea of the disappointed courtier rather than the kindly philosopher. Mr. William Farren made, as he should have done, a noble old man of Adam. The Touchstone of Mr. Mackintosh was a trifle too sententious, and lacked that enjoyment of his own wit which the clown should revel in; and, sad to say, he had in Mrs. Edward Saker, as Audrey, an actress who rendered him no assistance whatever. One of the best played parts was that of Sylvius by Mr. Matthew Brodie, whose acting was full of poetic fervour, and whose delivery of the lines was admirable. Miss Annie Rose was also good as Celia. Among others who may be favourably mentioned were Mr. J. R. Crauford, who looked the banished duke and was polished if not very strong; Mr. Charles Cooper, as Oliver, whose first dress was perhaps the handsomest worn during the evening, and who, besides doing it credit, made a favourable impression by the consistency of his acting; and Mr. Seymour Jackson, who sang Amiens' songs with such taste as to command encores. The costumes, from designs by H. G. Glindoni, carried out by J. A. Harrison, were most costly, accurate, and beautiful, the forest scenery exquisite, and Mr. G. W. Byng conducted the incidental and other music with skill; the only real fault in the production of the comedy was that it was taken at too slow a measure; this will, no doubt, be remedied after a night or two, and then Mr. Lancaster and Miss Wallis, who were specially called before the curtain and warmly received, may find that they have catered satisfactorily for a public for whose comfort they have undoubtedly done their utmost in the new theatre over which they reign.

CECIL HOWARD.

Our Omnibus-Box.

The Avenue Theatre reopened its doors on Monday, October 1, with the popular "Old Guard," which was so well received that any immediate alteration in the programme appeared scarcely necessary. Of course Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Dallas resumed their original characters, but there were one or two changes in the cast. Miss Giulia Warwick appeared as Fraisette and sang very charmingly; Miss Carrie Coote was the Follow-the-Drum, and Miss Nellie Woodford the Patatout; and, though we cannot but regret the absence of Miss Phyllis Broughton and Miss Henriette Polak, their successors appeared to give every satisfaction. "The Old Guard" was preceded by a new one-act *folie musicale*, entitled "Quits," written by Mr. T. B. Hughes, and composed by Mr. John Crook, the musical conductor here. It amusingly tells of a fascinating widow and her smart maid, who arouse the jealousy of their respective admirers, master and servant, who lay snares to entrap them, but the fairer sex cleverly outwit their manœuvres, and in the end all parties have to cry "Quits." A duet, "Sweet Words are Spoken," is very pretty, as is also a solo, "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," which was sung with much expression by Mr. Ambrose Colini. Miss Carrie Coote and Mr. H. Grattan (who has a clever patter song) were smart as valet and maid. On the third of this month, November, we are to have "Nadgy," by Chassaigne, the composer of "Falka," on a scale of unusual excellence, both as to cast and lavishness of production. Some of the dresses that I have seen are most beautiful. Mr. Arthur Roberts, and Mdlle. Vanoni, who created such a furore at the Alhambra, will sustain the principal characters.

The Memorial Grounds of Stratford-on-Avon were further beautified on Wednesday, October 10, by the unveiling of the "Shakespeare Statue, wrought and presented to the town by Lord Ronald Gower." The Mayor (Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G.) opened the proceedings with some appropriate remarks, after which Lady Hodgson unveiled the statue. I regret that want of space precludes my giving the speeches delivered by Sir Cunliffe Owen, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Lord Leigh, Mr. Charles E. Flower, the Duke of Manchester, Mr. George Augustus Sala, and the Mayor, on the occasion and after the luncheon which followed; but they were all to the purpose, and mostly eloquent in praise of our great poet and of the sculptor's beautiful work. The following sonnet to Lord Ronald Gower,

by Mrs. R. I. de Courcy Laffan, was most impressively read by Mr. Oscar Wilde :—

"Aye so, methinks, by the red embers' glare
Silent he sat with eagle eyes astrain,
And saw the myriad children of his brain
Take form and semblance on the midnight air.
Heard royal Henry chide his self-crowned heir,
The guilty queen moan for her white hand's stain,
Or Falstaff troll some roystering refrain,
Or Hamlet play with his own soul's despair.

And as his soul thrilled to their changing tone
Thy hand, O Sculptor, in that hour supreme
Smote with swift strokes his being into stone.

We too have dreamt beside our Avon's stream
Of this great haunting presence—thou alone
Could'st give it substance worthy of our dream!"

The statue represents Shakespeare seated, the poet's gaze being directed towards the church in which lie his remains. The face is intellectual and pleasing, the modelling delicate, and the attitude graceful. At the base of the monument, on four sides of the pedestal, are figures of Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Falstaff, and Prince Hal. The total height of the group is 23 ft. 4 in., the whole being further embellished with tragic and comic masks, wreaths, &c. Lord Ronald Gower has shown great taste in the design and mode of treatment as in the modelling, in which he has been assisted by Mons. L. Madrasse, sculptor. The presentation of this statue to the town which was the poet's birthplace is peculiarly happy, coming just at the time when a like tribute has been paid to his memory in Paris.

On Thursday evening, October 11, "The Two Orphans" was revived at the Olympic, and had the advantage of three of the original representatives being included in the cast. Mrs. Huntley was once more the old hag La Frochard, and brought to its delineation the mastery she has obtained over such repulsive characters. Mr. Henry Neville was again the kind-hearted, loving cripple Pierre, and played it with wonderful feeling. Mr. Charles Sugden was the Armand, but has not improved upon his original rendering. Of the new representatives, Mr. Fred Gould was a handsome Jacques, and blustered a good deal, but, like all bullies, conveyed the impression that his courage was not as great as his words. Mr. Robert Courtneidge was good as the old Doctor; Miss Talbot a dignified Countess de Linière; Miss Helen Ferrers as Marianne and Miss F. Kingsley as Geneviève were both pleasing. Miss Agnes Hewitt was very tender and sympathetic as the blind girl Louise, and deservedly obtained the largest share of applause. Unfortunately Miss Marie Lewes did not by any means come up to the expectations formed of her as Henriette. The revival appeared to be appreciated by the audience.

On Tuesday, October 16, "The Blacksmith's Daughter" was played as a *lever-de-rideau* before "Carina." It is from the joint pen of Arnold Golsworthy and E. B. Norman, the latter of whom appears as Joe Hedley, a worthy fellow who cures his sweetheart, Polly, a romantic, novel-reading young woman, of her leaning towards an admirer above her in life, by detecting one Montague Drunnond, who passes himself off as a swell, to be nothing better than a swell mobsman known as "Gentleman Jim." The piece is not very original or striking, and what success it achieved was due to the acting of Mr. Norman and Miss Mary Marden, who, as Polly, was pretty and naïve.

"Blackmail," a comedy-drama in three acts, by G. H. Roqué (a *nom de plume* of G. H. R. Dabbs, M.D.), was produced at the Criterion on Wednesday afternoon, October 17, 1888, having been first tried at Shanklin, I.W., on September 2 of last year. Though too much spun out and burdened with profuse dialogue, the work showed such promise as to warrant the expectation that the author will in the future give us a sterling play. The piece was exceptionally well acted, the principal honours falling to Mr. Arthur Williams, whose performance of a cringing, venomous undertaker and usurer was really great. Mr. J. G. Grahame, Mr. John Beauchamp, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Royce Carleton, and Miss Annie Irish were excellent in their several parts; and Miss Adela Measor and Miss Gabrielle Goldney aided in the general success.

Miss Edith Woodworth, the fair subject of our photograph, made her first appearance on the stage some seventeen years ago, under Mr. Charles Wyndham's management, in "Foggarty's Fairy," at the Criterion, and from thence migrated to the Princess's, where she remained for about two years, appearing as Hetty Preene, in the "Lights of London," during Miss Ormsby's absence. On leaving Mr. Wilson Barrett's company, Miss Woodworth played in the provinces for some time, her next engagement being with Mr. Augustus Harris, at Drury Lane, when she appeared in Miss Helen Barry's original part of Mabel Huntingford, in the revival of "Youth." During the present year Miss Woodworth entered into joint management with Mr. Edgar Bruce of the Globe Theatre. Her successes as Helen Grace, in "Bootle's Baby," and as Gilberte, in "Frou Frou," have so recently been favourably commented on as to require but little further notice than that in the latter character there were displayed a power and versatility which were totally unexpected. Another impersonation, that of the Comtesse d'Autreval, in "The Ladies' Battle," is one that at the hands of the fair manageress has been most successful. It is, however, for the kindly interest which Miss Woodworth takes in poor children that she will be best remembered. Her "Buttercup and Daisy Fund," to which Mr. J. L. Toole and other generous hearts contribute, but which is her own special care, not only sends away little ailing ones into the country or to the seaside for

a day—but for a fortnight or even longer, should their health require it—and the Christmas dinner has become an institution. Last year more than a thousand of the poorest children were not only treated to the old English fare of roast beef, plum puddings, and mince pies, but their little hearts were further gladdened by presents of toys, fruit, sweetmeats, and bright silver money, gifts sent by numerous charitable people who are proud to have a part in such good work. Miss Edith Woodworth contemplates producing, in the course of next year, one or two new plays which have been specially written for her.

Long before Mr. Richard Mansfield had decided on adopting the stage as a profession, he was a *persona grata* at the pleasant evening meetings of the Savage Club from his skill both as a vocalist and musician, and as a clever imitator of most of the well-known actors. His natural bent at length asserted itself, and he joined the German Reeds, and subsequently played with success at some of the principal London theatres. He soon determined to visit America, and rapidly made his mark there, being brought into prominent notice by the talent he displayed in the "George Grossmith" line of parts, and by his grasp of character in such assumptions as the Baron Chevrial, in "A Parisian Romance," Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and as Prince Karl. It was, indeed, these performances that so attracted the attention of Mr. Henry Irving, who, with the kindness that distinguishes him, and the desire he ever evinces to stimulate the aspirations of a true artist, placed the Lyceum Theatre at Mr. Mansfield's disposal for a season. Mr. Mansfield is but a young member of the profession, and bids fair to become one of its greatest ornaments.

The corner-stone of the Tivoli Theatre and Restaurant was declared "well and truly laid," on October 18, by Mr. H. J. Leslie, and promises to be, from the drawings exhibited by Mr. Walter Emden, the architect, a building that for beauty of design, both externally and internally, will surpass anything of the sort yet seen, and will be a great ornament to the Strand. The interior arrangements for the Music Hall are excellent, and the principal rooms in the Restaurant, such as the Palm-room, with its alabaster swans and cupids, and the Flemish room, with its exquisite carvings, will be the perfection of taste. There will also be a large Masonic Hall with its necessary accompaniments, while in the basement hairdressers' shops, &c., will be included in the plans for the comfort of visitors. The contractors promise that their work shall be completed by Christmas.

"Joseph's Sweetheart" is running with undiminished favour at the Vaudeville, though I am sorry to learn that, in consequence of Miss Vane's serious indisposition, her part as Lady Booby has for some time been taken by Miss Gladys Homfrey. On Thursday, October 18, Mr. Sydney Alport took his benefit, and had a bumper house, a number of extra attractions being added to the usual bill.

"The Union Jack" continues to draw good houses at the Adelphi. Miss Olga Nethersole having been compelled to relinquish the character of Ruth Medway, in consequence of her engagement at the St. James's, the part is now taken by Miss Dorothy Dene, who acts it with considerable feeling and charm.

Miss Edith Chester has returned to the stage, and now plays the title-*rôle* in "Sweet Lavender," originally filled by Miss Norreys, and relinquished by her, I regret to learn, through illness. Miss Chester looks the character to perfection, and plays it on original lines, and with great modesty and tenderness.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Leonard Boyne, the part of Vyvyan Foster, the hero in the Drury Lane piece, was taken for some time by Mr. Percy Lyndal, who made in it a decided hit, he acted with such earnestness and manly feeling. "The Armada" goes splendidly now; it plays more closely, and yet some fresh business has been introduced. The scenery, the sea fight, and the marvellous pageant of the procession are the talk of London.

A description of the Shaftesbury Theatre building has already appeared in this magazine. It is only necessary to add that the interior is chastely and elegantly decorated, and the upholstery rich and harmonious in colour. In no theatre has the well-being of visitors been more thoroughly studied, or greater regard paid to their safety in case of any accident arising. The exits are numerous and easily approached; and so thoughtful has Mr. Lancaster proved himself for the comfort of all his patrons that even the pit and gallery have their "promenade," the latter even their smoking balcony.

"Uncles and Aunts" has proved an enormous success at the Comedy, and I should think Mr. Hawtrey will not have to change his bill for many a day to come, and so will be able to devote his whole attention to the production of "Atalanta," his sporting burlesque, which is shortly to see the light at the Strand.

The Grosvenor Gallery reopened on October 22, when the first Pastel Exhibition held within its walls was on view. This comparatively neglected art in England has great attractions. Want of space will only allow of the special mention of the works of Anna Bilinska (Polish Figures), J. L. Machard (Soap Bubbles), J. E. Blanche (Portrait of Mdlle. Julia Bartet, of the Comédie Française), Walter Langley (A Cornish Fishwife), Theodore Roussel (Pierrot, Lady Archibald Campbell at Cannizaro), and the charming and artistic portraits by Henry Fanner, but there are numerous other works that will amply repay a careful study.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

"Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch."

HENRY VI., 2, Act iii., Sc. 3

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET.

At the Hanover Gallery there are some excellent examples of Gilbert Murger, whose canvases are rising unprecedentedly in value; of A. Brandeis, with her wonderful finish of detail, and whose Venetian pictures were so soon labelled "sold;" a fine sea-piece, by Artan; "The Flock," by Rosa Bonheur; a fine Corot ("Le Pont Neuf, Old Paris"); and a gem by Millet, "Les Denicheurs," besides the picture by A. Stevens, "La Femme au Bain," which is in itself a history of the caprice of fashion in the value of pictures. These, with many other fine pictures in the gallery, are well worth a visit.

Mr. Godfrey Turner in his pleasant, gossipy, yet instructive manner, writes me:—"It is strange to think how few are the prominent men of our age who stand between us and Shakespeare. Landor, whom I and hundreds more, now living and scarcely old, knew about thirty years ago, would sometimes speak of an ancient dame at Knowle, who was a hundred and two years old when he was between four and five. 'It was,' said he, 'within the range of possibility that she might have seen people who had seen not only Milton but Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, and Raleigh. I myself,' he would continue, 'have conversed with a man, not remarkably old, who had conversed with Pope, Warburton, and Fielding.' Taking up Landor's parable, it may be added that many in the early part of the century could speak, with the glowing vividness of sunset memory, of Garrick—whose widow indeed lived till 1822, dying at the age of ninety-eight—and of Johnson, Garrick's elder by seven years. After mentioning Johnson, it is natural to observe that he was the contemporary of Swift and Pope, who were both of the Dryden period, the same satiric blood, so to speak, coursing through their veins. Having reached back to Dryden, we are all but on the edge of our goal, and only one generation off the era of the 'gentle Shakespeare' himself, for the name of Dryden is associated with the lesser name of D'Avenant, and if D'Avenant was not the natural son of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson's irreverent jest on the subject of godfathers was beside the mark." [The well-known story of this jest was told to Pope by Betterton, Garrick's predecessor in theatrical renown. According to tradition, Shakespeare in his journeyings between Stratford and London used to stop at the Crown Tavern at Oxford, kept by the elder D'Avenant. Ben Jonson, meeting the boy William, asked him, "Whither away so fast?" The reply was, "To see my godfather, Master Shakespeare." Whereupon Ben solemnly reproved the youth for taking God's name in vain. And this was the substance of Betterton's tale.] "It was Milton who interceded in D'Avenant's behalf, when the cavalier poet was in the power of the Puritans, and D'Avenant repaid Milton's good deed when the Royalists were again in the ascendant. Supposing all the persons named above to have joined hands, as they might have done in life, the links are not many in the chain that connects our age with the age of Shakespeare."

I have received the following interesting notes from a faithful friend at Glasgow, who has followed the fortunes of the threatre ever since he was a schoolboy at Eton, and has now developed into a full-blown critic, appreciative, eloquent, and interesting :—

"Now for a few notes on Glasgow theatricals. Early in August, Mr. Daly's company came to the Royalty, and played 'The Taming of the Shrew' for six nights. What a delightful actress Miss Rehan is to be sure. The scenes between this Katherine and Petruchio, excellently played by Mr. John Drew, were splendid, and how dignified and graceful was her address to Bianca and the widow. The Theatre Royal was reopened on September 10 under the management of Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, who had evidently determined to lead from a good hand with trumps, for Henry Irving was bidden to warm the newly decorated house with 'Faust.' Glasgow rushed for nine nights to renew acquaintance with this wonderful Mephistopheles; to welcome a new Margaret in the person of Marion Terry, whose success, after her first nervousness had worn off, was never doubtful for a moment; to note the Rembrandt-like tones in the grouping of the soldiers and burghers in the third act, and to marvel over the gruesome effects of the Brocken scene. Not since Miss Litton opened this huge house years ago with 'As You Like It,' have things gone so merrily. 'Louis XI.' was played on Thursday, September 20; and on Friday and Saturday, 21 and 22, 'The Bells' and 'Robert Macaire' were given. Henry Irving had not acted Louis for a number of years in Glasgow; so the house was filled by a very representative audience, which put the actor on his mettle, for a very remarkable performance was the result. Surely this is his finest character, inasmuch as he ceases to be himself altogether, and enters into the very skin of the crafty, bigoted, strange old monarch. Who can forget the quaint humour of the scene where Louis gives an audience to the insolent and impetuous ambassador, or of that with the rustics, where he feels young again at the sight of Martha's ruddy lips? The working of the mind was reflected in the face, and the sudden and abrupt changes from grave to gay, the curious mixture of fervour and cunning, of craft and servility, of terror and vileness, were marvellously represented. He held us completely spell-bound when the half-frenzied king, after his terrible interview with Nemours, sees the phantom of his murderer before him; and the scene where the grim old monarch fights every inch of life with the 'fell sergeant Death,' was so excellent in its detail that many of us left the theatre looking forward to a Lyceum revival of 'King Lear.' Ye gods! what a Cordelia we might have in Ellen Terry. Marie was charmingly played by Miss Coleridge, Mr. Alexander was a manly Nemours, and Miss Mills' Martha could hardly have been better. It is very difficult to criticise Irving's Mathias; the performance is of such sustained excellence, so complete in every detail, that we can only draw attention to a few of these very details, which make up a harmonious whole. The actor lives in the character, and every thought is registered faithfully in his face; thus even the pauses have eloquence. When the curtain is

rung down and the play is over, we remember the terrible look in his face when the village gossips suggest that mesmerists send people to sleep and make them tell their secrets, his anxiety when Christian has an idea, and his burst of hysterical laughter as he reminds him that he, too, had limekilns burning at the time of the murder; and best of all, the moment in the dream when, as he shrieks for proofs of his guilt, he suddenly touches the clothes of the murdered man, and the wild cry of rage dies away in a gasp of horror; nothing could have been finer. 'Robert Macaire' is poor stuff, only notable for a picturesque death-scene."

There will be no lack of visitors to the "Exhibition of Armada and Elizabethan Relics," collected together by Mr. Augustus Harris in the Grand Saloon of Drury Lane Theatre. The ceremonial of opening the exhibition was performed by the Right Hon. the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, in a well-delivered speech that pointed out the influence on history and on England the successful descent on our little island by the Armada would have effected; and though happily the danger was averted then, it should be a lesson to us now to be always prepared for any emergency that might arise. Mr. Harris was deservedly complimented on the perfection of his arrangements of the many interesting and valuable relics gathered around him, and which were declared worthy of their temporary home, as the drama now being represented was of them. It is impossible to describe, in the short space at command, the numberless objects of curiosity and interest to be seen. Perfect suites of armour, paintings of the celebrated heroes of the period, illuminated missals and rare old books, jewels, coins, and quaint old snuff-boxes, treasure chests and horrible instruments of torture, old china and embroidered gloves, walking-sticks and ivory carvings, old muskets, and quaint and ancient silver spoons, &c., have all been laid under contribution and will occupy even the thoughtless for a happy half-hour, whilst to the cultured, the student, and the archæologist they are a mine of wealth in which they may delve deeply and with the happiest results.

A very strong programme was arranged for the farewell benefit of Mr. Henry Bracy on Wednesday afternoon, October 24, 1888, at the Savoy Theatre, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. D'Oyly Carte. R. K. Hervey's amusing farce, "Good Business," with Miss Roma and the original cast; the second acts of "Pepita" and "Betsy," as played at night, and "Cox and Box," with Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. George Grossmith, and Mr. Richard Temple, were the *pièces de résistance.* There were several other items which were most acceptable, notably the singing of Miss Marie Tempest in Delibes' "Les Filles de Cadiz," an air which none but the most accomplished singer would attempt and pass the ordeal with such *éclat* as did Miss Tempest. Mr. Ben Davies rendered magnificently Sullivan's "Sailor's Grave," and Mr. Courtice Pounds exquisitely "My Pretty Jane." Mdlle. Caville D'Arville also sang charmingly Tito Mattei's

"Dear Heart," and Mr. Bracy "I really am so Sleepy" and "The Message." The house was very full, and in a neat and grateful speech Mr. Bracy said that in leaving for Australia he would not be received as a stranger, but amongst "tried and trusted friends." *Bon voyage et bon retour.*

A most usuful work has been issued from *The Stage* office; it is entitled "Playwriting, a handbook for would-be Dramatic Authors, by a Dramatist," and contains a vast amount of information and guidance for those who think of entering on the troubled sea of dramatic authorship. It is neatly got up, and printed in clear type.

"Hood's Comic Annual" has come of age. The one before me for 1889 is the twenty-first issue, and is superior to any of its predecessors. Dalziel Brothers have enlisted the services of a host of contributors, among whom may be found the names of G. R. Sims, Percy Reeve, George Manville Fenn, Godfrey Turner and Richard Henry with a quaint story "Cross Courtship." Henry Chance Newton has in it some pleasing verse, and the whole is profusely illustrated by the Dalziels, Maurice Grieffenhagen, Leslie Wilson, Ernest Griset, Hal Ludlow, &c. An excellent shillingsworth.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from September 24 to October 20, 1888:—

(Revivals are marked thus.*)

Sept. 25. "Good Old Barnes of New York," adapted by Walter Burnot, from the story by A. C. Gunter. Ladbroke Hall.

" 25. "The Corsican Brothers," new melodramatic opera in three acts and five tableaux, words by Charles S. Bradberry, music by George Fox. Crystal Palace.

" 27. "Carina," new comic opera, libretto by E. L. Blanchard and Cunningham Bridgman, music by Julia Woolf. Opera Comique.

" 29. "Kitchen Love," farce by Robert Courtneidge, in one act. Olympic.

" 29. "Soft Soap," farcical operetta in one act, by John Jourdain. Elephant and Castle.

Oct. 2.* "The Monk's Room," drama in prologue and three acts, by John Lart. Globe.

" 3. "The Yeomen of the Guard; or, the Merryman and his Maid," new opera in two acts, by W. S. Gilbert, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Savoy.

Oct. 6. "The Mysteries of Carrow," a specially dramatised story, in four acts, by an unannounced author. Elephant and Castle.

" 8. "The Spotted Lion," new play in one act, by Walter Sapte, jun. Gaiety.

" 8.* "Held by the Enemy," drama in one act, by William Gilette. Surrey.

" 13. "The Dean's Daughter," new and original society play in four acts, by Sydney Grundy and F. C. Philips (adapted from the latter's novel, "The Dean's Daughter"). St James's.

" 15. French Plays. "L'Abbé Constantin," three-act comedy, by MM. Cremieux and Decourcelle. Royalty.

" 16. "The Blacksmith's Daughter," new and original domestic one-act comedy, by Arnold Golsworthy and E. Norman. Opera Comique.

" 17. "Blackmail," original comedy drama in three acts, by G. H. Roqué (first played at the Literary Institute, Shanklin, I.W., September 2, 1887, and announced as written by G. G. Dabbs, M.D.). Matinée. Criterion.

" 17. "A Patron Saint," new one-act comedy, written by Charles Thomas, suggested by "Le Chapeau de St. Catherine" of Edmund About. St. James's.

" 19. "Prince Karl," comedy in four acts, by Archibald C. Gunter. Lyceum.

" 19.* "Always Intended," comedy-drama in one act, by Horace Wigan. Lyceum.

" 20.* "As You Like It," Shakespeare's comedy. Shaftesbury Theatre.

In the Provinces, from September 17 to October 17, 1888.

Sept. 20. "Manhood," new domestic drama, by James H. Hewson. Gaiety Theatre, Burnley.

" 24. "She; or, the Fire of Life," a mystical play in two parts, adapted by John F. Preston from H. Rider Haggard's novel. T.R., Woolwich.

" 28. "The Weaker Sex," comedy in three acts, by Mr. A. W. Pinero. T.R., Manchester.

Oct. 1. "Forward to the Front," military, naval, and spectacular drama, by George Fawcett Rowe. T.R., Norwich.

" 1. "Right's Right," drama in four acts, by C. A. Clarke and J. O. Stewart. Stratford.

" 1. "Ballyvogan," drama in four acts, by Arthur Lloyd. Prince of Wales's Theatre, Greenwich.

" 4. "Scarlet Sins," new drama in four acts, by Charles Crozier and Percy Milton. Royal Opera House, Wakefield.

Oct. 6. "The Binbian Mine," new romantic drama in three acts, by Mrs. Campbell Praed. T.R., Margate.

" 11. "England and Glory," new military drama in four acts, by Henry Hanson. Gaiety, Walsall.

" 15. "The Silver Fortune," new musical comedy-drama in three acts, by Wynn Miller and Philip Havard, the music composed by E. Lawson. Sanger's Amphitheatre, Ramsgate.

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UPHOLSTERY AND STAINED GLASS.

THE THEATRE.

Macbeth on the Stage.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

By Frederick Hawkins.

NOT the least convincing proof of the eminence won in different ways by Mr. Irving is supplied by the special interest he arouses in any old play that takes a place in his repertory. Like Warwick, he might boast that he makes his favourite reign. His revivals of "Hamlet," for example, gave a strong impulse among thinking and educated men to the study of that tragedy, and what he has done for "Faust" is indicated in part by an enormous increase of the sales of translations of the masterpiece of German dramatic poetry. If he should think fit to bring forward "As You Like It"—and those who value the theatre as a source of intellectual enjoyment in one of its highest forms earnestly hope that he will—he may confidently assume that more would be said and written about it in three months than in the three centuries or less that have elapsed since its first appearance. With the effects of the influence he has acquired by his genius and taste and enterprise we are not at present concerned. Bearing in mind the facts just stated, we propose simply to relate the history of "Macbeth," the tragedy with which the winter season at the Lyceum is to open. Indeed, this production will probably give rise to deeper discussion than any of its predecessors, inasmuch as Miss Ellen Terry will strike into a wholly new path by coming forward as Lady Macbeth, and as Mr. Irving, with his usual independence of thought, sets nearly

all received ideas at defiance in his conception of the principal character.

"Macbeth" presumably owed its origin to the curiosity as to Scottish history and legend that was awakened in London by the prospective and actual accession of James I. to the throne. For some time before that event the story of the meeting on the blasted heath and its consequences had been well known. It had appeared in Bellenden's translation of Boece, Holinshed's Chronicles, and other important works. In 1596 a "Ballad of Macdobeth" was registered with the Stationers' Company, and Kemp's "Nine Days' Wonder," printed four years later, contains a lament that the author of such a "beastly ballets" as "A story of Macdobeth or Macsomewhat" might make "wenches prophetesses for little or no profit." When, in 1605, the King visited Oxford, he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St. John's College, who alternately accosted His Majesty, reading some Latin verses founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." "The conceit thereof," we are further told, "the King did very much applaude." It seems to have been about that time that Shakspere's tragedy was acted for the first time, Macbeth being performed by Burbage. Many allusions in the text are to incidents that occurred in 1604 or 1605, and a passage from a school play of 1607, "Instead of a jester, we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table," may be accepted as a sign that the piece had been given to the public. Knight has shown some good reason for supposing that Shakspere visited Scotland with a section of the Lord Chamberlain's company of players in 1599, but if he then conceived the idea of writing "Macbeth" he did not embody it for four or five years, or, having embodied it at once, made several alterations in the verse as time went on. By 1610, at all events, the literature of the world had been permanently enriched by this tragedy, for which the poet is said to have received a letter of thanks from the Court, and in which, intentionally or unintentionally, he matched himself against the Greek dramatists, not without success, by dealing with the fulfilment of a destiny as unrelenting as that encountered by the house of Laius and Atreus.

It is almost needless to state that under the sway of the ideas imported into this country at the Restoration "Macbeth" did

not escape insensate mutilation. Although, as we gather from Pepys, it was represented in its integrity down to 1667, an "improvement" upon it by Davenant, whose loudly professed reverence for Shakespere was simply of the lip, appeared at the Duke's Theatre in 1672 as a sort of opera. On being printed it was described as "The tragedy of Macbeth, with all the alterations, amendments, additions, and new songs." Nothing can be said in favour of this production except that it has more of Shakespere in it than Cibber's "Richard III.," Nahum Tate's "Lear," and other achievements of the kind. Davenant had no sense of the strength and beauty of his original. He wantonly tampered with hundreds of lines, inserted insipid dialogue of his own, left out such noble speeches as that beginning "My way of life," wrote up the parts of the Thane of Fife and Lady Macduff, merged Rosse and young Siward in Lennox, and caused the ghost of Duncan to haunt his virtual murderess. One of the most gratuitous of the changes is made in the first act, where Lady Macduff enters as the guest of Lady Macbeth. As an illustration of the style of the interpolations, we quote some lines addressed by the latter to the former :—

> "Madam, I have observ'd, since you came hither,
> You have been still disconsolate. Pray tell me,
> Are you in perfect health?"

Both the choruses and the names given to the weird sisters were taken from Middleton's "Witch," at that time, as for nearly a century afterwards, in manuscript only. More grateful to the ear than any of Davenant's verse was the music introduced in the piece. While out of place, it shows much of the characteristic vigour and melody of him who wrote it, Matthew Lock. Purcell, having left behind him a copy by himself of the score, is sometimes thought to have been the composer; but as in 1672 he was only fourteen years of age, and as his first recorded work bears date 1679, we can hardly fail to reject the claims put forward on his behalf to the honour. It remains to be said that the rarest histrionic talents of the period were employed in the representation. Macbeth was played by Betterton, Macduff by Harris, and Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Betterton. In one important respect, however, the performance is not pleasant to think of. Instead of being regarded as incar-

nations of Fate in its severest aspect, as "organs of the numbing spell," the weird sisters were cast to the low comedians of the company, who, dressed like our old friend Mother Bunch—that is, in tall conical hats, scarlet kirtles, and high-heeled shoes—sang, danced, grimaced, hopped to and fro over brooms, and generally resorted to more or less indecent farce. Betterton is supposed by all historians of the stage to have possessed fine taste and judgment, but it is difficult to credit him with either of these qualities in view of the fact that, while exercising paramount authority in the theatre, he preferred the altered "Macbeth" to the original, in which he had previously appeared, and sanctioned or tolerated the degradation of the witches to the level of comic old women. If he stooped for the sake of a commercial success it was not wholly in vain. Downes, to whose "Roscius Anglicanus" we owe so much of our information as to the English stage at this time, writes in his quaint way:—"The tragedy of 'Macbeth,' altered by Sir William Davenant, being dressed in all its finery, as new clothes, new scenery, machines as flying for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it, the first composed by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Priest, it being all excellent, the performance being in the nature of an opera, it recompensed double the expenses; it proves still a lasting play." Lasting indeed. In course of time Davenant's "Macbeth" completely superseded Shakespere's even off the stage, Sir Richard Steele, among others, innocently quoting from the first under the impression that it was the second.

Nearly eighty years passed away before the wrong thus done to the great dramatist's memory was redressed. In 1737, it is true, the company at Covent Garden, with Quin at their head, announced the tragedy "as it was written by Shakespere;" but this appears to have been only a hollow pretence. Curiously enough, the honour of restoring the original text to the boards was reserved for the actor whose gratuitous alterations of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" have exposed him to so many jeers and objurgations from students of dramatic poetry. Garrick accomplished this memorable feat at Drury Lane in 1744, previously taking care, by means of paragraphs in the newspapers, to ascertain that the step would be more acceptable than distasteful to the audience. "Why, what does he mean?"

asked Quin, as though to show that the announcement of 1737 was what we have termed it; "don't *I* act Macbeth as Shakespere wrote it?" Garrick's ardour in the cause of "ancient literature," however, did not prevent him from allowing the witches to remain comic (he ever stood in awe of the gallery), from giving increased effect to Lock's music, and also, it is painful to add, from tacking on a dying speech to his part. Of such speeches, it will be remembered, he was inordinately fond. He made the most of them; and Foote, in his lively "Tea," would ridicule this weakness by imitations in the following fashion of the great actor's last scene as Lothario:—

> . . . . . "Adorns my fall,
> And che-che-che-che-cheers my heart in dying."

Insincere and shallow as Garrick's acting usually was, he seems to have risen to greatness as Macbeth, throwing into the shade all impersonations of the character since Betterton. "In the scene after the murder," writes Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, "his acting could not be surpassed. Even the description causes a thrill. His distraction and agonising horrors were set off by his wife's calmness and confidence. The beginning of the scene was conducted in terrifying whispers. Their looks and actions supplied the place of words. The poet here gives only an outline to the consummate actor:—

> 'I have done the deed . . .
> Didst thou not hear a noise? . . .
> Did not you speak?'

The dark colouring given to these abrupt speeches makes the scene awful and tremendous to the auditors. The expression of despair and agony and horror as Garrick looked at his bloody hands was long remembered." Of his Lady Macbeths, there can be no doubt, Mrs. Pritchard was by far the most vigorous and impressive. In the banquet scene, Davies tells us, "her endeavours to engage the attention of the guests and to draw them from the observation of Macbeth equalled anything ever seen in the art of acting; and in the sleeping scene her acting resembled those sudden flashes of lightning which more accurately discover the horrors of surrounding darkness." Her "We fail," by the way, was a question put in a tone of mingled

amazement and triumph. It is difficult now to think that the effect of Garrick's performance was not interfered with by the costumes he wore. At one time he would clothe Macbeth in a modern suit, with broad lace on his coat and waistcoat, and at another in what resembled the uniform of an English officer. In 1773, before Garrick left the stage, these anachronisms were opposed by Macklin, who, if not particularly successful as Macbeth, associated his name with the play by insisting, when it was given at Covent Garden, that the parts should be dressed in kilts and tartans. Garrick was annoyed to think that he had not done this himself, but he had at least the satisfaction of knowing that, thanks to his own penetration, the accents of Davenant's muse in "Macbeth" would never be heard on the stage again.

No account of the fortunes of the tragedy would be complete without a reference to Ducis' reconstruction of it at the Comédie Française in 1783. How far this version differed from the original an extract from "The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century" will show :—

"Ducis, as might have been foreseen from the fact that in adapting 'Hamlet' he left the Ghost to the imagination, did not venture to introduce the Weird Sisters. He feared that they would excite much less awe than derision among a French audience, serious as was the impression created by the supernatural element in 'Sémiramis' since spectators had been banished from the stage. On the other hand, he had to bear in mind that the essence of 'Macbeth' lay in a contest between destiny and freewill, and that it was expedient to give the first a palpable form. In this difficulty he decided to reduce the trio to one. Iphictyone, a Scandinavian sorceress, finds a temporary home among the Highland crags, where she influences the minds of men for evil. Even from the adapter's point of view we may doubt whether this was a change for the better, but it is at least grateful to find that at a time when English players persistently treated the witches as comic characters—dressing as Mother Hubbard, leaping over brooms of the traditional pattern, and generally descending to grotesque buffoonery—Iphictyone should have been made an engine of terror instead of laughter. In another respect, of course, the French system operated most injuriously on the play. Faithful to the time law, Ducis asked his audience, in effect, to believe that in the space of twenty-four hours Macbeth could yield to supernatural suggestion, wade through slaughter to a throne, experience the keenest pangs of remorse, seek relief in accomplishing fresh crimes, and withstand the siege that ends in his death. Nine out of every ten Parisians would have fiercely resented an infringement of the unities, but the improbability of the story in its present shape was sufficient to neutralize the effect of a comparatively unaltered Lady Macbeth—here named Frédégonde (Madame Vestris)—and of many passages echoing the weird grandeur of the original."

Whatever may be thought of the other principles of the classical school of tragedy, its rigid exclusion of the gay from the serious was attended here with an undeniable advantage.

(To be continued.)

Vita !

ONLY an hour—
One hour of rapture, 'neath the silver moon,
And we who met too late, in life's sweet June,
Now part too soon !

Only a day—
A day of memories, love could not save ;
The end has come ; God ! take the life you gave,
I can be brave.

Only a year—
A year of anguish, you can never know,
Our joy had changed to sorrow, and to snow,
Ere harvest glow.

Only a life—
A life of sadness : 'tis love's destiny !
God took you to His heart, and let you die.
Why left am I ?

MARGARET BRANDON.

The Headless Ghost.

"A PICTURESQUE old house with a moat and drawbridge, and haunted! What more would you have?"

"What more? Much less would satisfy me, thank you," Mrs. Lyster, wife of the speaker, made answer. She was stout, practical, imaginative, and very much afraid of ghosts.

"I thought moats and drawbridges were found in poetry only," quoth Madge Lyster, daughter of the above.

"Not at all," her father replied. "My friend Shepstone has just bought a house with one and the other, and a ghost thrown in; not into the moat, but the bargain, in Brightshire. There is a haunted turret chamber, and we are all asked down for Christmas. It is sure to be pleasant down there."

"It depends upon who is in the house besides the ghost," Madge answered.

"Let me see. Shepstone mentioned some names," and the speaker, opening his *pince-nez* with his nose, proceeded to read aloud from the letter in his hand.

"The Hillsboroughs—the Toler girls—Claude Baldwin—the two Luxmores—Mrs. and Miss Oswald—Maurice Pemberton——"

"That will do," Madge interrupted. "When do we go?"

"The invitation is for a fortnight from the 21st."

"But is the house really haunted, John?" put in Mrs. Lyster plaintively. "I shall die if I see a ghost; I know I shall."

"My dear Maria, the only people who see ghosts are those who make up their minds to see them. Make up your mind not to see this special ghost, and you will be all right."

"I do not think I could keep my mind made up for a whole fortnight, John. It is too much to expect." Whereupon Mr Lyster laughed, for he was of quite the same opinion.

Mrs. Lyster never dreamt of resisting the wills of her husband

and daughter, so, although it would have been more agreeable to her to spend her Christmas in her own comfortable house in town (it was modern, and had no room for a ghost), she allowed herself to be taken down to Brightshire on December 21st, 188—. It was a soft, damp day, with nothing harsh or wintry in the atmosphere, and the furs in which the ladies wrapped themselves, for their four-mile drive from the station, were almost superfluous.

The mystery of the growing dusk enveloped the picturesque old house as the carriage rolled, with a hollow sound, over the drawbridge, now never raised, and drew up before the ancient porch.

"This is lovely," said Madge.

"Good gracious!" cried her mother. "I am sure there are ghosts about! I smell them!"

"I think it is nothing worse than tobacco," said Madge, as she sniffed the air; and, out of the twilight, three men emerged suddenly, and three cigarette ends were thrown away.

"Welcome all of you!" cried the cheery voice of Alex Shepstone, the host. "I think you know Claude Baldwin and Pemberton."

"My wife thought you were the ghost," said Lyster. "I hope you have not laid him."

* * * *

That evening, in the old hall, as the young people sat round the wood fire, Madge insisted upon having the ghost trotted out, or rather his history. "Who is it, and what is it like?" she said. "Which is the turret chamber, and does it stay there, or wander about the house?"

"The turret chamber," said Maude Shepstone, "is naturally in the turret. We all declare that we do not believe in the ghost, but we never go into his room."

"Then it is a *he* ghost," said Pemberton. "My interest at once dies out."

"The turret chamber," Maude went on, "is apparently at the end of a long corridor on the second floor, upon which the principal bedrooms open. But at the end of this corridor there is a door leading to the back staircase; and before you reach this door there is a turn to the right into a narrow passage; at the end of this passage, on the left, there is a short flight of

steps which lead directly into the turret chamber. The door of the room is at the top of the stairs."

"And in the room, chained to the wall——"

"Nothing of the kind, Mr. Pemberton. I should like to make you sleep in the room to put an end to your incredulity."

"I prefer my incredulity to your remedy, thank you."

"But is it empty or furnished?" Madge asked.

"There is a bed in the corner facing the door; a piece of shabby carpet on the floor, and one chair."

"I suppose a ghost does not want much furniture; but were I a ghost, I should choose a more comfortable room."

"It had no choice," replied Maude. "In that room, and on that bed, there was a murder committed, exactly one hundred years ago this Christmas."

"I say, Miss Shepstone," cried the young men, "draw it mild! We are all as pale as paper."

"A young man was found dead on the bed, with his head on the floor beside him; and, when the ghost appears on the anniversary of the murder, its head is always——"

"Don't, Maude!" cried Miss Lyster, with her fingers in her ears. "I can bear everything but the head!"

"I should make the police interfere, and have the head fastened on," put in Pemberton; and as he was speaking Maude jumped up, crying out "Good gracious! What is that?"

A wild and wailing cry was distinctly heard; an unearthly cry if ever there was one! The girls turned as white as their gowns, and the young men looked solemn. Again the cry rose on the still night air, and Maude Shepstone, clutching Mr. Pemberton's arm, pointed in the direction of the grand staircase, which rose from the far end of the hall in one broad flight, and, on the first landing, divided to right and left.

As the eyes of the bewildered group were directed towards it, they saw a white figure gliding rapidly down. On the lower step it seemed to hesitate for a moment; then it suddenly disappeared.

"Is that the gentleman from the turret chamber?" whispered Claude Baldwin with a weak attempt at jocularity. "By Jove! There is the cry again."

The drawing-room opened at that moment, and Mrs. Shepstone and a bright stream of light came out together.

"How dark you are here," she said. There was no light except from the fire. "Will someone be good enough to open the hall-door and let my little Fluffy in? The poor little fellow is crying out there in the cold."

Pemberton made for the door, and in trotted an injured looking little Skye terrier, the beloved of his mistress. She took him in her arms, and, carrying him up the hall towards the staircase, called aloud "Treddles."

"There goes the ghost," said Pemberton a few minutes later, "carrying the dog."

"Good gracious," cried Maude. "How deceptive this firelight is. That is mamma's maid Treddles, and she came to look for Fluffy."

"If all your ghosts are as easily explained away as the first that appeared, Maude," said Miss Lyster, "the house will lose its reputation."

"Oh, do not fear! The 31st has to come yet," was the reply. Then the fire was built up and everyone felt more comfortable.

But, in spite of their flippant tone, both Madge and Maude owned to a creepy sensation when the turret chamber was mentioned. The story of the murder could not be explained away. *It* had taken place without any doubt; and old people in the village remembered to have heard the story of the finding of the headless body, and the bodiless head, from a father, mother, aunt or uncle, who had been in service at the house at the time. But no one could be found who had actually seen the ghost. Everyone had heard of it, but no one had seen it, for the best reason in the world, that no one ever spent the night of December the 31st, the anniversary of the murder, in the turret chamber. It was obvious that if anyone had been in the room the ghost would have been seen. The absence of witnesses by no means proved the absence of the ghost. On the contrary, as no one could say it was not there, it may naturally be inferred that it was.

* * * *

It was the last night of the old year. A bright and most beautiful night, with the crispness of slight frost in the air. The moon, whose beauties have been so often said and sung by poets and prosers that no epithets of praise are left for my humble

pen, literally bathed the old house in her exquisite silvery light; and life seemed actually standing still in that remote country region, everything was so still and silent. In one room only a light burned, and in that room Madge Lyster and Maude Shepstone sat waiting, like two conspirators, for the clock on the chimney-piece to strike two.

During the last quarter of an hour they had hardly exchanged a word; and even Madge, the bolder spirit, felt less courageous than she had done an hour before.

"Are you afraid, Madge?" Miss Shepstone asked in a low voice, as the hand pointed to five minutes of the hour. "Shall we give it up?"

"Certainly not." The answer was to both questions. "I am determined to put an end to this silly nonsense! People will believe us when we say we have been in the turret chamber at the fatal hour, and have seen nothing. But I wish your ghost kept earlier hours."

"But suppose we see——"

"There is not the slightest chance of our seeing anything. The clock is striking; we may go. Step very softly; I do not want to be heard."

The girls rose with a certain solemnity of mien, and left the room together. They wore long dressing-gowns of white flannel; their hair fell over their shoulders, and they looked extremely picturesque and pretty. Madge led the way; but, in spite of her air of courage and her bold words, she was quivering with nervousness when she found herself, with Miss Shepstone behind her, in the dim corridor, lighted only by the moon.

"It looks much longer than it does by daylight," Maude whispered. Her face was as white as her dressing-gown; and her teeth would have chattered if she had not kept her mouth open.

"It is only because we are walking so slowly," Madge answered.

"What is that?" And Maude made a grab at her friend's arm.

"Don't, Maude! It's only someone snoring! That was a man's room we passed."

"Yes. Maurice Pemberton's; I know his boots."

"He might live in one of them if he were hard up for a house;

they are so big!" Madge whispered back. "I say, Maude, you are frightened! I can hear your heart thumping."

"Is it any wonder? Suppose we see the ghost! If he had his head properly screwed on, I should not mind half as much."

"We shan't see him, so it does not matter about his head. Now for it. This is the turn. Steady! Make no sound. The door of the room is shut, or we should see the moonlight streaming out. Good gracious! It will want some courage to open it."

"Oh, let us turn back!" cried Maude. "I am *sure* it is there?"

But Madge went steadily on, and in another moment she and her friend had mounted the short flight of steps and halted before the door of the haunted room. It was ajar about an inch, and very, very slowly Madge pushed it wide. The moonlight poured through the undraped window, and shone full upon the two girls in their flowing gowns of white. It lighted their pale faces with an unearthly radiance, and from the moment the room was open before them, they stood motionless as statues.

Movement and speech were alike impossible. They were struck into rigid silence with terror and amazement, for on the low truckle bed was plainly to be seen the awful form of the headless ghost. There could be no mistake. It *was* headless; for, on the floor, in deep shadow, lay the head. They saw the ghastly thing but too plainly. The staring sightless eyeballs—the gaping mouth! Had there been any, even the very smallest, doubt upon the subject, how gladly would the terrified girls have seized upon it!

How long they stood there they do not know. How they got back along the corridor, and past Pemberton's hygienic boots, is a mystery they are unable to solve to this day. Maude declared that the ghost moved, and that a ghastly sound between a cry and a moan came from the head on the floor. Madge was positive that a head so situated could not utter a sound; and that if it, and the body it ought to have been on, had not been silent and motionless, she must have shrieked and fainted. As she kept her senses she knows the ghost was silent and quiet as befitted a phantom without a head.

It was perhaps just as well that the girls were in possession of a point of dispute. It kept them from dwelling upon the

ghost itself, for when they did think of it they seemed to see the dreadful thing again. When, at last, they stopped arguing they found they were so nervous they could not spend the rest of the night apart, and the cold, frosty dawn of New Year's Day was breaking when Madge Lyster, at length, crept away to her own room.

But before they parted the girls entered into a solemn compact not to breathe a word of their terrible adventure to anyone.

"We have proved the truth of the story for ourselves, and that is enough," they said.

But Maurice Pemberton, who little knew how severely his boots had been spoken of in the middle of the night, remarked that Madge, the lively saucy Madge, looked pale; and she felt herself growing paler still when he said, "One would think you had seen the headless ghost last night, Miss Lyster."

But it is not easy to be nervous in broad daylight, and in the midst of pleasant companions; so, by lunch time, Madge was almost herself again, and Maude had all but persuaded herself that she had not heard a moan from that awful head.

Preparations had been going on for several days for the annual festivities of New Year's night; and all the guests, young and old, were in the hall after luncheon, renewing and rearranging the decorations, when Mrs. Shepstone appeared with an anxious face and perturbed mien. Something serious had happened without doubt.

"Listen, all of you," she said. "I am very sorry to spoil your pleasure, but we cannot have our party to-night. Every servant, indoor and out, has given me warning, and they refuse to spend even one more night in the house! They forfeit their wages, and leave in a body an hour hence. The cook has kindly dressed a dinner, but you must eat it cold."

"But why? What is the matter?" cried every one in a breath.

Mrs. Shepstone laughed. "Last night was the 31st of December, and, for the first time, the celebrated ghost was seen in the turret room."

"You don't say so! By whom?" Again everyone spoke except Madge and Maude, who got side by side and clasped hands.

"By one of the stablemen."

"Oh!" There was a distinct note of disappointment in that universal "Oh!"

"But why should a stableman *not* see it if it is to be seen?" demanded Mrs. Shepstone sarcastically. "What difference does it make?"

"But was it headless? That is the point," said Pemberton, and Madge and Maude exchanged glances. Right well they knew it was headless, for they had seen the head upon the floor.

"Have the man in and question him yourselves," said Mrs. Shepstone. She rang the bell and ordered Jem Baker to be sent in.

And Jem Baker came in presently, looking as if he had seen, not one ghost, but a dozen; and as if he could do without seeing another for some time to come.

"Now, Jem," said Pemberton, who had appointed himself chairman of the meeting, "speak up, and don't be afraid. You say you saw the ghost last night. What was it doing?"

Jem smiled faintly. "I didn't know as ghostes was expected to do anythink, sir."

"Nor more do I. Had the ghost its head on?"

"Yes, please, sir."

"You are sure?"

Jem grinned and touched his forehead. "Yes, please, sir."

"And now, Jem, tell me exactly where the ghost was when you saw it?"

Jem cleared his throat, and touched his forehead again. "If you please, sir, you know as how it's said that the turret room be haunted; so I thinks to myself, I don't believe this 'ere nonsense about ghostes, and I says to myself, I says, I'll jist look out for that there chap on the 31st. So when all was quiet like in the house, about one o'clock, I comes up the back stairs to the turret room, and I lays down on the bed, and I says to myself, if you come now, my fine feller, you and me 'll have a tussle for the best place. The moon was shining in as bright as anythink, and I warn't a bit frightened, for passon at home he used to say as how there was no such think as ghostes. I heard the stable clock strike two, and I were jist falling into a doze like, when the door flew open and there it war! I thought first there were a pair on 'em, all dressed in white, but my heart jumped into my mouth, and I popped my head down

under my arm, and there I lay like a log; but I know I gave a sort of a moan, for I didn't rightly feel sure it wouldn't kill me for taking its bed. But it didn't do nothink; for, in a quarter of an hour, when I ventured to look again, it war gone, but the door were open wide."

By the time Jem had finished his story, Madge Lyster, in fits of laughter, was on one side of him, and Maude Shepstone on the other. "Was it you, Jem, really?" Madge cried. "Why, you foolish man, it was *us* you saw at the door and no ghost! We went to the turret room at two o'clock, and we saw you, and your head was on the floor! And we took you for the ghost! How do you account for your head being on the floor?"

"It warn't, miss. It warn't indeed."

"Oh, but it was. We could not be mistaken. Could we, Maude?"

"Please, miss," and Jem grinned broadly, "I know it warn't my head. It must have been my cap. I threw it on the floor when I laid down."

The girls looked at one another, and Madge broke into a hearty laugh. "Well," she said, "this is really too good a joke! And I was so certain I had seen the headless ghost."

Jem departed to spread the tale. The servants very kindly deigned to accept the explanation, and remained at their posts, and the New Year's party came off after all.

E. J. Curtis.

Moliere's Funeral.

"I LOVE a ballad in print, a'-life, because then we are sure they are true," exclaims Mopsa, in the "Winter's Tale." The world has, doubtless, grown wider since Shakespeare wrote; but has it grown wiser? On the contrary, is there not good reason to believe that the proportion of Mopsas—in pantaloons as well as in petticoats—among the population of the globe is as large as ever it was? Once get a lying legend into type, and

who shall undertake to kill it? Embalmed in print, *mobilitate viget viresque acquirit eundo.* Whence these tears? Alas! I have just been reading a brief biography of Molière from the pen of his profound admirer, Balzac; and I find that even that great apostle of truth in Art repeats the time-honoured but most untruthful anecdote of Molière's widow having been obliged to bribe the Paris mob to allow her husband's remains to be carried to the grave in peace.

The passage in which the error occurs is worth transcribing, were it only for the sake of its satirical hit at the eminent dignitary of the Church who pandered to the vulgar prejudices of the period by pretending to think that consecrated earth would be contaminated by the ashes of the illustrious dramatist and actor. "Monseigneur Harlay de Champvallon, Archbishop of Paris," writes Balzac, "notorious in that age for his amorous intrigues, refused the rites of sepulture to Molière. It was only by the express orders of the King that six feet of hallowed ground could be procured for the mortal remains of the great man. The Archbishop, compelled to obey the Royal command, sanctioned his interment in the churchyard of St. Joseph, Rue Montmartre. A couple of priests were sent to conduct the body to the grave, and a hundred persons, with wax-tapers in their hands, prepared to accompany the funeral procession. Meanwhile, the populace, knowing nothing of Molière but that he was an actor—utterly ignorant that he was also an illustrious dramatist and a man of solid worth—besieged the door of his house, yelling out threats and insults. His widow pacified their clamours by flinging them money out of a window; whereupon these insensate wretches, who would have dared to disturb the funeral of the illustrious dead, changed their tone and followed him in respectful silence to the tomb."

These words were written in 1826; Balzac died in 1850; and he cannot reasonably be blamed for not foreseeing what was to happen ten years after his death. Fortunately, however, for the reputation of the Paris mob—which is black enough already without any further coating of fancy paint—in the year 1860 an industrious antiquary, named Fillon, unearthed and published a contemporary letter, containing a full and detailed description of Molèire's funeral, by an eyewitness of the ceremony. From this letter it plainly appears that Molière's widow threw not a

farthing out of the window; but that a certain sum of money was distributed, in a perfectly quiet and orderly manner, to the poor assembled at the grave, in strict accordance with a custom prevalent at French funerals time out of mind.

Philip Kent, B.A.

The Lucky Sixpence.

A STORY OF A CHILD.

Poem for Recitation.

FAST through the crowded streets she pressed, a little London child,—
Men, as they passed her, hustled her, and marvelled that she smiled!
So wan, so thin, so pinched that face, a smile seemed stranger there;
Yet, beaming, on she went, and made a sunshine in the air.
Through fog and gloom, through sleet and mud, sped on the little feet—
Sped through the City, down the Strand, and on to Regent Street.
Her scanty, fluttering petticoat scarce clothed the tiny form,
But still the child seemed unaware of wind, or snow, or storm.
What recked she of the hustling crowd, the long and bitter way,
When, in the close-shut infant hand, a lucky sixpence lay?
But, smiling 'neath her conscious brow, shone two brave childish eyes,
And steadily the little feet led on—to Paradise!
A sixpence there for her to spend—a world before to choose!
What pains too great for such a quest?—what judgment she must use!
And up and down the waggons toiled with many a luxury piled,
But none bore such an argosy as that small London child.
At toys, at cakes, she shook her head—they were for every day;

Some time, when she'd a penny, p'r'aps she'd come again that way;
But with a bright new sixpence these were poor things to buy;
So, from the shops that she disdained, she hastened hopefully!
Still further west, and further still;—when, with a joyful start,—
A thousand happy memories come thronging to her heart,—
She paused before a mansion where the door was opened wide,
And, gaily dressed, the children moved to and fro inside.
The lights were glancing brightly on each little golden head;
On the glossy leaves and flowers a sunny glint was shed;
And the child, with eager, catching breath, looked wonderingly within,
Thinking of stories she had heard of a Home that she might win,—
Of the dwellings where the children lived happy all day long,
Serving God, their loving Father, with anthem and with song.
So with courage newly born, conquering every rising fear,
She put anxiously the question, "If you please, does God live here?"
With a stare of stern surprise they said, flinging the hall-door to,
"This is a place for ladies—not for the likes of you!"
She shrank into the darkness, with an infinite dismay,
And, trembling, sought once more the road that led the city way.
She struggled on, in spite of cold, in spite of hunger's pain;
Though night was spreading o'er the streets, her search began again:
She longed to find that happy home, and pondered more and more—
"Will God, too, open to the rich, and not unto the poor?
Then, when I reach His happy home, lest He should think *me* poor,
I'll give Him my new sixpence, and He'll open wide the door!"
Past glittering shop-windows, where gas was gleaming bright
On toys, and sweets, and everything to please the childish sight;
Yet all that they can show there, not the slightest longing stirs,
Since for sixpence, homeless infant! a happy home is hers!
So she kept her coin, quite safely, in the icy little hand;
Faint, yet eager; cold, yet ardent; she went feebly up the Strand;
When a gaily-lighted building, with a row of cabs before,

Drew the tiny, trembling figure till it stood beside the door.
What a vision of enchantment faced the weary, brave, blue eyes,
As they gazed in solemn gladness at this wonderful surprise!
What marvellous thick carpet, where the footfall's never heard—
What forms of marble beauty that childish spirit stirred!
What a glorious, kingly chamber, bathed in sumptuous, brilliant glow,
Through which floated, like an echo, strains of music, sweet and low!
And those softly-falling curtains! what beyond them might not lie,
If only she might venture with her hand to put them by!
Oh! the rapture of that moment! she could have stood for years
With that brilliant glow upon her, and the music in her ears:
But, peering in beside her, a boy had drawn so near,
That to him she gently whispered, "If you please, does God live here?"
Half heeding, wholly laughing at the question murmured so,
"Well, whoever does, he's lucky! That's gospel, don't you know?"
The child drew back, sore grieving, in the dismal, yellow glare,
For the curtains now had parted, and down the crimson stair
Came a train of English beauty to the carriages without,
While the road seemed all alive as the hansoms dashed about.
The child, bewildered, dizzy, turned to cross the busy street,—
A cry—a shout—"What is it?" and a rush of hurrying feet!
And the ladies, with pale faces, and the men, with hasty frown,
Asked quickly, "What's the matter?" "Only a child knocked down!"

* * * *

How serene and still the ward is on this chilly winter's eve!
A child who lies too silent there can scarcely yet believe
This is not all a portion of that restless dream of pain,
And wearily goes over all that weary time again.
Once more she sees the children through the widely-opened door,
And knows it opens to the rich, and not unto the poor;
Once more she looks intently on that Vision of the Night,

On that strange, enchanted chamber, bathed in radiant crimson light!
Then there comes a wild confusion of glancing lamps, of tears,
Of the sound of trampling horses, of cries, of childish fears;
Of a desperate, trembling rush, just before the lights went out,
And an echo, ere the silence, of a many-throated shout;
Then a time of throbbing terror, of agony supreme,
And a sudden, bright awakening;—was all of it—a dream?
What a soft, soft bed to lie on, now that all the pain had past;
No! no! it was not all a dream! This was God's home at last!
Then a gentle woman bent, and brought her loving face quite near,
Yet could scarcely catch the whisper, "If you please, does God live *here?*"
And the infant held her breath, scarce knowing what might come—
Stern answer? brutal jeering? and another search for home?
With an infinite compassion she took the tiny hand,
And showed how, through the casement, night was settling o'er the land:—
"But beyond the fleecy clouds, and beyond the star-lit sky,
Lies the home of God, my darling, open everlastingly!"
"It is too far away, then; I can never get up there!
If God wished to have the children, He would surely build a stair?"
"No need of that, my darling, for many and many a day
God comes here for His children, and carries them away."
Oh! the weary eyes beamed brightly at the fading of her fear!
"Do you think He'll come to-morrow? do you think He knows I'm here?"
Poor little lonely infant! God was indeed so near!
"Yes, I think He'll come to-morrow; I am sure He knows you're here."
"Then, my sixpence! Oh, my sixpence!" She gave such a cry of grief,
Till the nurse, with soothing words, came once more to her relief.
They had found it, tightly clasped within the little icy hand,
When they picked her up, unconscious, on the roadway in the Strand.

She wrapped it close in paper, nor would be happy till
They promised her to place it there upon the window-sill:
"When God comes, in the morning, He will find it ready so;
He would leave me," said the child, "if He thought me poor, you know!
But I'll give Him my bright sixpence, and He'll see I am not poor!
He will carry me away with Him, and open wide the door!"
So they smoothed the little pillow for the weary little head,
And silently they watched around the infant's little bed.
And early in the morning God opened wide the door,
And gave the happy London waif a home for evermore!

Cecil W. Franklyn.

A Glance at the Galleries.

THE small winter exhibitions come as a pleasant relief after the surfeit of the Academy, and though, perhaps, such ambitious works are not to be found, yet there are consequently fewer absolutely bad ones, and the good are easily discovered—an immense advantage.

The Exhibition at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours is fully up to the average of former years, and though one is chiefly struck by the preponderance of small pictures and the absence of any striking originality, yet there are many little works apt to be overlooked, but which will well repay careful study. "The Château of Concy," by W. Bright Morris, is a gem in its delicate feeling and poetic mystery, while "An Old Anchor," with the Madonna-like mother and child standing by the side, gazing out to sea, is solemn and suggestive. In quite a different treatment, but excellent in its manner, is "On the Cornish Towans," by Adrian Stokes, a striking bit of realism, with the children and sheep in blazing sunshine on the sandhills by the sea. Fantin Latour's rendering of the "Scene finale du Rheingold" is full of dreamy poetry, and "Andante," a small work by Bernard Hall, representing a

sleeping wood-nymph, is worthy of a much better position, both for its good painting of the figure and its harmonious background; the pose, however, might be happier. It is some time since Fred Morgan has been seen to such advantage as in his "Tired Gleaners;" the faces of the children in half light are admirably treated and well drawn in every way. Miss Maude Goodman's pictures of children are always welcome, and "Then the Fairies went to Bed" has all her characteristic grace and refinement. One of the best pictures in the gallery is Burton Barber's "Blonde and Brunette," the painting of the golden-haired child and pug dog being remarkably good, and the expressions admirable. An equally good work in another room is "I Won't Apologize," by Alfred W. Strutt, which, in knowledge of painting, technical skill, and sense of humour, brings this young artist at once to the fore. Messrs. Keeley Halswelle, Edwin Hayes, Ernest Parton, Daniel Murray, and other well-known members send good contributions.

Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons have got together a collection of pictures at their gallery in the Haymarket which fully sustains their reputation, and, though the number of foreign works is unnecessarily heavy, there are some excellent English examples. Peter Graham, R.A., is, *par excellence*, the painter of Scotch cattle, and "Rising Mists," with the bullocks in the marshy glen and the storm effect behind, is very powerful. "The Fisherman's Wife," by D. A. C. Artz, is beautiful in its pose and colour; but far better examples of Josef Israel's have been seen than "A Gleaner of the Shore," which is painty in the extreme. G. Jacquet sends two cleverly painted heads, while "La Jeune Favorite," by L. Deutsch, and "Le Pardon-Bretagne," by Dagnan-Bouveret, share together high praise. Additional interest is given to the gallery by the presence of two works by the late Frank Holl, R.A., and the smaller one, "Watching," which represents a woman and child on the sea-shore, looking sadly out into the distance, is a poem on canvas. Ernest Crofts and H. W. B. Davis are well represented in their different styles, while C. Meissonier, *fils*, exhibits an admirable picture, entitled "The Improvisatore." Even so short a notice would be incomplete without drawing attention to "Minding the Flock," by Pierre Billet; a simple peasant girl in blue blouse surrounded

by her sheep, but admirably painted and full of suggestive beauty.

Mr. Thomas McLean's Gallery, next door, is well worth a visit, for the pictures are few and good. J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., gives us capital colour and life in his picture of the "Cigar Manufactory, Seville," and "In Love," by Julius Zuber, representing two men in a cottage, bantering a young girl who is lost in her thoughts, is remarkable for its realism and forcible depth of tone. "Not worth Mending," by Oreste de Molin, is a humorous subject well executed, and the expression on the tinker's face, as he looks at the laughing girls, is very good. E. Van Marcke's "Dutch Pasture Land" is powerfully painted, and the tone of the foreground and the fine handling of the sky show the painter's mastery of his subject. The place of honour is naturally given to Rosa Bonheur's "Pasturage in the Pyrenees," a very fine work, though we have seen better painting of distance by this artist. James Hardy, Edwin Ellis, and E. E. Warren have good works, and Vicat Cole, R.A., is represented by a beautiful little painting of "The Thames at Streatley."

The Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, will not set the Thames on fire, but Mr. Walter Severn, the President, has managed to secure amongst many that are "but indifferent honest," several very pleasing little exhibits, and a few that are really good. Miss Fanny Moody is to be congratulated on the excellence of her work and on her steady advance: "Dogs of the Day" shows knowledge of the subject and technical skill which deserve high praise. "A Midsummer Evening," by A. Helcké, a delicate landscape suffused with the warm tones of sunset, lingers pleasantly in one's memory, together with "Evening at Penkridge," by V. De Ville. The Hon. Stephen Coleridge contributes some very careful work, and John Varley and James Webb lend good support to a little exhibition which is worth a visit.

Mr. Mendoza's Gallery in King Street, St. James's, shows a tasteful collection of drawings in black and white, some of

which are remarkable for their excellence both in design and finish. Considerable colour and effect can be obtained from black and white skilfully handled, as C. Whymper's "Grouse Driving on a Yorkshire Moor" shows, a drawing that proves great ability and appreciation of sport. R. F. Hensman's "Alone" is a clever sketch of a girl on a sofa, and "A Berkshire Lane," by C. J. Lewis, is full of the poetic feeling of twilight, admirably treated. Miss J. B. Folkard's portrait of "Kitty" is perhaps the gem of the collection—the beauty of the face, the simplicity of the treatment, and the texture of the hair especially commend it. James Hayllar contributes some clever heads; Clough Bromley is represented by a beautiful etching of Sonning, while Mrs. Topling, William Strutt, and Davidson Knowles also aid the collection.

H. L. Collinson.

Rafael Calvo.

PERHAPS one of the strangest scenes ever enacted in a theatre took place at the Teatro Principio in Cadiz on October 7.

The auditorium was crowded from floor to ceiling, but, in lieu of the expectant faces and merry voices of an ordinary theatre crowd, no noise was heard, a look of sorrow was everywhere discernible, and each member of the audience was clothed in deepest mourning.

The orchestra played a solemn funeral march, and the curtain was slowly raised, displaying an empty stage, save for a high pedestal placed in the centre. On the pedestal, hung round with crape, was a large photograph of a man, and flowers lay in abundance round the pillar.

Simultaneously the audience fell reverently on their knees, and for several moments no sound was heard except a half stifled sob or a deep sigh.

Then came forward upon the stage Señor Viesca, one famous in the Spanish world of letters, and standing by the pedestal he gave a discourse on the man whose likeness was before them; he told them of Rafael Calvo, his life, his genius, his virtues, of

how his honest work and sincere love of his art had placed him at the very top of the Spanish dramatic profession, when death, as if jealous of his success, had seized him in the midst of his triumphs and the prime of his manhood.

When Señor Viesca had finished speaking several poems were recited, then with reverent hands a large wreath of laurel was placed around the actor's portrait, and, to the music of a solemn dirge, the audience slowly and sorrowfully left the theatre, which only a few nights before had been rendered bright and joyous by the genius and talent of Rafael Calvo.

The audience on this solemn occasion was no ordinary one; it was composed of all the eminent men and women in the dramatic and literary circles of Spain, who had gathered together to celebrate a vigil in memory of their famous and well-beloved comrade, whose death left a place in their ranks not soon to be filled.

Rafael Calvo was born in Seville on March 19, 1842. The stage had been his profession from his earliest youth; he was universally admired by the public, and beloved by his brother and sister artists.

While staying in Cadiz to fulfil a professional engagement, he fell a victim to that dread disease smallpox, to which he succumbed after three days' illness.

To show the extreme veneration in which he was held, the corporation of Cadiz organised the solemn midnight service in the theatre that has so often rung with praise of him "whose talents have contributed so largely and gloriously to the advancement of modern dramatic art on the Spanish stage."

Lita Smith.

Our Play-Box.

"DREAM FACES."

A new and Original Play, in one act, by Wynn Miller.

Produced, under the direction of Mr. Charles Cartwright, at Terry's Theatre, Thursday afternoon, November 1st, 1888.

Robert	Mr. Brandon Thomas.	Lucy	Miss Ellaline Terriss.
Philip Lumley ..	Mr. Percy Lyndal.	Helen (a Servant) ..	Miss Wood.
Aunt Margaret	Miss Carlotta Addison.		

This excellent little play (given for copyright purposes, at Sanger's Amphitheatre, Ramsgate, October 18) should, now that it has been introduced to the London public, promptly find its way into some regular bill. It is a simple, but touching and impressive story. We have a pair of youthful sweethearts—Philip all love and honour; Lucy all tenderness and innocence. They both dote on Aunt Margaret, and wonder why she has never married—this true-hearted woman so fit to make a good wife. Philip soon learns the truth, when asking for Lucy's hand. Years ago Aunt Margaret was to have married Lucy's father, her cousin Robert. He not only jilted her, but the scoundrel married another, deserted his wife and child, and went to the bad altogether, being convicted and sentenced for forgery. Margaret, hearing his wife was dying, had befriended her to the last, and brought up Lucy as her niece, giving her all the true love she once had wasted on her father. Will Philip still marry Lucy, knowing who she is, and that her father is alive, though the child has been taught to think him dead? The young man does not hesitate, his love is too deep to be changed by this revelation. What Margaret has not said is that since Robert came out of prison she has generously helped him over and over again with large sums of money, in the hopes of keeping him straight. And now he comes to her unexpectedly to demand assistance from her. This time she refuses, and this wretch, accidentally hearing that Lucy is his daughter, threatens to take her away from Margaret if she does not give him the money. In vain appealing to his better feelings, she consents to anything sooner than the child should be torn from her. Robert insists on seeing his daughter, and she allows him to do so if he will pass himself off for a friend of Lucy's dead father. Alone and face to face with this sweet young girl, so like his dead wife, Robert is strangely moved. She tells him how she pictures her father, from what Aunt Margaret has told her; a man the soul of honour, brave in danger, loyal in friendship, true and tender to women. From her he hears that the two hundred a year left him by his father, as he thought, has been the gift of Margaret. Overwhelmed by the evidence of the noble nature of the

woman he has so wronged, Robert for the first time sees himself in his true light. Repentant and bowed down with shame, he kisses Lucy once, and, giving her back to Margaret with a promise that he will lead a better life, he leaves them for ever, just as he has found out that Margaret has never ceased to love him; that his daughter cherishes his name; and that all the happiness that might have been his he has lost by sin. This play is as well written as it is interesting and healthy in sentiment. Mr. Percy Lyndal was very good and earnest. Miss Ellaline Terriss, a sweet and pretty Lucy, only lacked the depth of feeling to be acquired by experience. Miss Carlotta Addison has never shown to greater advantage than as Margaret; her heartbreaking sobs when she begs for the child not to be taken from her, and all the scene, were admirably dramatic and true to nature. The most difficult part was allotted to Mr. Brandon Thomas, who during the first part of the piece, through nervousness, did not do himself justice, but he soon pulled himself together, and his acting in the interview with his daughter, and the subsequent scene with Margaret, were simply magnificent, showing a depth of feeling and power that moved everyone to tears.

At the same *matinée* was produced under the direction of Mr. William Terriss, a three-act Farcical Rally, by Walter Helmore and Eden Phillpotts, entitled,

"THE POLICEMAN."

Cuthbert Ferguson	Mr. Forbes Dawson.	Servant	Mr. Halley.
Randolph Ferguson	Mr. Benjamin Webster.	Inspector	Mr. Vandenhoff.
Old Blunderley ..	Mr. S. Whitaker.	Lady Gasse	Miss Haydon.
Simpson Blunderley	Mr. Compton Coutts.	Ethel	Miss May Whitty.
Captain Wellington Hill	Mr. H. Morell.	Mrs. Cuthbert Ferguson ..	Miss Gabrielle Goldney.
Holmes	Mr. Courtneidge.	Parker..	Miss Lillian Millward.

Alfred Watling (551 B Metropolitan Police) .. .. Mr. Arthur Williams.

This Rally (why "rally"?) was first produced at the Lyric Hall, Ealing, January 12, 1887. Its reproduction at Terry's is worthy of record for the excellent acting of Mr. Arthur Williams as a quaint, half-stupid, but money-grasping policeman, who is made to masquerade as a millionaire in evening dress; and that of Mr. Forbes Dawson, as one of those well-known daring, impudent farcical gentlemen who scheme to get other people into scrapes and burn their own fingers. Both these gentlemen were remarkably good, and Miss Lillian Millward deserves praise for her amusing rendering of a bad part. But "The Policeman" as a play, despite some clever scenes, is too thin for three acts, and treads too well-worn paths to prove of any lasting interest. After so artistic and delicate a page as "Dream Faces" it appeared all the more commonplace.

Marie de Mensiaux.

"FAUST UP TO DATE."

A Burlesque in two acts by George Sims and Henry Pettitt. Music by Meyer Lutz.
First produced [by Charles Harris] at the Gaiety Theatre, Tuesday, October 30, 1888.

Mephistopheles	Mr. E. J. Lonnen.	Elsa	Miss Lillian Price.
Valentine	Mr. George Stone.	Lisa	Miss Florence Levey.
Old Faust	Mr. Harry Parker.	Katrina	Miss Greville.
Lord Chancellor	Mr. Walter Lonnen.	Hilda	Miss Sprague.
Faust	Miss Fanny Robina.	Totchen	Miss Mabel Love.
Siebel	Miss Jenny McNulty.	Martha	Miss Maria Jones.
Wagner	Miss Emma Broughton.	Waitresses	Miss Emily Robina. Miss Minnie Ross.
Donner	Miss Alice Young.		
Blitzen	Miss Hetty Hamer.	Marguerite	Miss Florence St. John.

It might have been thought that Goethe's legend was too hackneyed a subject to afford scope for a new version; but Messrs. Sims and Pettitt have contrived to introduce into it fresh elements of fun, without so far departing from the original story as to make it unrecognisable. We have Old Faust longing for youth and love, and the appearance of Mephistopheles, who summons a vision of Marguerite, engaged as a fascinating barmaid at the Italian Exhibition at Nuremberg. Old Faust signs the necessary bond and is transformed into a gay and handsome gallant, who is accepted by Marguerite. Her brother Valentine, to favour the addresses of Siebel, makes his sister a ward in Chancery, and the married pair dread the punishment of the Lord High Chancellor, from which punishment

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AND MISS FANNY ROBINA.

they eventually escape at the Olympic Gardens, Nuremberg, by ascending in a balloon. Mephistopheles is outwitted by the reappearance of Old Faust, with the grievance that the gentleman in red has not fulfilled his portion of the contract, but allowed another to enjoy himself in his place. Valentine, though he has been carried off as killed, comes to life again, his valuable existence having been saved by Faust's sword being turned aside by Valentine's Waterbury watch, the touching gift of his sister!

MR. GEORGE STONE.

MISS LILLIAN PRICE.

The music, written by Herr Lutz, is appropriate and tuneful, and the book very amusing. The authors have been guilty of some atrocious puns, as may be gathered from the following :—

> "These sapphires are the finest I have seen;
> Ah! what I've sapphired for you, my queen.
> An opal ring, they say, bad luck will be,
> This one I *opal* not do that for me.
> I plunged, and lost the lot—result of evil courses,
> The race-horse *brought an* end to my *race-horses*.
> . . . . . The Whistler do I see;
> Oh, Faust! your knocking gave me such a turn,
> A *knock turn* from a Whistler none would spurn."

The topical allusions are quite up to date and the lyrics smooth.

An excellent Mephistopheles is found in Mr. E. J. Lonnen, who plays with immense spirit, and gains a nightly encore for his songs, "I shall have 'em by-and-by," and "Enniscorthy" (written for him by R. Martin).

Miss Florence St. John is an ideal burlesque actress, so skilfully does she blend the innocence of the real Marguerite with the faster proclivities of her modern prototype. On the opening night it was noticed with regret that full advantage had not been taken of the exquisite voice Miss St. John possesses; but since then, in addition to the numbers, "A simple little maid," and "Fond heart, oh, tell me why," two other ballads have been introduced, and it need hardly be said that all are charmingly sung. Miss Fanny Robina, the Faust, has a pleasant voice, is a nimble little dancer, and is a decided acquisition. Mr. George Stone is exceedingly droll as Valentine, and brings down the house with his song, "A Soldier born," and his mock-heroic curse. Miss Jennie McNulty is a pretty and pleasing Siebel, Miss Maria Jones quaint and droll as Martha, and Miss Lillian Price heads an eccentric *pas de quatre* most gracefully, ably seconded by Miss Florence Levey. Mr. Harry Parker does all that is possible with the part of Old Faust.

There are several attractive choruses, which are artistically rendered by a bevy of fair young ladies, who appear in tasteful dresses, uniforms, &c. The scenery is beautiful.

As usual, Mr. George Edwardes has spared no expense in the production, to which Mr. Charles Harris has contributed his accustomed skill, and "Faust up to Date" will certainly fill the Gaiety for many a night to come.

"NADGY."

New Comic Opera, in three acts, by ALFRED MURRAY, music composed by F. CHASSAIGNE.
First produced in London at the Avenue Theatre, Wednesday, November 7, 1888.

The Count Maximilien de Rosen	Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY.
Rakoczy	Mr. ALEC MARSH.
Margrave of Bobrumkoff	Mr. J. J. DALLAS.
Felix de Faragas, P.M.D.D.	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
Æsculap	Mr. L. ROCHE.
Konrad	Miss CLARA GRAHAME.
Ladislas	Miss FLORENCE MELVILLE.
Etelka	Miss GIULIA WARWICK.
Dame Angelia	Miss SALLIE TURNER.
Nadgy	Mdlle. VANONI.
Eva	Miss NELLIE WOODFORD.
Trina	Miss JESSIE DAVIS.
Katinka	Miss F. WILTON.
Albrecht	Mr. H. GRATTAN.
Gustav	Mr. L. BRIDGMAN.
Hildebrand	Mr. AMBROSE COLINI.

The music in "Falka," M. Chassaigne's former work, was so favourably received here that London playgoers were naturally curious to judge for themselves as to whether the French or the American verdict passed on "Nadgy" was correct. When produced in Paris, on February 13, 1886, under the title of "Les Noces Improvisées," it certainly did not hit the public taste, whereas in New York it was only withdrawn after a run of 150 nights to make way for "The Yeomen of the Guard." Taken altogether, it may be said that M. Chassaigne's music in his later work has produced a favourable impression here, though it was not so characteristically Hungarian as was expected. Many of the airs are lively and tripping; the choruses are for the most part effective, and the Rakoczy March is several times introduced with much advantage.

Mr. Alfred Murray has cleverly told the story of the loves of the Princess Etelka and the Hungarian patriot Rakoczy, the stumbling-block to their

union being the fact that she is a ward of the Austrian Emperor's, who has determined she shall marry De Rosen. He is in love with Nadgy, a *première danseuse*, to whom also his uncle, the Margrave of Bobrumkoff, has paid court. Etelka and De Rosen, thus both being averse to their union, conspire together; they are nominally married, because they have learnt that they can appeal to Austrian law to dissolve the union within twenty-four hours. Rakoczy, with his confederate Faragas, stirs up the people to revolt. Etelka, the rightful heiress to the throne, is pronounced

Mlle Vanoni & Mr Arthur Roberts in Act II

Mr Arthur Roberts in Act III

Queen of Hungary; she dissolves her marriage, and gives her hand to Rakoczy, and De Rosen pairs off with Nadgy. Mdlle. Vanoni filled the title-*rôle* with the utmost spirit, proving herself thoroughly comic and an accomplished *ballerina*. Her songs were received with more than favour, and her duet with Faragas, "Zig-a-Zig," gained a double encore, and has already become a popular melody. Mr. Arthur Roberts, as Faragas, disguised as a professor of dancing and deportment, is, as usual, the life and soul of the piece; his song, "Deportment," he renders one of the funniest ever heard, and in the last act, where he poses as a Roman laurel-crowned tribune, and delivers a topical address to the multitude, he caused shrieks of laughter. Miss Giulia Warwick sang with much taste as Etelka; the

MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.

"What should a man do but be merry?"

HAMLET.—Act iii. Sc. 1.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

most telling number allotted to her, "Lightly, Lightly," with its accompanying chorus, was charmingly rendered. Mr. Alec Marsh, as Rakoczy, was heard to most advantage in the patriotic song, "At the Signal to Battle," which he sang splendidly. Mr. Tapley as De Rosen showed great improvement in his acting, and deservedly gained a most cordial encore for the exquisite waltz melody, "Let me woo thee." The parts of the Margrave and Dame Angelia were humorously filled by Mr. Dallas and Miss Sallie Turner, but neither of these characters were worthy of their powers.

As usual at the Avenue, the minor parts are well filled, and the chorus is composed of pretty young ladies, who are well trained, and do full justice to the several tuneful and skilfully written melodies set down for them. The costumes, by M. Alias, are beautiful, and the stage management of Mr. Marius perfect. Mr. Watkin, the manager, may register another successful production.

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

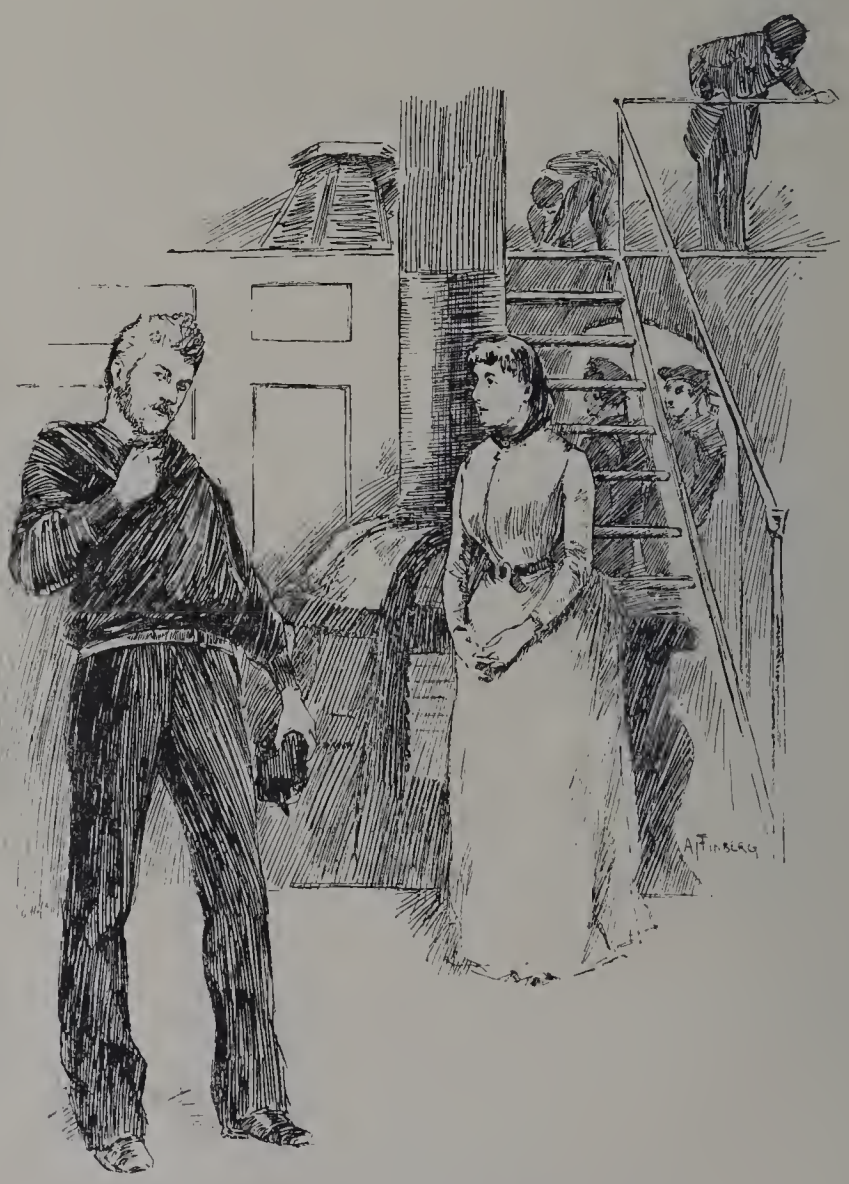
New and Original Drama, in five acts, by Henry Pettitt.

First produced in London at the Princess's Theatre, Saturday, November 10, 1888.

Jack Dudley	Mr. Henry Neville.	M. de Courcelles.. ..	Mr. George Dalziell.
Jean de Lussac	Mr. Robert Pateman.	Claude Garnier	Mr. Whitehead.
Tom Bassett	Mr. E. W. Garden.	Inspector Thompson ..	Mr. Geo. Skinner.
Robert Stillwood.. ..	Mr. W. L. Abingdon.	Ike Johnson	Mr. Eugene Mayeur.
Dick Melford	Mr. Julian Cross.	James Parker	Mr. H. Wyatt.
Count Paul de Renal..	Mr. Bucklaw.	Emile du Pre	Mr. G. Aubrey.
Captain Land	Mr. Edmund Gurney.	Lilian Melford	Miss Mary Rorke.
Hiram Hiccory	Mr. H. H. Morell.	Lucy Nettleford	Miss Webster.
Joseph Stillwood.. ..	Mr. Edmund Grace.	Madame Vallerie ..	Miss Ina Barnard.
Lieutenant Victor ..	Mr. Philip Darwin.	Polly	Miss Vizetelly.

Mr. Pettitt's latest drama had already achieved a signal success in Australia, and at Manchester, where it was produced at the Theatre Royal on July 30, before it was submitted to a London audience. The applause bestowed on it throughout its first evening here, and the crowded houses it has since drawn, have established its reputation. Granted that if some of its incidents are not altogether new the dialogue is; and do we not bestow our greatest praise on the *chef* who can give us toothsome dishes made only from the ordinary meats by dressing them in such a way that they shall appeal to our appetites as something quite fresh and novel? Here we have Jack Dudley, a hearty, honourable young Englishman, in love with Lilian Melford. Her guardian, Joseph Stillwood, has received a yearly income for her from her father in Australia, but the old rogue has appropriated the money to his own purposes, and, having learnt that the girl will probably be wealthy, has determined that she shall marry his good-for-nothing son Robert. Dick Melford, the father, however, turns up in time to prevent this, and so Jack and Lilian are married. They go to Paris for their honeymoon, *en route* for Australia, and here Jack, being of a forgiving disposition, makes a friend of Robert Stillwood, who borrows money of him and takes him to a gambling-house kept by Madame Vallerie. Count Paul de Renal, a coxcomb who imagines every woman to be in love with him, visits Lilian during her husband's absence and presses

his suit upon her, and, being repulsed, threatens that her name shall become a by-word in every club in Paris. Jack Dudley returns in time to hear this threat, and, at the instigation of Robert Stillwood, follows the Count to Madame Vallerie's, and, as the Frenchman is repeating the scandal, knocks him down. The Count has won large sums from Tom Bassett, and has them in his pocket-book. Stillwood is in desperate want of money. Jean de Lussac suggests that the Count should be robbed, and so, as he



MR. NEVILLE AND MISS MARY ROKKE.

is leaving the courtyard of the hotel, Robert stabs him, and, after rifling his pockets, conceals himself. Dudley, who just then leaves the house, discovers the body as the police are entering to make a raid, and is at once denounced by Stillwood as the murderer. Dudley is tried and condemned to be guillotined, and is trying to escape from La Roquette when his wife rushes in with a reprieve. Lilian is on board the "Australasian" steamer on her way to rejoin her father. Two poor fellows have been picked up in an open boat the night before: one has

died, the other proves to be Dudley, who has escaped from the French settlement of New Caledonia. Husband and wife speak to each other without daring to acknowledge their relationship, and give us one of the best and most exquisitely written and acted scenes in the play. A French man-o'-war boat comes alongside in search of escaped convicts. Dudley, when summoned to give an account of himself, declares that he is a seaman whose ship has gone down, but Robert Stillwood again denounces him as the murderer of Count Paul de Renal. The commander of the steamer, Captain Land (excellently played by Mr. Edmund Gurney), refuses to surrender him. The last act takes place in Sydney

MISS WEBSTER AND MR. E. W. GARDEN.

Harbour. Dudley's innocence is proved by Jean de Lussac, who has also escaped from New Caledonia, to which station he discovers he has been sent through the information of Robert Stillwood, his confederate in various nefarious transactions. Jean accuses Stillwood of being the real murderer, and the charge is brought home to him from a banknote being found upon him which was known to be in the possession of the Count when he was stabbed.

Such are the principal incidents, lightened by the loves and misunderstandings of Tom Bassett and Lucy Nettleford, played in a capitally light

and comic vein by Mr. E. W. Garden and Miss Webster, and the sturdiness of character and dry humour of Mr. Julian Cross as Dick Melford. Mr. Henry Neville has not for a considerable time past shown us more thoroughly how sterling an actor he is, so vigorous and yet so full of manly pathos. Miss Mary Rorke too was *the* actress suited to the character of Lilian Melford, a fresh honest girl and a pure loving wife. Mr. Robert Pateman, under whose direction the play was produced, gives us a remarkably strong depiction of character in Jean de Lussac, light and frivolous as a Frenchman so frequently is, yet a very tiger when he finds he has been betrayed, and his final scene when seized with epilepsy was almost painfully realistic. Mr. W. L. Abingdon gives a finished picture of the uncompromising villain. Mr. Bucklaw was good as the French Count. Mr. Eugène Mayeur cleverly sketched an Englishman who passes as a French waiter, and Mr. Philip Darwin did well as the French officer Lieut. Victor. I must not forget Mr. H. H. Morrell, who was very amusing as the Chicago "gentleman who has made his pile in pork." The first, fourth and fifth acts are certainly the best, but the weakness of the others is compensated for by the strength of these, and Mr. Pettitt may be congratulated on his work.

"THE BALLOON."

Three-act Farcical Comedy by J. H. Darnley and George Manville Fenn.
First produced at Terry's Theatre, on the afternoon of Tuesday, November 13, 1888.

Dr. Glynn	Mr. Charles Glenney.	Todd	Mr. E. A. Anson.
Captain Cameron	Mr. Forbes Dawson.	Grace Wentworth ..	Miss Florence Wood.
Mr. Aubrey Fitz-John	Mr. Charles Groves.	Miss Vere	Miss Gabrielle Goldney.
Dr. Boyton	Mr. Geo. Raiemond.	Mrs. Rippendale ..	Miss Susie Vaughan.
David	Mr. Sam Whitaker.	Mrs. Theresa Fitz-John	Miss Caroline Elton.

Any manager in want of a play that will keep his audience in fits of laughter from the rise to the fall of the curtain should certainly lose no time in securing "The Balloon." In their former collaboration, "The Barrister," the authors produced a very amusing play, but in this their latest effort they have shown a skill in construction, in situation, and humour that quite equals, if it does not surpass, the merits of "Confusion" and any plays of that character. Dr. Glynn is a young medico engaged to Grace Wentworth; her aunt, Mrs. Theresa Fitz-John, suffering from an attack of indigestion, comes to the surgery, and the doctor then and there mixes her a draught which she is to take on reaching home. Captain Cameron, an old friend of Glynn's, comes to tell him of his intention of crossing the Channel from Dover (where the action of the play takes place) in a balloon. Whilst Cameron is left alone, Miss Vere enters in a dreadful state of mind about her constant companion, a St. Bernard dog, Fifine, which is suffering from some canine malady. Miss Vere takes Cameron for the doctor and implores his help. Cameron, enamoured of the young lady but detesting her dog, which has resisted all his friendly overtures, determines to prescribe for it effectually, so takes a good dose of strychnine with him, leaving the bottle from which it was drawn on the table. Glynn, some

four years previously, has paid some attention and written some foolish love letters to a handsome supposed widow, Mrs. Rippendale, who unexpectedly turns up and demands the fulfilment of his promise of marriage. Glynn repudiates any such idea, and has hardly got rid of her when Mr. Aubrey Fitz-John, a bibulous but most amusing scamp, appears and demands hush money, as he also is aware of Glynn's past flirtations. The doctor silences him with a bottle of brandy in an adjoining room, when Miss Vere rushes in screaming "She's dead." Glynn's eye catches sight of the strychnine bottle on the table, and jumps to the conclusion that he has inadvertently killed the aunt of his intended, and in a wild state of excitement rushes off to the beach, jumps into the balloon, the ropes are let go, and he is carried out to sea. The next morning the papers are full of the balloon having been picked up, and that Dr. Glynn must have been drowned. He, however, has been landed on a hedge, and returns in a most dishevelled state to recount his experiences in a ridiculously ludicrous scene. In the meantime Fitz-John has gone to his wife's house (for he is the husband of Mrs. Theresa Fitz-John, whom he has deserted), and, believing her to be dead, has laid hands on everything of value that he can, and hides his plunder for the time in an alcove in Glynn's room. Grace, who has heard something of Glynn's past flirtations, brings back all his presents and puts them in the same place, leaving a note, saying, "Look into the alcove." Mrs. Fitz-John comes to upbraid the doctor, and, hearing her husband's voice, hides in the recess, so that when Glynn finds Grace's letter, and draws the curtains, he sees what he imagines to be the ghost of his victim. However, he is soon released from his troubles, for Mrs. Rippendale proves to be the first wife of the brandy-loving Fitz-John, who has committed a splendid bigamy, and Grace readily takes Glynn into her favour again. Miss Vere's heart is softened towards Cameron by the presentation of another St. Bernard, who appears on the scene, and Fitz-John is handed over to the tender mercies of Mrs. Rippendale. The first act quaintly leads up to the development of the story, the second act is one of the best ever written, and the third act is but little behind it in genuine, clever, and honest fun. Mr. Charles Glenney emphatically scored as the badgered and bewildered Dr. Glynn throughout; his description of his aerial voyage was a splendid piece of mock tragedy. Mr. Forbes Dawson played even better than usual as Captain Cameron; he was light and easy, without being so mercurial as he sometimes is. Mr. Charles Groves was very amusing as the good-for-nothing, merry, selfish rascal, Aubrey Fitz-John; and Mr. Sam Whitaker excellent as the doddering old family servant, David. Grace Whitworth, an *ingenue* part, was brightly played by Miss Florence Wood. Miss Gabrielle Goldney just hit the right line of extravagance as Miss Vere, and Miss Susie Vaughan was handsome and attractive as the adventuress, Mrs. Rippendale, making much of a part that depended entirely on its proper conception. The *matinée* was given by Messrs. Charles Groves and C. Irving Bacon.

"ATALANTA."

A Burlesque, in three acts, by George P. Hawtrey, music arranged and composed by Arthur E. Dyer.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, Saturday, November 17, 1888.

Schœneus, King of Scyros	Mr. W. F. Hawtrey.
Lysimachus	Mr. T. Squire.
Hippomenes	Mr. F. Wyatt.
Menander	Miss Nellie Bennett.
Leontes	Miss Florence Lancaster.
Socrates	Mr. Fleming Norton.
Pausanias	Miss Stephanie Baring.
Philip	Miss Grace Baring.
Charicles	Miss Stella Leigh.
Orpheus	Mr. F. Wensley.
Constable	Mr. Rudolph Lewis.
Messenger	Miss Mary Glover.
Daphne	Miss Minnie Cunningham.
Lalage	Miss Lulu du Cane.
Amaryllis	Miss Jessie Collier.
Penelope	Miss Carlotta Zerbini.
Aphrodite	Miss Alma Stanley.
Atalanta	Miss Marie Linden.

Though the reception of "Atalanta," on its first night, was not altogether a cordial one, in consequence of the third act being disliked, later performances have been received with favour, indeed with considerable enthusiasm. Mr. Hawtrey has, perhaps, believed that there is a large section of our community who are quite at home, not only in everything appertaining to racing, but even in the jargon of the betting-ring and the individualities of its most prominent supporters. And so he has copiously sprinkled his dialogue with sporting phrases, tipsters' slang, &c.; but, at the same time, it must be admitted that he has extracted a great deal of fun out of the fleet-footed Atalanta's exploit. Schœneus, her father, is a gentleman fond of sport, but who cares always to be on the winning horse; his prime minister, Lysimachus, is also steward of the meetings, which, should they not come off, his head will. Hippomenes, in love with Atalanta, whom he has saved from an unpleasant immersion, is a favourite of beauteous Aphrodite. The lovely goddess, strange to say, forwards his love affair, and, instead of the golden apples that shall stay fair Atalanta's speed, the Venus of the Greeks bestows on him the box of which the contents are to be thrown in his competitor's path. These are what ladies would call "a duck of a bonnet" and "a sweet dress." Need it be said that the temptation to pick them up is too strong for Atalanta, and that Hippomenes wins the race and her by a short head.

Mr. W. F. Hawtrey acted Schœneus with a mock dignity and unctuous humour that told excellently, and was well backed up by Mr. J. Squire as

his minister Lysimachus, whose fun was slyer but none the less taking. Mr. F. Wyatt made every line tell, his dancing was as nimble and as eccentric as has been seen for a long time, and his songs well sung. He kept the stage thoroughly alive. Miss Marie Linden, always bright and amusing, gave a capital imitation, burlesque of course, of Miss Mary Anderson. Miss Alma Stanley looked the personification of the queenly beautiful Aphrodite, and sang very sweetly, so sweetly indeed that it was a pity she was not oftener heard. Miss Mary Glover also proved herself a captivating songstress as well as actress, and Miss Minnie Cunninghame danced very gracefully.

The third act contained a great deal that might with improvement have been completely done away with; the songs of the trainers, jockeys, and gentlemen owners of horses fell very flat, as did the absurdity of leading the competitors about like horses, though their preliminary canter in the shape of a dance was loudly applauded and encored. This act has now been materially improved: the modern racing business, songs, &c., are done away with, and the scene is laid in front of a classic temple.

The *mise-en-scène* generally was exceedingly pretty, and the dresses, designed by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, were harmonious in colour and most tasteful. The scenery was good, and the music contained some very pretty numbers.

"A HIGHLAND LEGACY."

Play, in one act, by Brandon Thomas.

First produced in public at the Strand Theatre, Saturday, November 17, 1888.

Gordon McDonnell	Mr. Percy Lyndal.	Job Fixem ..	Mr. A. Edgemore.
Tammy Tamson ..	Mr. Brandon Thomas.	Mrs. Butler ..	Miss Carlotta Zerbini.
Mr. Dobson	Mr. William Wyes.	Clara	Miss Stella Leigh.
Cavendish Howley	Mr. Grahame Wentworth.		

Mr. Brandon Thomas has produced a charming little piece, to the success of which his own finished acting very materially contributed. Under the semblance of an old Highland servitor and piper, Tammy Tamson, a laird discovers for himself whether the feud that existed between his late brother and himself shall be extended to his nephew, Gordon McDonnell. Though in poverty, he soon finds out that his future heir is a noble-hearted, high-spirited young fellow, and the delighted uncle sets all matters straight by reconciling Mr. Dobson, a vulgar, purse-proud stock-jobber, to allow of a union between his daughter, Clara, and Gordon. Cavendish Howley, an actor and staunch ally of Gordon's, also finds a friend, as does the kind-hearted landlady, Mrs. Gordon. Mr. Brandon Thomas played Tammy Tamson with a quaint and humorous pathos that were worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Grahame Wentworth and Mr. A. Edgemore were also good in their several parts, but Mr. Percy Lyndal struck me as being a little too melodramatic for such a piece, the effect, perhaps, of the round of characters he has lately been playing.

"THE LADY OF LYONS."

Play in five acts, by Lord Lytton.

Revived at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Monday, November 19, 1888.

Claude Melnotte ..	Mr. Forbes Robertson.	Captain Gervais ..	Mr. S. Herberte-Basing.
Colonel Damas ..	Mr. Mackintosh.	Captain Dupont ..	Mr. George Seldon.
Beauseant	Mr. Bassett Roe.	Major Desmoulins	Mr. Phillips.
Glavis	Mr. Allen Thomas.	Notary	Mr. Hammond.
Mons. Deschappelles	Mr. Charles Arnold.	Pauline	Miss Wallis.
Landlord of the "Golden Lion"..	Mr. Arthur Fenwick.	Madame Deschappelles	Miss Robertha Erskine.
Gaspar	Mr. Matthew Brodie.	Widow Melnotte ..	Mrs. H. Leigh.

The management had announced the revival of Lord Lytton's play for

Saturday, November 17, and a large audience had in consequence

assembled. But the performance did not come off through a most extraordinary *contretemps.* The iron curtain refused to budge an inch, and

though every attempt was made to raise it, after waiting very patiently and good-humouredly for upwards of an hour, the expectant crowd left the house on its being announced from the stage that the play could not go on that evening. On Monday, however, the difficulty had been surmounted, and a decidedly satisfactory rendering of "The Lady of Lyons" was given. It was specially interesting from the new readings adopted by the two principal characters. Miss Wallis had evidently carefully studied the character of Pauline: the struggle for mastery between pride and the love that almost engrossed her was well exhibited, her passion was for the most part genuine, and her tenderness womanly; the lines were excellently delivered, and her actions full of grace and charm. Mr. Forbes Robertson had also conceived a fresh interpretation of the low-born but aspiring gardener's son. His Claude Melnotte had in it much that was quite original; it was a robust, yet poetical performance; there was no playing to the gods, yet every line told, and some of the business was new and most effective, though the kneeling to Pauline, at the close of the speech, "Dost thou like the picture," struck me as out of keeping with the wooing by a prince of one beneath him in station, albeit her slave. Miss Wallis and Mr. Robertson were enthusiastically recalled at the end of

each act, and certainly should make the revival a success, perfectly as it is mounted in every respect and dressed in the handsomest manner in rich and appropriate costumes, for which Messrs. Nathan are responsible. Of the other characters, Mr. Matthew Brodie was truly excellent as Gaspar, Mr. Allen Thomas good as Glavis; but Mr. Bassett Roe was tame as Beauseant. Miss Robertha Erskine was an amusing Madame Deschappelles, Mr. Mackintosh a bluff and somewhat original Colonel Damas.

Cecil Howard

Our Omnibus-Box.

Mrs. John Wood, the talented manageress of the Court Theatre, made her first appearance in London at the Princess's in the character of Miss Miggs in Watts Phillips's "Barnaby Rudge" on November 12, 1866, having previously acted in the provinces and made a reputation in America. After revisiting the United States, the fair subject of our photograph assumed the management of the St. James's Theatre in October, 1869, and later made a great hit as Pocahontas in "La Belle Sauvage" there. Another part which she played that materially assisted in the success of the play was that of Georgette in Sutherland Edwards's adaptation of "Fernande." Amongst Mrs. Wood's best assumptions during her management of the St. James's may be mentioned Jenny Leatherlungs in "Jenny Lind at Last" and Anne Bracegirdle in "An Actress by Daylight." Mrs. John Wood again went to America, where she was welcomed back with the greatest favour, and reappeared in London at the Queen's in November, 1873, as Philippa Chester in Charles Reade's drama "The Wandering Heir," and also appeared at the Criterion on its opening, March 21, 1874, in "An American Lady," and at the Gaiety on December 19 of that year as Mrs. Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." On December 2, 1878, Mrs. Wood obtained great praise for her conception of the character of Mrs. Denham in Mr. James Albery's comedy "The Critic." Of late years no play produced at the old Court Theatre would have been considered complete had not Mrs. John Wood's name appeared in the bills, and it is only necessary to recall her assumptions of Lady Henmarsh in "The Millionaire" (September 27, 1883), Mrs. Sara Webster in "Margery's Lovers" (February 18, 1884), Mrs. Dick Chetwyn in "Young Mr. Winthrop" (November 6, 1884), Mrs. Poskett in "The Magistrate" (March 21, 1885), Miss Dyott in "The Schoolmistress" (March 27, 1886), and Georgina Tidman in "Dandy Dick" (January 27, 1887). At the new Court, over which Mrs. John Wood now reigns managerially with such success, the character of Mrs. Jannaway in "Mamma" (September 24, 1888) has entitled her to another laurel wreath.

The Criterion Smoking Concert Society commenced its fourth season on November 5, and Mr. Vernon Heath, the chairman on the occasion, had provided an excellent programme, in which figured the names of Messrs. M. S. Rubinstein, Frederick Wood, Walter Van Noorden, Seymour Jackson, Richard Mackway, and Signor Dabeiro, the accomplished mandolinist. It was announced during the evening that Mr. Carl Rosa had accepted the honorary presidency of the society. The concerts are held fortnightly and are always enjoyable.

By some strange error, Miss Edith Woodworth's first appearance was announced, in the November number of The Theatre, as having taken place seventeen years ago. I need scarcely say that anyone who has seen Miss Woodworth would at once know it should have read *seven* years ago; Father Time would too enviously have marked his furrows on features that at present show no trace of his attack.

A most charming little book has reached me, "By-Ways in Book-Land," by W. Davenport Adams (Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row). The author "picks here a flower" of verse and there a "leaf" of book lore, making up so delightful a posy, and recalling so vividly the perfume of larger nosegays, that the reader, whilst enjoying his short "ramble" in the garden of literature, will have opened up to him larger excursions into the wider field of half-forgotten authors.

Amongst the new music published by Charles Woolhouse, 81, Regent Street, I may mention "L'Adieu," an exquisite Romance for violin and pianoforte, by G. J. Rubini; two songs, with violoncello parts, by Gerard F. Cobb; "Sleep," by Mrs. J. E. Vernham; a Berceuse for violin, by J. Jacques Haakman; a stirring Marche des Mousquetaires, by G. Saint George; a charming Bolero and song, "Suspense," by Sydney Shaw; and a characteristic pianoforte piece, "The Mill Wheel," and three pretty two-part songs, by Herbert F. Sharp; also a very tender Romance for piano, by Eugene Wagner. All of these are worthy of note.

"The Radical, or The Honour of the House," played for the first time at Beaufort House on November 6, possesses very considerable merit and may certainly encourage its author, Mr. Ernest Genet, to persevere in his career as a dramatist. The characters were filled by St. Mark's Old Boys, and were more than fairly represented for amateurs. They were assisted by Miss Kathleen O'Connor and Miss Louise Franklin.

For the first time, I should think, in dramatic record, four new pieces from the pen of one author were produced on the same evening. This occurred at the St. George's Hall on November 10, and their names will be found duly recorded in the list of productions. I can only regret that all

four were, rom a public point of view, unworthy of notice, though "The Celebrated Case" may answer its purpose at Christmas parties.

The building once known as the Bijou Theatre, Archer Street, Bayswater, has been remodelled, very prettily decorated and generally improved, and now solicits public notice as the "Victoria Hall." It opened its doors on Thursday, November 15, with a dramatic performance which commenced with "Love Wins," Mr. Savile Clarke's earliest production, and which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Du Terreau. Its perfections were not fully shown. Due meed of praise, however, must be accorded to Mr. Wilton Dale (though in make-up and voice he did so closely resemble Mr. Arthur Cecil), to Mrs. Conyers d'Arcy, Miss Florence Bright, and Miss Charlotte Morland. The last-named lady produced, for the first time, her farce, "The Matrimonial Agency," which is smartly written and very funny, and should prove invaluable to amateurs even if it be not accepted for a regular evening bill.

Monseur Milo de Meyer's Private Séance of Magnetism and Hypnotism, given at St. James's Hall on November 19, was well attended. The medical profession especially mustered in full force, and was represented by some of its leading members. M. de Meyer gave several of his most curious experiments, some of which were fully described in the article which appeared in the October number of The Theatre; he was warmly greeted by an appreciative audience, and deserves to meet with success. The public séances will be given every night at the same hall until Christmas.

Mr. Kirwan lately delivered, before "The Church and Stage Guild," a short lecture on Elocution, which so briefly yet pithily brought home to his hearers the lack of knowledge that generally existed on this most important art as to convince his audience that he was a complete master of his subject. Mr. Kirwan divided his reading under three heads: voice production, articulation, and facial expression and gesture, and explained the method to be adopted in acquiring these so clearly that, should he decide on printing his address, it would prove most useful to both the clerical and dramatic profession.

The Christmas number of the *Lady's Pictorial* just published is one of the best ever produced. The illustrations by Bernard Partridge, Maurice Grieffenhagen, Dudley Hardy, F. H. Townsend, &c., are excellent, and besides charming stories, "The Young King," by Oscar Wilde, and "For Whose Sake," by John Strange Winter, there are other tales that cannot but be read with pleasure. There is also issued with the number a very droll photogravure, a "Merry-go-round," by Louis Wain, and last, by

no means least, a most exquisite coloured supplement, "Lady Love," which from its perfection in execution has so attracted the attention of our French neighbours that the proprietors of *L'Illustré* in Paris have instructed our English *Lady's Pictorial* to reproduce the picture for *their* issue.

It amused me to read the following paragraphs, intended to be smart, but essentially thoughtless:—

"Talking of the Globe reminds me that the critic of the *Daily Telegraph* was astoundingly severe the other day on the author of 'That Telegram,' the farce which was produced at the theatre in question last Monday. Mr. Clement Scott accuses the playwright referred to of 'propagating pernicious doctrines under the pretence of fun.' This is surely rather a ponderous indictment against the author of a simple curtain-raiser, who had in all probability no doctrines at all, pernicious or otherwise, to propagate, and whose sole object in the production was to obtain author's fees and bold advertisement.

"In his critique of 'ThatTelegram' Mr. Scott contends that a dramatic author should endeavour to depict life as it might be, rather than life as it unfortunately is. There I join issue with him entirely, and I shelter myself behind that even higher authority than the *Daily Telegraph* critic who opined that the mission of the stage was to hold the mirror up to nature. Anyhow, amusement and not doctrine is what people want in a farce!"

So far as I can remember, for the subject matter of a very vulgar farce has almost entirely escaped my memory, the idea of the play was to show in a funny way how a contemptible cad, who had a good, honest, virtuous wife, could hoodwink her sufficiently to "carry on" with some flashy barmaid. He succeeded, the wife was deceived and the curtain fell on the triumph of the coward and liar. Our irresponsible and flippant paragraph writer says that what the people want in farce is "amusement, not doctrine." Well, if it amuses him to see honest women deceived and to reward with laughter the silly tricks of an immoral clerk, that is his business. For my own part I do not see any fun in it whatever. To quote the grand Shaksperian doctrine of "holding the mirror up to nature" in this connection is an example of the cheap rubbish that nowadays passes current as solemn truth. If this be nature, to deceive women and claim credit for the deception, then God help nature. Our modern playgoer says that the only object of the author of a bit of contemptible vulgarity was "to obtain author's fees and bold advertisement." Well, for my part, even in a farce, I should be sorry to obtain author's fees, or bold advertisement, by telling my fellow-creatures that it was a clever and commendable thing to trick and bamboozle a true, trusting and loving woman. We always expect some good motive, and, except in the "New Magdalen," I don't think I have seen many plays where *vice* was deliberately rewarded. Holding the mirror up to nature, indeed! This is not nature, it is the diseased matter, the typhoid of the modern drama. If the author of this silly farce had no pernicious doctrine to propagate, why did he imagine it would be funny to

represent a man doing a dishonourable thing and glorying in his trick over a woman who honestly loved him? Surely two sillier paragraphs were never written than those attempting to justify the comic glorification of evil, its canonisation of corrupt motive!

Very numerous applications having been made for the March number of 1884, in consequence of its containing the likeness of Mr. H. B. Conway, and that number being unfortunately out of print, in accordance with repeated requests his portrait appears in this issue. Mr. Conway was born in 1850, and educated at Rossall School and Berlin University. He made his *début* at the Olympic as Bernard in "Without Love," in November, 1872, and played David Copperfield in "Little Em'ly." On the revival of Richelieu at the Lyceum, September 27, 1873, he appeared as François, and during subsequent seasons as Christian ("The Bells"), Lord Moray ("Charles the First"), Comte de Flamarens ("Philip"), Osric ("Hamlet"). He opened at the Haymarket in August, 1857, as Dick Dowlais ("Heir at Law"), and on January 17, 1876, played Romeo. At this theatre and in the provinces Mr. Conway has sustained the following characters with the late Miss Adelaide Neilson:—Orlando ("As You Like It"), Lucio ("Measure for Measure"), Lord Tinsel ("The Hunchback"), Sebastian ("Twelfth Night"), and other important *rôles*. On November 2, 1876, he appeared at the Royal Court as Fred Meredith in "The Brothers," a remarkably good impersonation. Mr. Conway joined the old Prince of Wales's Theatre company for juvenile lead in August, 1878, and played Julian Beauclerc in "Diplomacy;" on May 31, 1879, Charlie in "Good for Nothing," and Harold Dyecaster in "Heads and Tails." On the reopening of the Haymarket, January 31, 1880, he appeared as Alfred Evelyn in "Money," and subsequently as Lord Beaufoy in "School," De Neuville in "Plot and Passion," Mr. Wentworth in "A Lesson," Angus McAlister in "Ours," Philip Eden in "Odette," George D'Alroy in "Caste," and Captain Bradford in "Peril." Mr. Conway has lately been touring during the summer and autumn months with his own company, which has principally played the older English comedies, for some of the characters in which Mr. Conway has a particular aptitude. His latest permanent engagements have been at the Vaudeville Theatre, and one of the greatest hits he has ever made has been in the character of Joseph Andrews in "Joseph's Sweetheart," by Robert Buchanan, produced March 8, 1888.

Those who have been stirred by Mr. A. Moore's article on "Mummer Worship," which appeared in the *Universal Review*, may be interested to know that a series of articles under the same title are appearing weekly in *The Society Herald*. They are by Edward St. John Brevon, who writes in a trenchant manner on his subject; but, until the series be completed, it will be better, perhaps, only to notice the fact of their publication.

MR. H. B. CONWAY

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me."

BYRON—*Childe Harold.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

Mr. B. W. Ginsburg sends me the following note regarding the article on "The Grammar of the Upper Ten" in the November number of The Theatre, in which Mr. Palgrave Simpson says that "you was" is a more outrageous delinquency in grammar than is usual even among the Upper Ten. In Ovid's "Epistles: Œnone to Paris," translated into verse by Mr. John Cooper, we read

> "Tho' now a prince, not yet so great you was,
> When, a famed nymph, I stooped to your embrace;
> A slave you was (forgive what I have said),
> Slave as you was, I took you to my bed."

The above is taken from an edition of Ovid's Epistles "translated by several hands," 8th edition, London, printed for Jacob Tonson, Shakespear's Head, Strand, 1712; and, as the "several hands" include Pope, it may surely be considered a classical authority for the "delinquency."

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from October 20 to November 19, 1888:—

(Revivals are marked thus.*)

Oct.	20.	"Bric-a-Brac," comedietta in one act, adapted from D'Hervilly's "La Soupière," by Sir J. J. Coghill, Bart. Ladbroke Hall.
,,	20.	"Monte Cristo," drama in prologue and three acts, founded upon Alexandre Dumas' novel. Elephant and Castle.
,,	22.	"The Demon." Anton Rubinstein's Grand Opera. The Jodrell.
,,	24.	"The Plunger," sporting farcical comedy by W. Sapte, Jun., and E. Spencer (for copyright purposes). Ladbroke Hall.
,,	25.	Un Fils de Famille," comedy in three acts by MM. Bayard and De Bréville. Royalty.
,,	30.	"Faust Up To Date," burlesque in two acts, by G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, music by Meyer Lutz and Robert Martin. Gaiety.
Nov.	1.	"Dream Faces," new and original play in one act, by "W. M." Terry's.
,,	1.	"The Policeman," three-act farcical rally, by Walter Helmore and Eden Phillpotts. Terry's.
,,	5.	"Le Gentilhomme Pauvre," comedy in two acts, by MM. Dumanoir and Lafargue. Royalty.
,,	5.	"La Corde Sensible," comedy, by Thiboust. Royalty.
,,	6.	"The Radical, or The Honour of the House," comedy-drama in three acts, by Ernest Genet. Beaufort House.
,,	7.	"Nadgy," a romantic comic opera in three acts, by Alfred Murray, music by François Chassaigne.
,,	10.	"Hands Across the Sea," an original five-act drama, by Henry Pettitt. Princess's.
,,	10.	"Howard Howard," comedietta in one act, by Alfred Arthur. St. George's Hall.
,,	10.	"Home Chimes, or The Home and Love of Yore," musical sketch in one act by Alfred Arthur, music composed by T. Normandale. St. George's Hall.

Nov. 10. "A Wedding Present," farce in one act, by Alfred Arthur. St. George's Hall.

" 10. "The Celebrated Case," "specially designed and written for J. A. Hovell's First Annual Dramatic Cosaque," by Alfred Arthur. St. George's Hall

" 12. "That Telegram," farce by W. Sapte, Jun. Globe.

" 13. "The Balloon," farcical comedy in three acts, by J. H. Darnley and George Manville Fenn. Terry's.

" 15. "The Matrimonial Agency," farcical comedy in one act, by Charlotte E. Morland. Victoria Hall, Bayswater.

" 17. "A Highland Legacy," one-act play, by Brandon Thomas. Strand.

" 17. "Atalanta," burlesque in three acts by George P. Hawtrey. Music by Arthur E. Dyer, Strand.

" 19.* "The Lady of Lyons," in five acts, by Lord Lytton. Shaftesbury.

In the Provinces from October 18 to November 19, 1888:—

Oct. 18. "Dream Faces," play in one act by Wynn Miller (for copyright purposes). Sanger's Amphitheatre, Margate.

" 19. "Gentleman Jack," drama in five acts by Frederick Mouillot. T. R. Stratford.

" 20. "The Spectre of Shooter's Hill; or the Broken Hot Cross Bun," operatic burlesque by W. Sallenger. Music by B. J. Hancock, A.C.O. Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich.

" 22. "Irish Life," play in four acts by Auguste Creamer. T. R. Lowestoft.

" 22. "The Phantom," by Hal Collier-Edwards, suggested by Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool.

" 26. "The Way to Keep Him," comedy in five acts by the late Arthur Murphy. T. R. Brighton.

" 29. "The Money Lender," an original drama in five acts by T. Murray Ford. Stratford.

Nov. 1. "Valentine and Orson," burlesque in one act and three scenes by Joseph Ellis. Brentford Theatre.

" 1. "The Yeomen of the Guard," first production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera in the provinces. Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

" 3. "Reconciled; or Good for Evil," new domestic drama in one act by Percy Gwynne and Cyril Harrison. T. R. Lincoln.

" 3. "Commodore Bouilli," comedy-drama in three acts, by T. Murray Ford. Lyric Hall, Ealing.

" 8. "My Playmate," a new musical and romantic comedy-drama, by Fred Evanson, music by Henry W. May. Theatre Royal, Seaham Harbour.

" 13. "Indiscretion," new and original farcical comedy in three acts, by Fergus Hume. Exhibition Palace, Folkestone.

" 19. "Our Court," an original operatic drametta, by Edward Humphery and John Addison, music by James Weaver. Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich.

" 19. "Is Marriage a Failure?" farcical comedy in three acts, by Hal Collier and F. H. Dudley. T. R. Woolwich.

" 19. "The Ebb and Flow," drama in four acts, by W. F. Field. Brentford Theatre.

PARIS PRODUCTIONS.

From August 8 to November 17, 1888.

Aug.	8.	"Le Sommeil de Dandon," drama in five acts, by M. Clovis Hugues. Opéra Comique.
,,	24.	"Le Gant Rouge," vaudeville in four acts, by MM. H. Lee and E. Rostand. Cluny.
Sept.	4.*	"Les Mystères de Paris." Ambigu.
,,	7.	"Les Joyeusetés de l'Année," *revué* in seven scenes, by M. Albert de Saint Albin. Palais Royal.
,,	7.	"Le Bain de la Mariée," comedy in one act, by MM. Astruc and Soulaine. Palais Royal.
,,	15.	"Crime et Chatiment," drama in five acts, adapted from Dostoïevsky's novel by MM. Paul Ginisty and Hugues Le Roux, music by M. Henri Maréchal. Odéon.
,,	19.	"Chat en Poche," farcical comedy, by M. Georges Feydeau. Thèâtre Déjazet.
,,	20.	"Les Femmes Nerveuses," comedy, by MM. Ernest Blum and Raoul Toché. Gymnase.
,,	24.	"Miette," comic opera in three acts, music by M. Edmond Audran, libretto by M. Maurice Ordonneau. Renaissance.
,,	27.	"Les Fiancés de Lochës," vaudeville in three acts, by MM. Georges Feydeau and Maurice Desvallières. Théâtre Cluny.
,,	27.	"La Candidate," vaudeville in one act, by M. Pierre Dalix. Théâtre Cluny.
,,	28.	"Roger La Honte," drama in five acts and ten scenes, by MM. Jules Mary and Georges Grisier. Ambigu.
,,	29.	"Le Collectioneur," one-act comedy, by MM. Blum and Toché. Gymnase.
Oct.	13.	"Jocelyn," opera in four acts and eight scenes, music by M. Benjamin Godard, libretto, drawn from Lamartine's poem, by MM. Armand Silvestre and Victor Capoul. Theatre Lyrique (Château d'Eau).
,,	15.	"Oscarine," operetta in three acts, words by MM. Charles Nuitter and Albert Guinon, music by M. Victor Roger. Bouffes-Parisiens.
,,	17.	"Mimi," vaudeville in three acts, by MM. Hippolyte Raymond and Maxime Boucheron. Nouveautés.
,,	20.	"Le Parfum," comedy in three acts, by Ernest Blum and Raoul Toche. Palais Royal
,,	22.	"La Garconnière," comedy in three acts, by Eugène Médina. Dejazet.
,,	26.	"La Gardeuse d'Oies," comic opera in three acts, words by MM. Letterier and Vanloo, music by Paul Lacome. Renaissance.
,,	31.	"Pepa," comedy in three acts, by Henri Meilhac and Louis Glanderax. Théâtre Francais.
Nov.	8.*	"Caligula," tragedy, in prologue and five acts, by Alexandre Dumas. Odéon.

Nov. 16. "La Petite Fronde," comic opera in three acts, libretto by M. M. Chivot and Duru, music by Edmund Audran. Folies Dramatiques.

" 17. "Tartarin sur les Alpes," play in five acts, by MM. De Courcy and Bolage, music by M. Emile Pessard (play founded on M. Alphonse Daudet's novel). Gaité.

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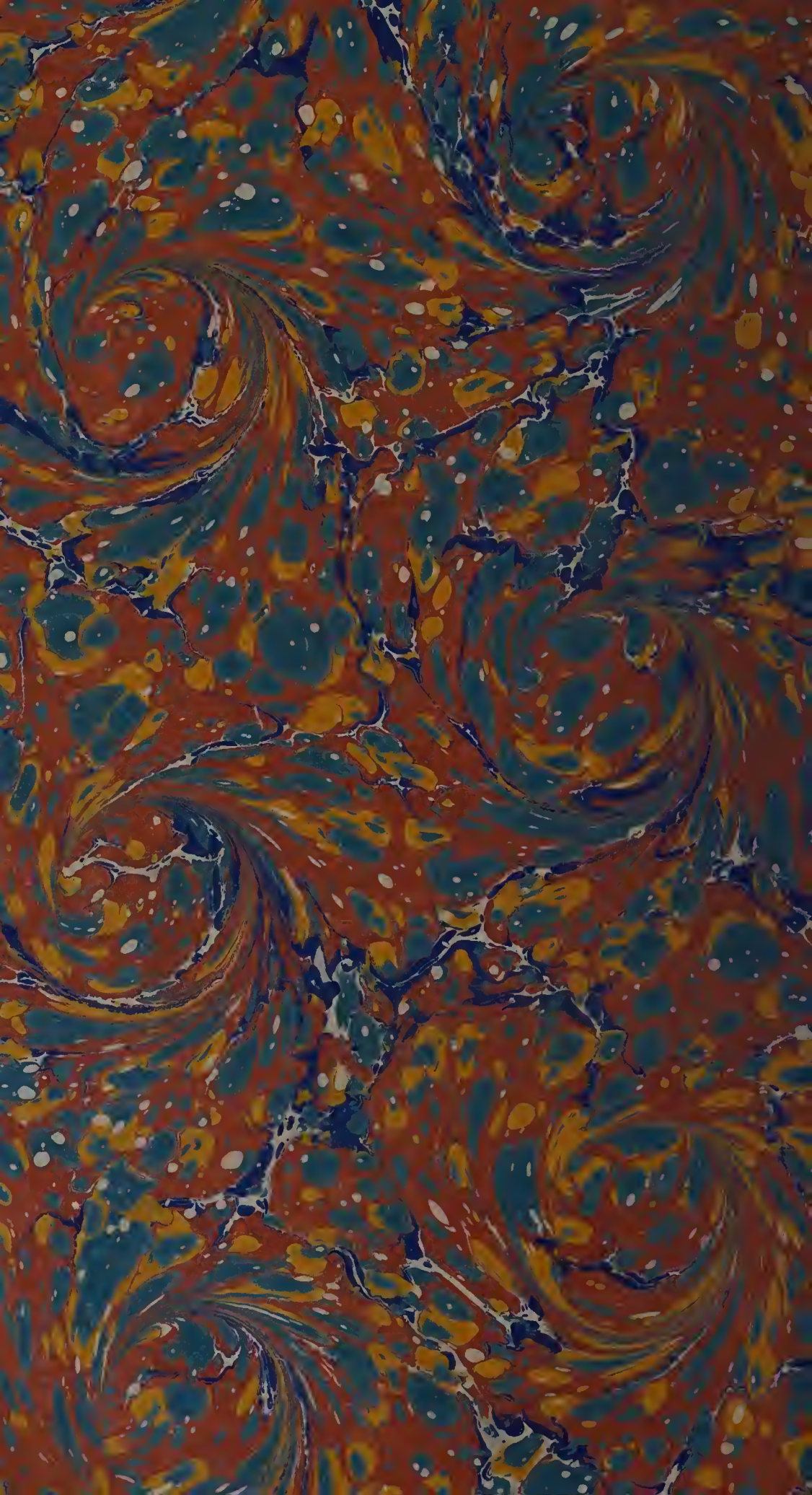
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